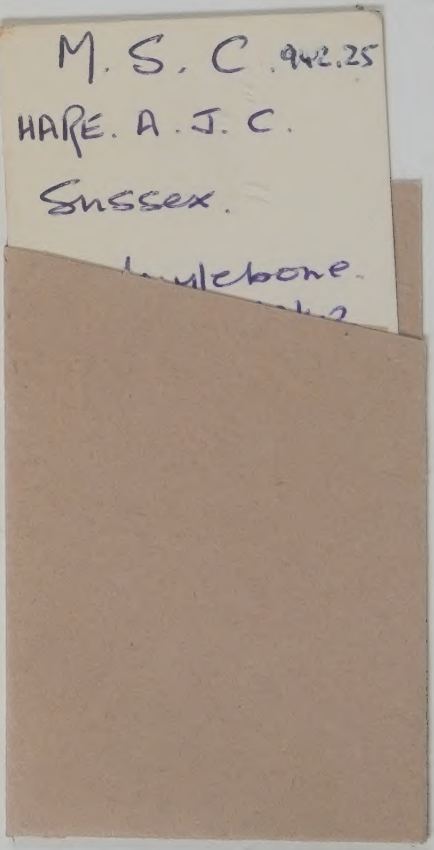
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SUSSEX

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VIEW FROM HOLMHURST, ST.-LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

SUSSEX

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

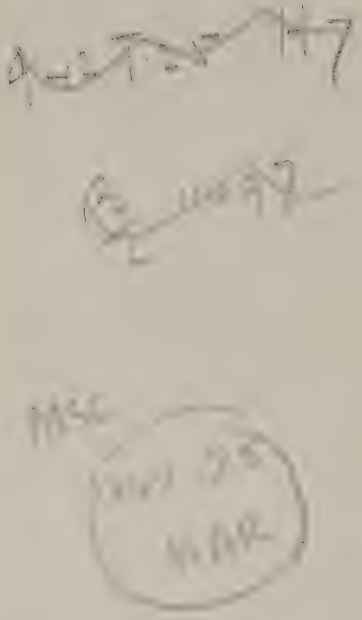
AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN LONDON," "WALKS IN ROME," ETC.

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

AND SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON

1894



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PREFACE

IT has been a great pleasure to collect materials about the county of Sussex, which has always been my home; but my little book is doubtless full of faults, and it will be most kind of those who detect them if they will send me their corrections. The illustrations are from my sketches, taken on the spot, and photographed or drawn on wood by Mr. T. Sulman.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOLMHURST,
ST.-LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	1
II.	HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS	19
III.	EASTBOURNE	64
IV.	LEWES	99
V.	BRIGHTON	134
VI.	CHICHESTER	174

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HASTINGS FROM HOLMHURST	*Frontispiece*
	PAGE
THE TOAD ROCK, TUNBRIDGE WELLS	3
GROOMBRIDGE PLACE	6
GATEWAY, OLD BUCKHURST	8
SCOTNEY CASTLE	13
THE DEANERY, BATTLE	31
BODIAM CASTLE—SOUTH SIDE	44
BODIAM CASTLE—NORTH SIDE	45
BREDE PLACE	47
THE STRAND GATE, WINCHELSEA	53
S. THOMAS À BECKET, WINCHELSEA	55
RYE	59
WILMINGTON PRIORY	69
AT PEVENSEY CASTLE	72
HURSTMONCEAUX	75
HURSTMONCEAUX CHESTNUTS	80
THE DACRE FARM, HURSTMONCEAUX	85
GATEWAY, MICHELHAM PRIORY	86
HORSELUNGES	87
MAYFIELD	94
CASTLE GATE, LEWES	101
LEWES	106
EADRIC'S PORCH, BISHOPSTONE	112
CHURCH OF WEST DEAN	115
PARSONAGE HOUSE, WEST DEAN	116

PAGE

ALFRISTON 118

LAUGHTON PLACE—THE TOWER 122

AT LAUGHTON PLACE 123

HORSTED KEYNES 130

BROADHURST 131

POYNINGS 137

ANGLO-SAXON ARCHES, WORTH 146

NEW SHOREHAM CHURCH 153

BRAMBER 155

SOMPTING CHURCH 169

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE PALACE GARDEN . . 182

RUINS OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE, BOXGROVE 194

COWDRAY 204

ENTRANCE TO AMBERLEY CASTLE 227

INTRODUCTORY

SUSSEX commemorates in its name the settlement of the South Saxons, who gave the name of Sud-seax to their territory. It has memorials of Celtic times in the hill-forts of Cissbury, Chanctonbury, Wolstanbury, Hollingbury, and Caburn, the termination *bury* showing that the Saxons afterwards occupied these places. Of Roman times there are traces at Chichester, Bramber, Bignor, and Pevensey—Regnum, Portus Adurni, Ad Decimum (on the Stane Street), and Anderida; indeed, the latter is one of the finest memorials of the Roman occupation remaining in England. Aella the Saxon landed in 477 with his three sons, of whom Cissa gave a name to Chichester (Cissan-ceaster) and Cissbury, Cymen to Kynor in Sidlesham (Cymenes-ora), and Wencheling to Lancing. Under Edilwalch, the successor of Aella, Wilfrid brought Christianity to the shores of Selsey, Sussex being the last district in England to embrace the new religion. Edilwalch was succeeded by Berthun and Authun, two brothers, joint rulers, till they were vanquished by Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, who annexed Sud-seax to his domains. Then, it remained a part of Wessex till Egbert became king of all England.

Some of the names of places in the county, such as Lewes, Glynde, and Caburn have Celtic roots. No county more abounds in Saxonisms. Most of the local names have Anglo-Saxon terminations, such as *dun*, a down (Willingdon, Slindon, &c.); *denn*, a sheltered place providing food for beasts (Ovingdean, Rottingdean, Iden, &c.); *bury* or *burgh*, a fortified place (Pulborough, Burwash, &c.); *ea*,

water, or *ig*, an island (Pevensey, Selsey, Glynley, &c.): *stow* or *stoc*, a dwelling (North and South Stoke, Stockbridge, &c.); *bourne*, a rivulet boundary (Easebourne, Eastbourne, &c.); *cumb*, a valley (Sedlescombe, Balcombe, &c.); *cote*, a cottage (Sealcote, Woodmancote); *ham*, a manor (Westham, Stopham, Michelham, &c.); *ford*, a fordable place on a river (Seaford, &c.); *ley* or *ly*, a field near a wood (Chiddingly, Hellingly, &c.); *tun*, a village or town (Alfriston, Storrington, Jevington, &c.); *ing*, a meadow (Worthing, Steyning); *hurst*, a wood yielding food for cattle (Midhurst, Chithurst, Hurstmonceaux); *wudu*, a wood (Goodwood, Inwood, &c.); *wic*, a village (Ardwick, Southwick, &c.); *stede*, a station or stead (Grinstead, Horstead, &c.); *feld*, open ground (Lindfield, Cuckfield, &c.). The names of Danehurst and Danefield are among the rare memorials of the Danish invasion.

Sussex measures 73 miles at its longest point, and 27 at its broadest. It has no hills of importance. Ditchling Beacon and Firle Beacon are only 820 feet; Chanctonbury Ring, 814; Crowborough Beacon, 804; Beachy Head, 532. Its rivers — the Rother, Cuckmere, Ouse, Adur, Arun, Lavant—are all very sluggish, and very small in size and short in length, rising and entering the sea within the county. The Normans divided the county into the six *Rapes* of Hastings, Pevensey, Lewes, Bramber, Arundel, and Chichester, each with a port and a castle—a unique mode of division; for though there are Ridings in Yorkshire, in no other county are there Rapes. The whole county was given by William the Conqueror to his chief followers — the Rape of Hastings to Robert d'Eu, the Rape of Pevensey to Robert de Moreton, the Rape of Lewes to William de Warenne, the Rape of Bramber to William de Braose, the Rapes of Arundel and Chichester to Roger de Montgomeri.

[1] The word *Rape* seems to be peculiar to Sussex, unless it may be considered identical with the *Hrepp* of Iceland. That interesting island was divided into four quarters, each of which was partitioned into prefectures or sheriffdoms, and these again were subdivided into

small districts called *hrepps*, consisting of families who lived contiguous to each other. Generally they were of the size of the present Icelandic parishes, and over each of these was appointed a *hreppstiori* or bailiff, who had the immediate inspection of his own bailliwick. From this it would appear that the Icelandic *hrepp* was a much less important territory than the Sussex *Rape*. The etymology of the word is uncertain; but it seems to be connected with the Welsh *rhaff*, the Anglo-Saxon *ráp*, *raep*, the Danish *reep*, *reeb*, and the Gothic *raip*, signifying a rope. It was a practice amongst the Teutonic tribes to set out allotments by means of a cord or rope, just as a modern land-surveyor employs his Gunter's chain, and in Iceland the measure of land is still by the rope.' —*M. A. Lower*, '*Hist. of Sussex*.'

Hastings, alone of Sussex towns, was one of the five original *Cinque Ports* (Dover, Hythe, Sandwich, Romney, and Hastings), instituted by William I. in 1078 for the better defence of the coast. Then Rye and Winchelsea were added as 'nobiliora membra,' after which the Cinque Ports were enumerated in the *Memoria Technica*—

'Has,—Dov,—Sea,—Hy,—
Sand,—Rum,—Win,—Rye.'

Later on, Pevensey and Seaford were added as corporate; then five almost unknown places—Bulverhithe, Petit Shaw, Hidney, Beakesbourne, and Grange—as unincorporate.

'Long ere the *Aula Regis* had any fixed *habitat*, or Magna Charta was won at Runnymede, or our "two Houses" were heard of, the barons of Cinque Ports were great men. Who were they? Plain, simple inhabitants of the privileged town and port. Yet these hardy seaside mariners manned the wooden walls of England. And kings knew it; and so the contract ran between them: "If you will do us service, and be always ready to equip us ships, you shall be among our favoured ones." So Hastings found three, and Seaford one, and Winchelsea five, and Rye four, and Pevensey one, and the compact was sealed.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

The soil of the county consists of the Wealden clay, undergirded by sand and ironstone, the chalk, the plastic clay, and the diluvial. The mud of

'Sowsexe full of dyrt and myre'[1]

[1] See Leland, 'Itinerary,' vol. v.

is proverbial. Matters are improved, however, since it was written, 'It cost us six hours to conquer the last nine miles of the way,' when Prince George of Denmark went to Petworth, and when the judges never ventured beyond the border towns of Horsham and East Grinstead.

'Why is it that the oxen, the swine, the women, and all other animals, are so long-legged in Sussex? May it be from the difficulty of pulling the feet out of so much mud by the strength of the ankle that the muscles get stretched as it were, and the bones lengthened?'—*Dr. John Burton, 'Iter Surriense et Sussexiense,'* 1771.

Gilpin[1] says, 'Sussex contains no less than seven nominal forests—St. Leonards, Worth, Ashdown, Waterdown, Dallington, Arundel, and Charlton, but they are merely nominal; all the fine trees have perished in the ironworks, the one manufacture of Sussex, and that one which is now extinct.'

'The Romans knew how rich this county was, and perhaps the Britons before them; and Roman coins are not unfrequently discovered in the older cinder-beds. Whether or not the Anglo-Saxons continued their works, I know not; but in the time of the Plantagenets the manufacture became flourishing. After the Mise of Lewes, the corporation had a grant of a penny on every cartload of iron entering the town:—Lewes manufactured the iron rails for the tomb of Henry III.; Sussex sent three thousand horseshoes, the greater part to be left at Bannockburn; county rectors took tithe of iron; and when artillery came in, Sussex was the first to cast it. At Eridge Green, in the parish of Frant, there was a hooped cannon, or rather mortar, said to be our earliest example, which lay on the village green and was fired as an amusement whenever holiday-makers could raise the money for a few pounds of powder.

'The fires were of course fed by wood. Sussex, till the end of the fifteenth century, was one huge forest. Wych-cross was about the centre of the densest part; and up to 1500 the clearance occasioned by the furnaces might be beneficial. But in the reign of Henry VIII. far-seeing men began to perceive that the forests were in a fair way of being destroyed, though the general cry was, "the more riddance the better, because we can plant corn." In 1543 an Act was passed ordering that in cutting wood such a percentage of *storers* should be left. This was evaded; whence, in Elizabeth's time, a stringent series of enactments

[1] 'Remarks on Forest Scenery.'

against fresh forges, all more or less evaded. And first the wilder animals became extinct; wild cats, which were to be found in Ashdown in the sixteenth century, polecats, buzzards, and (it is said) eagles. The poisonous vapours destroyed many trees, and were especially injurious to the beeches. It is remarkable how few beeches are now to be found among the poor remains of the great Sussex forest. Still the manufacture went on, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century 140 forges were at work. . . . It was about 1700 that the manufacture began to decay, when the Midland ironmasters, having learnt something of the exhaustless hoards of coal within their reach, brought capital to bear on and to be invested in the works, with which Sussex could not cope.'—*M. A. Lower*, '*Sussex Papers*.'

Charnock [1] and Fuller say that glass was formerly made in Sussex, but it can only have been on a very small scale.

The prettiest *scenery* in the county is to be found in the high wooded uplands between Lewes and Tunbridge Wells, near Midhurst, and on the banks of the Arun near Arundel. Very fine remains of ancient castles may be seen at Bodiam and Hurstmonceaux, and castellated remains of less importance at Amberley, Arundel, Halnaker, Bramber, Knepp, Lewes, Scotney, Hastings, Camber, and Rye. Of *monastic* remains, Battle Abbey and Michelham Priory have noble gateways; Bayham is a beautiful ruin, and there are smaller remnants at Boxgrove, Tortington, Hardham, Shulbrede, Lewes, Wilmington, Mayfield, Warbleton, Robertsbridge, and Winchelsea. Ignorant clergy have — more in this county than in most — been permitted to amuse their leisure and seek temporary exaltation for themselves by restoring away all the interest of their churches. Monuments have been constantly removed from the graves they are intended to commemorate; old roodlofts, porches, and pulpits have often, and old 'mothering pews' have universally been destroyed. The result is that scarcely a single village church remains important as a whole, though many contain some point worth attention. Worth (1066–1145), Sompting, and Bosham (1190–1245) still retain traces of Saxon architecture; Jevington and West Hampnett once

[1] 'Breviary of Philosophy,' cap. l.

had the same. Climping, Ditchling, Tarring, Fletching, Steyning, Shipley, Bramber, Newhaven, and Icklesham are among the churches which have portions of Norman work (1066–1165), of which Old and New Shoreham are very fine specimens. Chichester, Boxgrove, Eastbourne, Broadwater, Bishopstone, and Rye are transitional churches (1145 – 1190). Bosham, Arundel, Poynings, Pulborough, and Mayfield combine early English and decorated (1190–1315). Winchelsea, Brede, Alfriston, Etchingham, and the Lady Chapel at Chichester are good specimens of later decorated (1315–1360). With one exception, the tombs in Chichester Cathedral have been restored into worthlessness, but a few interesting early effigies remain in remote village churches. At Winchelsea are the grand decorated monuments of the Alards, and at Arundel of the Fitzalans. At Hurstmonceaux, Boxgrove, and Broadwater are noble tombs of the Renaissance. At Withyham, Ashburnham, and Chiddingly are fine XVII. c. monuments. Few counties possess such glorious brasses as those at Trotton, West Grinstead, Cowfold, Broadwater, Warbleton, and Hurstmonceaux. In many places the Sussex churches are built of flint and chalk, in others of sandstone, in others entirely of shingle: low shingled spires are a feature. Southease and Piddinghoe have round towers. There are interesting specimens of domestic architecture at Parham, Wiston, Rowfant, Danny, Gravetye, Paxhill, East Mascalls, Wakehurst, Plumpton, Street, Glynde, Laughton, Chiddingly, Glynley, Brede, Brickwall, Tanners, Mayfield, Groombridge, and Buckhurst. The ruins of Slaugham present exquisite specimens of renaissance decoration. The collection of pictures at Petworth is magnificent. At Arundel, Goodwood, and Stanmer there are a few fine portraits, and a great many at Knepp.

The *ornithologist* will be chiefly interested in the Downs near Beachy Head, and the flats of Pevensey, Pagham, and at the mouth of the Adur. The chief natural delicacy is the wheatear. Fuller says: 'Sussex aboundeth more with carpes than any other of this nation.'

The *artist* will chiefly delight in deserted Winchelsea and the foreign element of Rye, in many of the coombes of the South Downs, in the river scenery near Arundel, the wild scenery and ruins of Hurstmonceaux, and the tamer beauties of Cowdray. At Chichester. Bosham, Boxgrove, Pulborough, Scotney, Bodiam, Wilmington, and Michelham, other attractive 'subjects' are to be found.

The few illustrious natives of Sussex are noticed where they occur.

'As for the nativities of archbishops, one may say of this county, "Many shires have done worthily, but Sussex surmounteth them all," having bred *five* Archbishops of Canterbury.'—*Fuller.*

Some of the villages have their own proverbs and customs, but there are few of general use in Sussex. Brand's 'Popular Antiquities' says: 'In West Sussex there is a curious belief that when an infant dies, it communicates the fact itself by a visit, as if in the body, to some near relative.'

'"Drinker Acres" are so named from the practice of having "a drinking" by spending the rent arising from particular pieces of land, locally called "Drenkers," or Drinker Acres.

'Apple-howling is a charm supposed to increase the fruitfulness of the orchard, in which a number of lads congregate, and surrounding the tree sing—

> 'Stand fast, root, bear well, top,
> Pray God send me a good howling crop;
> Every twig apples big,
> Every bough apples enow;
> Hats full, caps full,
> Tall quarters, sacks full.'
>
> —*J. D. Fenton*, '*Once a Week*,' *Sept.* 1865.

The Sussex *dialect* has many traces of Saxon. *Oi* is pronounced *i* (as *spile* for spoil). *A* before *t* is extended to *ea*; gate is *ge-at*. The *a* is always broad and as if followed by a *u*, changing words of one syllable into words of two—as *taüst* (taste), *raüs* (race). *A* before double *d*, becomes *ar*, as in *laäder* for ladder. Many French expressions linger in

Rye and Winchelsea, left by the refugees in the XVI. and XVII. c., such as *coasts* (costes) of beef, and *broach* (broche) for a spit. Many old English expressions linger. A cold wind is a *bleat wind;* a pig-stye is a *hog-pound;* superior is *bettermost;* a ne'er-do-weel is a *runagate;* exactly is *justly;* a pig bought in a sack is a *pig in a poke;* to work in and about the house is to *nestle about the house;* a garden in good condition is a *garden in good heart;* being out of temper is being *top of the house;* very is *lamentable*, pronounced *lament-able.* Frequent use is made of *may be* and *may hap.* We hear of *I reckon* in Sussex, as often as of 'I guess' in America.[1] The following Sussex whistling song is sung at village taverns to the tune of 'Lilibulero':—

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell
(Chorus of whistlers),

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many know well
(Chorus of whistlers).

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough—
'One of your family I must have now.

It is not your eldest son I do crave,
But 'tis your old wife, and she I will have.'

'Oh, welcome, good Satan, with all my heart;
I hope you and she will never more part!'

Now Satan he got the old wife on his back,
And he lugged her along like a pedlar's pack.

He trudgèd away till he came to his gate;
Says he, 'Here take an old Sussex man's mate.'

Oh, then she did kick all the young imps about;
Says one to the other, 'Let's try turn her out!'

She spied seven devils all dancing in chains;
She up with her pattens and knocked out their brains.

[1] For much interesting information see W. D. Parish, 'Dictionary of Sussex Dialect.'

She knockèd old Satan against the house wall:
'Let's try turn her out or she'll murder us all.'

Now he's bundled her up on his back amain,
And to her old husband he's took her again.

'I've been a tormentor the whole of my life;
But I ne'er was tormented till I took your wife!'

The chief materials for the History of Sussex are to be found in the invaluable 'Collections of the Archaeological Society,' published every year since 1848. Dallaway's 'History of Western Sussex' is an admirable book of reference; but Horsfield's History of the entire county is both dull and inaccurate. Tierney's 'History of the Castle and Town of Arundel' is a valuable work. The contributions of W. H. Blaauw and M. A. Lower to county history are of great interest, though the latter cannot be relied upon. Mantell's 'Sussex Geology' and Borrer's 'Birds of Sussex' may be studied with advantage.

SUSSEX

I.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS—half in Kent and half in Sussex—formerly consisted of the three divisions of Mount Ephraim, Mount Sion, and Mount Pleasant, fanciful names which dated from the time when Dudley, Lord North, first brought its mild chalybeate waters into fashion in the first years of the XVII. c. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., liked the place, and visited it several times, and after the Restoration it became one of the most fashionable resorts in England.

'Tunbridge is at the same distance from London as Fontainebleau from Paris. All that are handsomest and best of both sexes meet at the waters during the season. The company there, though always numerous, is always select. As those who seek to amuse themselves always outnumber those who come for their health, a sense of joy and pleasure pervades everything. Constraint is banished, a friendship is established on first acquaintance, and the life which one leads there is delightful.

'For lodgings one has clean, comfortable cottages, standing detached, and scattered at half a mile from the waters. The morning meeting-place is at the point where the fountains are. It is a wide avenue of tufted trees, under which those who take the waters walk up and down. On one side of this avenue is a line of shops, filled with all kinds of trinkets, lace, stockings and gloves, in which there are lotteries as at a fair. On the other side of the avenue is the market, and as every one goes to choose and bargain for his own provisions, nothing is set out which is unpleasant to look upon. Pretty, fresh-coloured village girls,

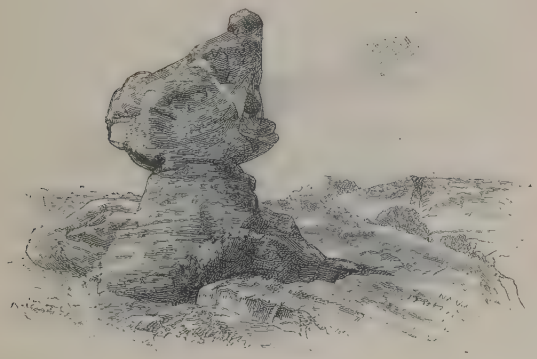
dressed in clean linen, little straw hats, and natty little shoes, sell the game, vegetables, flowers and fruit. It only rests with oneself to live as well as one likes. There are tables for high play, and a facility for love affairs. As evening closes in, every one leaves his own little palace to meet at the bowling-green. There, if you like, you may dance in the open air, on a turf as soft and compact as the most beautiful carpets in the world.'—*Mémoires de Grammont.*

'When the Court, soon after the Restoration, visited Tunbridge Wells, there was no town; but within a mile of the spring, rustic cottages, somewhat cleaner and sweeter than the ordinary cottages of that time, were scattered over the heath. Some of these cabins were movable, and were carried on sledges from one part of the common to another. To these huts, men of fashion, wearied with the din and smoke of London, sometimes came in the summer to breathe fresh air and to catch a glimpse of rural life. During the season, a kind of fair was daily held near the fountain. The wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers came from the neighbouring villages with cream, cherries, wheatears, and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise their straw hats and tight heels, was a refreshing pastime to voluptuaries sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honour. Milliners, toymen, and jewellers came down from London and opened a bazaar under the trees. In one booth the politician might find his coffee and the London gazette; in another were gamblers playing deep at basset; and on fine evenings the fiddlers were in attendance, and there were morris-dancers on the elastic turf of the bowling-green. In 1685 a subscription had just been raised amongst those who frequented the Wells for building a church, which the Tories, who then domineered everywhere, insisted on dedicating to S. Charles the Martyr.'—*Macaulay, Hist. of England*, i. 346.

Tunbridge Wells probably attained its apotheosis in the reign of Queen Anne, who gave money for paving the parade called the Pantiles, whence the name; and the fashion continued through the reign of George II., under whom Thackeray describes the society of Tunbridge Wells in 'The Virginians.' Under George III. faith in the efficacy of Tunbridge chalybeate began to fail, and few of those who resort to its hotels and villas for the sake of the fine air now think of drinking the waters.

The immediate neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, which Evelyn found 'a very sweet place, private, and refreshing,' is now so besprinkled with villas as to have lost much of its beauty. In the place itself the only point of interest is

the quaint old street of *the Pantiles*, with its raised, tree-shaded parade, lined by shops, of which many are filled with the inlaid wood-work called *Tunbridge ware*, and ending in a little portico (of 1847) over the chalybeate spring, where the devil cooled his nose, after S. Dunstan had pinched it, in the tenth century, with red-hot tongs at Mayfield. The Church of *S. Charles the Martyr* is situated in three parishes—the altar in Tunbridge, the pulpit in Speldhurst, the vestry in Frant. James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos, celebrated by Pope, died at Mount



The Toad Rock, Tunbridge Wells.

Pleasant House in 1744. On the outermost common, called *Rusthall*, is the curious mass of stone called, from its form, *the Toad Rock*. A mile and a half from the Wells are the *High Rocks*, where Evelyn (1661) 'greatly admired the extravagant turnings, insinuations, and growth of certain birch-trees amongst the rocks;' and through 'the Salvator-like scenes' of which Mrs. Elizabeth Carter walked, not without contriving to feel 'a kind of pleasing terror.' It is a pleasant walk to the Rocks (admission 6d.),

which are about 60 feet high. On one of them is inscribed a lament for Bow, the lapdog of a visitor to the Wells in 1702, lost in one of its fissures :—

> 'This scratch I make that you may know
> On this rock lyes ye beauteous Bow ;
> Reader, this rock is the Bow's bell,
> Strike 't with thy stick, and ring his knell ;'

and the rock, when struck, does give a metallic sound.

The excursions most worth making from Tunbridge Wells are the more distant ones—to Penshurst, Hever, Knole, and Ightham Mote, all in Kent. In Sussex one may drive $2\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* south to *Frant*, a village possessing an ugly church in a lofty situation, with wide woodland views of great beauty. In the churchyard is the tomb of Stratford Canning, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the famous ambassador in Turkey, who died at Frant Court, 1880, at the age of 93.

Beneath Frant stretch the park and woods of *Eridge*, an estate which has been in the hands of the Nevills for above five hundred years. The *Castle* (Marquis of Abergavenny) is an ugly gingerbread-gothic building, in a vast park, said to have seventy miles of rides and drives, whose abundant woods have been spoilt for centuries by want of thinning. *Eridge Rocks* are picturesque—'the wondeross rocks' of which Lord Burleigh speaks when describing the stay of six days which Elizabeth made here in 1578. About 2 *m.* from these, and nearer the Brighton road, are *Harrison's Rocks*, and *Penn's Rocks*—named from the famous Quaker, who had an estate here. Aaron Hill calls the park 'an assemblage of all nature's beauties—hills, vales, brooks, lawns, groves, thickets, rocks, waterfalls, all wildly noble and irregularly amiable.'

I. 6 *m.* south-east (only visible on Tuesdays and Fridays), reached through a lovely wooded country, is *Bayham Abbey* (Marquis Camden), with 'its emerald lawns

and grey-ivied arches reflected in the bosom of its own sweet lake.'[1] The ruins are those of an abbey to which the Premonstratensian Canons of Ottham, near Hailsham, were moved in 1203. The place was first called Beaulieu, from the charm of its site. The buildings are due to Sir Robert de Turneham, a distinguished crusader under Richard I.

> 'Robert of Turnham with his fauchion
> Gan to crack many a crown,'

but he was eventually slain by the Saracens. The principal ruins, exceedingly graceful and picturesque, are those of the church, early English with decorated additions. It was one of the many burial-places of the Sackvilles. In 1714 the Bayham property was bought by Chief-Justice Pratt.

About 1 *m.* from the Abbey are the remains of the *Gloucester Furnace*, an iron-foundry named from the son of Queen Anne.

The drive in this direction may be continued to Lamberhurst and Scotney Castle. (See p. 11.)

II. $3\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* west is *Groombridge* (which has a station on the line to Polegate and Eastbourne). A public footpath turning to the right of the road below the station leads past *Groombridge Place* (only shown by permission), a most picturesque moated house, with three ancient terraced gardens, flocks of peacocks, and a beautiful transparent 'mill-pond.' The house itself is just across the Kentish border.

Charles, Duke of Orleans, found by Sir Richard Waller of Groombridge buried under a pile of dead and wounded after the battle of Agincourt, was intrusted to his charge, and lived here as a prisoner for twenty-five years in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. This was in the old castle, which occupied a much larger site than the existing building, its walls being bathed by the moat, supplied by running

[1] *Quarterly Review*, No. 223.

water. There is a tradition that the Duke rebuilt the house during his captivity, and also the neighbouring church of Speldhurst in Kent (again rebuilt), where a stone bears his arms. After the Wallers sold Groombridge, it passed through several hands, and eventually to the Packers, who pulled down the old castle, and built the existing house in the time of Charles II. The panelling and ceiling of the principal room is of the date of the house, which also contains older inlaid panelling, evidently saved from the

Groombridge Place.

earlier building, and perhaps as old as the time of the Duke of Orleans and Henry V. The family of Packer ended in two daughters, and after their marriage the place was sold, their own and others of their family portraits being left there. Evelyn mentions (1652) coming to visit Mr. Packer here in the old house, 'a pretty melancholy seate, well wooded and watered;' and coming again, after the present house was built, in 1674.

Attached to the church is a chapel built by the Packer of that day—the father of Evelyn's friend—who was a great

courtier, in honour of the safe return of Prince Charles (Charles I.) from Spain.[1]

III. 11 *m.* south is Mayfield. See Ch. iii.

A line runs west to join the London and Brighton line, by—

3 *m. Groombridge Stat.* See above.

5½ *m. Withyham Stat.* The *Church* (of S. Michael) was partially burnt by lightning in 1663, when the monument of Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, the famous Lord High Treasurer of Elizabeth's time, was destroyed. The *Sackville Chapel*, at the end of the south aisle, contains a magnificent altar-tomb with the figure of a child lying upon it, by the side of which, in eternal grief, kneel the white marble figures of Richard, Earl of Dorset, 1677, and his wife A monument by Nollekens commemorates the first Duke of Dorset, 1749; and one by Flaxman, the second Duke of Dorset, 1815. Beneath the chapel, are vaults filled with the sumptuously ornamented coffins of the Sackvilles, Earls and Dukes of Dorset, and their relations. Amongst them lie Thomas Sackville, the counsellor of Elizabeth and High Treasurer of England, author of "Gorboduc," the first important English tragedy, 1608, whose monument was destroyed in the fire, and Charles Sackville, the poet-Earl of Dorset, who died 1706, commemorated by Pope as—

'Dorset, the grace of courts, the muse's pride.'

Buckhurst—the beech wood –(Earl De la Warr), ½ *m.* distant, for above six hundred years the residence of the Sackvilles, came to them through the marriage of Ella, daughter of Ralph de Dene and foundress of Bayham Abbey, with Jordan de Sackville.

'A Wallet Oak,' as the Sussex expression goes, stands in front of the entrance of the house, which contains some fine works of Sir J. Reynolds, but is in itself a very feeble representative of the old moated house of Buckhurst, which

[1] Inscribed over the door 'D.O.M. 1625. ob felicissimi Caroli Principis ex Hispania reditum sacellum hoc d.d. I.P.'

stood on a site three-quarter mile distant, and had a grand hall and eight noble towers. Of this nothing now remains except the solitary tower of the Tudor gateway, and some picturesque out-buildings, occupied as a farmhouse. Old Buckhurst was abandoned to decay when the family, terrified at the 'extreme bad ways' which led to it, removed to Knole about 1630; after which Sackville College, at East Grinstead, was built from its ruins. The infant Medway

Gateway, Old Buckhurst.

flows through the valley and lake beneath the modern house.

Scarcely any other English park has the extreme and forest like beauty of Buckhurst, with its grand old beeches, its deep glades, and its clear silent pools. At about 3 *m.* is the old house of *Bolebrook*, which came to the Sackvilles in 1400 by marriage with an heiress of the Dalyngrudge family: its grand gate tower of the XV. c. is a very early specimen of English brickwork.

The Sackvilles belong to one of the families which undoubtedly came over with the Conqueror, in the person of Herbrand de Salchevilla, being the seventh of his line whose name was then known to history.

6¾ *m. Hartfield Stat.* Hartfield, 1 *m.* from Withyham, has a handsome church (S. Mary), approached by a picturesque half-timber gateway of 1521. It is one of the two churches of England with a broach spire, and it contains a window and tablet in memory of the Rev. H. Polehampton, one of the truest heroes of the Indian Mutiny year, killed whilst fulfilling the duties of his sacred office as chaplain at Lucknow, 1857. 'The Dorset Arms' is a curious old house.

Behind Hartfield spreads the beautiful region of *Ashdown Forest*, or *Lancaster Great Park*, which—all now the property of Lord De la Warr—once belonged to the 'Honour of the Eagle of Pevensey.' The term 'forest' is nominal, all the old trees having been cut down.

North of the station is *Bolebrook*. See above.

10¼ *m. Forest Row Stat.* Here nothing but the name remains of the forest. A footpath diverging from the street near the Post-office leads to *Brambletye*—the Brambertie of Domesday—celebrated in the novel of Horace Smith. *Brambletye House*, of which little remains except the principal entrance and portions of two square turrets, was built by Sir Henry Compton in the time of James I. Over the entrance are the arms of Compton. During the Civil War the house was taken by the Parliamentarians, and in 1683, whilst Sir James Rickards, its then owner, was hunting in Ashdown Forest, it was searched by royal commissioners, and a vast quantity of arms and ammunition were found there. Sir James was warned not to return home, and succeeded in making his escape to Spain, but Brambletye was thenceforward left desolate, and speedily fell into ruin.

Kidbrooke (H. R. Freshfield, Esq.), south of the station, built by Mylne for Lord Abergavenny, was the residence of the Speaker Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester.

The Medway, which rises at Turner's Hill, on the west, here flows through the meadows.

13½ *m. East Grinstead Stat.* The pleasant irregular town takes its name from Gronestede, a clearing in the forest of the Weald. One house bears the date 1599. East Grinstead sent two members to Parliament till 1832, and the Lent Assizes were held there, alternately with Horsham, till 1799, though the courthouse had tumbled down in 1684. The church (S. Swithin) is the third on the site within a hundred and fifty years. From the oldest church is the marble tomb, with brasses (which possibly do not belong to it) of Dame Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Lord Scales, lady-in-waiting to Elizabeth of York, and her two husbands (Sir T. Grey and R. Lewknor of Brambletye), 'who founded, indued, insured this present church to the lawde and honore of God with dyvers ornaments, and an almshouse for three persons.' Speaker Abbot, the first Lord Colchester, 1829, has a stately monument. William, Lord Abergavenny, 1745, has a tablet: his funeral helmet hangs over it. An iron tombstone is dated 1570.

A Sussex proverb says—

> 'Large parish, poor people,
> Large new church, no steeple.'

Sackville College is an interesting building, erected 1608, by Robert, 2nd Earl of Dorset, from the ruins of Old Buckhurst, as an almshouse for five brothers and six sisters; but its hall and chapel are paltry rebuildings by Butterfield, executed under the wardenship of Dr. J. M. Neale, the well-known hymnologist. *S. Margaret's Sisterhood*, founded by Dr. Neale, was opened in 1856.

'Within ten miles of the town of East Grinstead are these names, all clearly derived from the Sussex iron manufacture:—Furnace Pond, in the parish of Worth; Forge Pond, half a mile to the north, and in Surrey; Wiremill Pond, still to the north-east; Hammerwood, on the borders of Kent; Casiron Farm, more to the south; Shovelstrode and Horseshoe farms, both near the town; Mount Noddy, within a quarter of a mile of the church; Cinder Hill, near Horsted Keynes; and Cinder Banks, towards Ticehurst.'—*M. A. Lower*, '*Sussex Papers.*'

The line from London to Hastings, after leaving Tunbridge Wells, passes—

2½ *m. Frant Stat.* The village (see p. 4) is 1 *m.* distant.

5 *m. Wadhurst Stat.* The church (SS. Peter and Paul), 1 *m.* east, partly early English, is interesting as containing thirty grave-slabs of Sussex iron. The tomb of Mary Dawson is of 1650.

[6 *m.* east is the large village of *Lamberhurst.*[1]

'This Lamberhurst is a very pretty place. It lies in a valley with beautiful hills around it. The pastures here are very fine, and the roads are as smooth and as handsome as those in Windsor Park.'—*Cobbett's 'Rural Rides.'*

The village is partly in Kent, but was the capital of the Sussex iron district. Lamberhurst church has a good oak pulpit of 1630. The great Lamberhurst furnace, which consumed 200,000 cords of wood annually, was of the time of Anne. The railing of S. Paul's, London, which weighed 200 tons, was cast there, at a cost of £11,202, and was known as the finest railing in the world, though the City of London saw it destroyed a few years since without opposition, to flatter a whim of Dean Milman. Cannon were first cast of iron in England in the first year of Edward VI.

'It is almost incredible how many are made of the iron in this county. Count Gondomer well knew their goodness, when of King James he so often begged the boon to transport them.' — *Thomas Fuller, 'The Worthies of England.'*

1 *m.* distant, in a beautiful wooded hollow beneath a modern house (E. Hussey, Esq.), and most picturesquely situated on an island in a lake formed by the little river Teise, is *Scotney Castle,* which belonged in the time of Henry III. to Walter de Scotney, executed at Winchester in 1259, for giving poison to Richard, Earl of Gloucester. He gave Scotney to his niece Florence on her second marriage with John Darrell, in whose family it long remained. In

[1] From the Anglo-Saxon, *Lambrn,* 'lambs,' and *hyrst,* 'a woody place.'

1418 it was the residence of Archbishop Chicheley. Father Blount was long concealed under the staircase of the castle in 1598, and eventually escaped by swimming across the moat. Three of the four towers of the castle were pulled down to build Court Lodge in this parish. The remaining fourth tower, of the time of Richard II., has been frequently painted. The later buildings, partially ruined, belong to a manor-house erected by Inigo Jones for the Darrells, a family celebrated in the smuggling stories which fill the country-side. Goudhurst Church (in Kent), which crowns a steep hill-set village on the horizon of hills opposite Scotney, was their stronghold, and they held out there for three days against the military sent against them in George III.'s time. The smugglers were forced to capitulate at last, and a number of them were executed, one of them, no one knows why, being buried under the hearthstone in a cottage on the Scotney estate. This siege of Goudhurst Church is described in a novel of G. P. R. James. One of the best-remembered instances of successful smuggling was when a great funeral was announced as arriving from the Continent. A gentleman who had died in France, and who had belonged to a place on the other side of London, was being taken home to be buried with his ancestors. A hearse with four horses met the coffin at Dover. Relays of horses were ordered, and they were changed at Ashford, Lamberhurst, and several other places. But the funeral never went beyond London, for the coffin was full of lace, which was soon dispersed over the city.

To the same wild times belongs the story of the outlawed Arthur, son of William and Elizabeth Darrell, former owners of Scotney. News came that he had died abroad, and that his body was to be brought home to be buried at his native place. Great was the concourse of neighbours and acquaintances at his funeral on the 12th of December 1720; but amongst the mourners stood a tall figure wrapped in a cloak, who, as the body was lowered, whispered 'That is not me!' to a fellow-mourner by the side of the grave, and immediately disappeared. Only a few years ago the owner of Scotney

mentioned the tradition that Darrell had attended his own funeral to the old sexton, and asked if he could throw any light upon it. The sexton answered, 'Yes. Forty years ago, when your uncle was buried, the coffin next to which his was placed was that of Mr. Darrell, and it was falling to pieces, so that I looked into it, when I was surprised to see no remains whatever of a body, but only fragments of stone.'

Scotney Castle was bought by Mr. E. Hussey in 1778,

Scotney Castle.

and the new house, on the hill above the castle, built by Salvin in 1837. Its delightful gardens, partly formed from an old stone-quarry, are famous for their glorious azaleas in spring.]

9½ *m. Ticehurst Road Stat.* 4 *m.* east is the village of *Ticehurst* (the wood of the fairy or nymph Tys). The Bell Inn is XIV. c. The perpendicular church (S. Mary) has remains of good stained glass, given by John Wybarne, of whom there is a fine XV. c. brass, on which he is represented in

armour, between his two wives, whose figures are much smaller than his own.

The Courthopes, of *Whileigh*, in the parish of Ticehurst, are mentioned by Shirley as one of the two Sussex families which have resided, in unbroken descent, on the same lands for three hundred and fifty years.

Boarzell and *Pashley* are rebuildings of old houses in this parish. The latter, formerly moated, has the date 1612 and much good carving of that period. The private lunatic asylum of *Highlands* has a great reputation.

$13\frac{1}{4}$ *m. Etchingham Stat.* (properly Echyngham). There is no village. The *Church* (of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin) close to the station, is one of the finest decorated buildings in the county—'its sandstone mellowed into grey, simple in its construction, and bold and beautiful in its outlines.'[1] It was once moated. Legend says a great bell lies at the bottom of the moat, which will never be seen till six yoke of white oxen are brought to drag it up.[2] The heavy square tower has a stair-turret and a pyramidal roof with its original XIV. c. banner-shaped vane. The east window is a specimen of Flamboyant, rare in England. The early English font must have belonged to an earlier church. It is evident that the church once had splendid stained glass, though little remains. In the chancel, with its old carved stall-work, is the fine brass of the founder, Sir William de Echyngham, 1387, with a French inscription. The head is gone, but this is still the finest brass of the curvilinear period in Sussex. Beneath a canopy is a brass of another Sir William, 1444, with his wife and his son Thomas. Against the south wall is the altar-tomb of Thomas Echyngham and his wife Margaret, daughter of Reginald West, Lord De la Warr. The south aisle of the nave contains the brass of Elizabeth Echyngham and her sister Agnes Oxenbrigg, 1480. A helmet belonging to Sir G. Strode hangs in the south aisle. The railway line passes over the site of the old moated manor of the Echynghams. The fine old brick house of

[1] *Quarterly Review*, No. 223. [2] Sussex Arch. Coll., xiii.

Haremare, to the left of the line, is quite modernised, and its great mulberry cut down. The old house at *Seacox Heath* (Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen) was said to have been built by the smugglers who had their headquarters at Goudhurst.

Etchingham is the station for Hawkhurst, in Kent, a much-frequented and pleasant place, with a handsome church, probably by the same architect as Etchingham. Each of its two porches has a parvise-chamber. Bodiam Castle (see Ch. ii.) may be visited from Etchingham.

[3 *m.* west, on the hills, is *Burwash* (from Burghersh, having once belonged to that family, which gives a second title to the Earls of Westmoreland).

> 'On the hill-top, behold
> The village steeple, rising from the midst
> Of many a rustic edifice; 'tis all
> The pastor's care.'
> —*Hurdis*, '*The Village Curate*.[1]

The Church of S. Bartholomew has the Pelham buckle on the head of a mullion window and on the font. The oldest known specimen of Sussex ironwork is a slab here, made at Socknersh, probably of a Sussex iron-mistress, inscribed 'Orate p. annema Jhone Coline.' In the churchyard is the grave of the Rev. John Coker Egerton, author of 'Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways.' The manor farms of *Holmeshurst* and *Batemans* are very picturesque, and in the village street is the old house of *Rampyndens*.

'As a rule, our people are scarcely scientific in their attempts at derivation. The name of our parish, which was spelt in the 33rd of Henry III. "Borwese," and which has besides Burwash many other variations of its spelling, I once heard accounted for as follows by one of my own parishioners, who spoke most seriously—

'"When the Romans landed in Pevensey Bay, they had with them a dog called 'Bur;' and after a while the dog got so bemired with the Sussex clay that he couldn't travel any further, so they washed him, and the place where they washed him was called 'Burwash.'"—*J. Coker Egerton* (*Rector of Burwash*), '*Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways*.'

[1] Hurdis was curate of Burwash from 1786 to 1791, and lived at the house called Fryls.

Henry Burwash, Bishop of Lincoln (*ob.* 1340), twice Lord Treasurer, once Lord Chancellor, was a native of this place.

1 *m.* left of the road which leads from Burwash to Cross-in-Hand is Pounceford Farm.

'Descending the narrow winding way that leads to Pounceford, occasional openings occur in the white varieties of the sandstone, along the sides of the deep valleys; shale and blue clay appear on the surface, and springs issue from the defiles of the glens, the water being thrown out by the argillaceous partings of the strata. Before reaching the bottom of the valley, limeworks are seen on a rising ground on the left hand; and, to the right, a pathway leads by a farmhouse to a deep glen, where a quarry has been opened, and from whence an incrusting spring has its source. This quarry, moreover, presents a most interesting section to the geologist. For there, *in situ*, is seen a bed of the Tilgate stone, beneath a layer of the Ashburnham bivalve limestone.'—*G. Mantell, 'Geology of the South-East of England.'*]

15¼ *m. Robertsbridge Stat.* Robertsbridge — Rotherbridge—is a straggling village on the Rother. By the picturesque inn of the 'Seven Stars,' with its outside staircase, one must turn up to reach (1 *m.*) *Salehurst Abbey Farm*, where some gothic arches in the outer wall, and some scattered fragments, indicate a small *Cistercian Abbey*, founded by Robert de S. Martin in 1176. The principal remnant is a double crypt, groined and pillared, and partially used as a dairy. With its old pans and crocks, and the light pouring down its steps from the open air, it is a picture worthy of the best Dutch masters. A mutilated effigy of Sir Edward Dalyngruge, the builder of Bodiam, was found here in 1823, and, after many vicissitudes, is now in the Archæological Museum at Lewes. Here, 16 *m.* from Rye, begin the inland marshes, watered by the Rother, which often divides Kent and Sussex, and runs by Bodiam Castle and Brede Place.

There is a ferry across the Rother, but it is necessary for a carriage to return to Robertsbridge to reach *Salehurst Church* (S. Mary), partly early English. In the slight inclines of *Silver Hill* it will be difficult to discover the 'famous precipice' of Horace Walpole's Sussex Journal.

The farm of *Bugzell*, in this parish, is named from the ancient family of Boxshall or Buxhull, of whom was Sir Alan Buxhull, Constable of the Tower of London, a Knight of the Garter, one of those who slew the knight Hawle and his servant (1378) in Westminster Abbey, where they had taken sanctuary. There are traces near the farmhouse of the old mansion of the Buxhulls.

Bodiam Castle is $3\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* from Robertsbridge by the field-path. See Ch. ii.

On the ridge of the hill on the south-east is *Mountfield Court* (Lady Mary Egerton), built by the Nicholls, who came over from Holland with William III. and planted its old chestnut avenue when the King planted that at Hampton Court. The prettily-situated old church of All Saints, approached by a picturesque deep-cut rocky lane, has a low, heavy Sussex spire.

[4 *m.* west is *Brightling*, a lofty ridge—'twin eminence with Crowborough of the Forest district'—with wide and beautiful views. The church is dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket. In the churchyard is a mausoleum by Smirke to John Fuller, the patron of Turner, for whom his best Sussex views—'The Vale of Heathfield.' 'Brightling Observatory,' 'Ashburnham,' &c., were painted.[1] At 646 feet above the sea is an *Observatory* erected by Mr. John Fuller of Rose Hill. *Brightling Park*, formerly Rose Hill, has good stucco ceilings, and retains its cockpit! Brightling was long the residence of the Fullers, of whom the first to settle in Sussex was a silversmith, and who avowed their humble origin in the motto *Carbone et faucibus*. The family lived first at 'the Court' at Hooe, now a farmhouse; many generations of them are buried in Hooe churchyard.

'On the high ground of Brightling parish, about two miles and a half south of our village, stands an obelisk called "Brightling Needle," built as a landmark by old Mr. John Fuller, formerly M.P. for the county. It occupies, I believe, the spot on which, in the old war time, was a

[1] These are now in the possession of Lady Acland Hood, the heiress of the Fullers, at S. Audries, in Somersetshire.

beacon always ready to be lighted the moment the long-expected landing of the French in Pevensey Bay should begin to take place.

'Some years ago, I was talking to an old man, who in his youth had been one of our bolder spirits. He soon became very earnest in his manner, and in these peaceful days it gave a curious zest to my conversation to feel that I was speaking to a man who had seen people's household goods actually packed on waggons ready to be driven inland. He told me that he was one of the "Sussex Guides;" and when I asked him what the Sussex Guides had to do, he said with a ring of well-remembered instructions:—

'"It was our duty, sir, as soon as we heard of the landing of the French, to repair to the George Inn at Battle, and thence to guide the army the nearest way to the enemy."'—*J. Coker Egerton*, '*Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways*.']

21¼ *m. Battle Stat.* See Ch. ii.

26½ *m. St. Leonards-on-the-Sea Stat.* (Warrior Square). See Ch. ii.

II.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

HASTINGS and St. Leonards, divided till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century by a mile of open country, are now practically one town, and present a sunny sea-front three miles in length. The monotony of its wearisome line of featureless parades and terraces is somewhat redeemed by the view eastwards of the cliff and the ragged ruins of the castle. Two ugly piers break the shore-line, and the swimming-baths at the eastern extremity of the parade have the reputation of being the finest in England. Near the entrance of Robertson Street, a pretty little fountain, erected in her lifetime, commemorates the beneficent charities of Sarah, Countess Waldegrave. At the extreme east is the fishermen's quarter, where the beach is occupied by black timber storage towers,[1] boats, and fishing-tackle, and is backed by sandstone cliffs,[2] the whole very attractive to an artist.

There is nothing whatever worth notice in modern St. Leonards, of which two existing gateways were formerly boundaries on the north and east, but which has long outgrown those limits. The view to the west was once rather pretty, but the point which accentuated it has recently been destroyed by the wanton blowing up of the martello-tower on Bulverhythe cliff. In the *Old Subscription Gardens* (now free) a rock slab is pointed out as having served as a dining-table for the Conqueror after he landed; when, as the Bayeux tapestry represents, he hurried at once to Hastings

1 Twenty-six of these were swept out to sea by the high tides of 1875.

2 'Sand and clay, with interspersions of lignite, laminated shale, grit, and sandstone.'—*Mantell*, '*Wonders of Geology*.'

to obtain provision for his army. Others say that the stone covered the first grave of Harold on the wild sea-shore. On the hill behind Eversfield Place is a large Roman Catholic *Convent of the Sacred Heart*. It was at 57 Marina that Princess Victoria was staying, with the Duchess of Kent, when her runaway horses were stopped by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Peckham Micklethwayte. Thomas Campbell wrote a feeble poem on the sea-view from St. Leonards.

Behind Wellington Square a steep ascent leads to the area —now a garden—of *Hastings Castle*—entrance 3d. (which can now also be reached by a lift!) Besides a few rags of outer wall, some remains exist of a XII. c. chapel, which at least occupies the site of the chapel where Anselm consecrated Robert Blovet as Bishop of Lincoln. It had a dean and canons of its own, and Thomas à Becket was once dean and William of Wykeham canon there. The church of *S. Mary in the Castle*, in Pelham Crescent, under the rock, bears the pompous inscription—'Aedes Sanctae Mariae in castello extructa A.D. MDCCCXXVIII.' *St. Clement's Caves*, occasionally lighted up, are amusing to children.

The valley between the Castle Hill and the East Cliff is occupied by the old town of Hastings, which had an existence at the time of the Conquest, and which heads the list of the Cinque Ports, though it had never the wealth or prosperity which were enjoyed by its neighbour Winchelsea in the XIII. and XIV. c.; and after that time continued to decline, till it began to be frequented as a health resort at the end of the XVIII. c. The old town consists of only two streets—*High Street* and *All Saints Street*, which fill up the narrow valley, and have much quaint character, especially at the northern end, where the pavement of High Street rises high above the roadway. From the middle of this street is the approach to the large perpendicular four-aisled church of *S. Clement*, which contains brasses of Thomas and Alice Wekes, 1563, and of John Barley, mercer, 1601, with his children. In the tower are two balls fired by the French and Dutch fleet in 1720. Here, above the street, on the left, are the old-fashioned houses

of *the Croft* and the *Tackleway*, many of them faced with glazed brick. The large Roman Catholic Church of *S. Mary, Star of the Sea*, from designs of Basil Champneys, has a fine stone triple-vaulted roof. Almost opposite is a handsome old house,—the mansion long occupied by Coventry Patmore, author of 'The Angel in the House'—formerly the residence of the Milwards, of whom Sarah, Countess Waldegrave, was the last representative. A cluster of elms separates it from the churchyard of *All Saints*, which contains the tomb of Old Humphry (George Mogridge, 1854). In the XV. c. church, which is beautifully situated under the hill, the notorious Titus Oates was baptized in 1660, his father then being its rector.

Near All Saints Church, at a spot in the western side of the East Hill, called the *Minnis Rock*, was one of the few hermitages which Sussex possessed. In the last century it contained a cross and niche for a saint carved out of the cliff.[1] Its caves are now almost filled up. In All Saints Street lived the mother of Sir Cloudesley Shovel—a poor woman, in a little house; and there is a pretty account of how the great admiral desired to be put on shore at Hastings, and knocked at her door, when out came 'a poor old woman, upon which Sir Cloudesley kissed her, and then, falling on his knees, begged her blessing, calling her "mother."'[2] The street is now chiefly inhabited by the Hastings fisherfolk, who lead a life apart and inter-marry. The name 'Chopback' infuriates them. Hastings pirates used to torture their captives in that way, and even in the middle of the last century the crew of the *Ruxley* were hanged for torturing the master of a Dutch brig to death by chopping down the ribs from the spine—a cruelty handed down from Danish times.

The high ground beyond the Milward mansion has been purchased by the Corporation, and is left as a free and most enjoyable pleasure-ground to the people. It is a pity that, when this purchase was made, the approach to Hastings through an avenue of old trees, whose gnarled stems and

[1] See M. A. Lower, 'Compendious Hist. of Sussex.'
[2] De la Pryme's Diary.

twisted roots had been painted by a thousand artists, should have been spoilt by a formal bank and railing.

It is from hence, by the east hill towards Ecclesbourne, that the only country walks in the immediate neighbourhood of Hastings are attainable; otherwise the so-called country roads are lined for miles in every direction by miserable, shabby, stucco villas, each more piteously ugly than the last, which make St. Leonards and Hastings a most undesirable residence for those who are too well to be confined to its sunny parades, and yet unable to reach the really beautiful country—some of the prettiest country in the south of England—which lies beyond a three-mile circuit. Even in Charles Lamb's time the cockneyfied character of the place was lamented over.

'I love town, or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. . . . There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stockbrokers, amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the ocean. . . . It is the visitants from town, that come here to say that they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond-perch or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here as for them. What can they want here? If they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land-luggage with them? or why pitch their civilised tents in the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries, as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us to believe, a book "to read strange matters in"? What are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They come because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them. Now and then an honest citizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters to taste the sea-breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenances. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but in a poor week imagination slackens; they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—oh, then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves), how gladly would they exchange their seaside rambles for a Sunday-walk on the green sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!'—*Essays of Elia.*

Excursions are :—

1. 2½ *m. Fairlight.* Ascending the old north road from old Hastings, and turning to the right at the suburb of *New Ore*, we reach (after 1 *m.*) a stile on the right, whence a field-path leads to *Fairlight Glen*, a pretty wooded dip in the hill, with a 'dropping well' over-shadowed by an old beech-tree. Thence a delightful walk above wood and down brings us to the *Lovers' Seat*, in a pleasant niche of the cliff-side, where boys are always waiting to relate a —partly imaginary—story of the secret meetings of a small local heiress (Miss Boys, of Elfords, near Hawkhurst) with a sea-captain (Lieutenant Lamb) on that spot.

Pedestrians may return to Hastings by the hills, skirting the top of *Ecclesbourne Glen*, a ravine opening towards the sea, which has still some beauty and wildness, and much tender delicacy of colouring in the contrasts of its scrubby brushwood with calm summer seas.

From *Fairlight Mill*, on a very clear day, the French coast from Boulogne to Calais may be seen, with ten towns, sixty-six churches, and seventy martello-towers in England.

> 'When Fairlie Down puts on his cap,
> Romney Marsh will have its sap,'

says a Sussex weather proverb.

2. An omnibus may be taken through the shabby suburb which skirts *Alexandra Park* as far as *S. Helen's Spa;* hence a road winds pleasantly through wooded hills (keeping to the right at 'Kite's Nest') to the entrance of the *Cemetery*, nearly opposite which a field-path leads to (2½ *m.* from the town) the XV. c. ruins of *Old Ore*[1] *Church* (S. Helen), which are rather picturesque. Under their shadow is the grave of the aged Devey Fearon, 1847, once well known as a preacher. Close by is *Ore Place*, on the site of a recently destroyed house, which was said to contain fragments of one built for John of Gaunt, but nothing of

[1] The name Or dates from Anglo-Saxon times.

interest remained. Hence pedestrians may either continue along 'The Ridge' to *Baldslow*—passing *Holmhurst*, to which the statues of Queen Anne and her attendant figures (by Hill, the great sculptor of Queen Anne's reign), formerly in front of S. Paul's, London, have been removed; or they may take the second turn on the left (then right), when, after passing a sort of green, a narrow path between villa-gardens leads to a bridge over *The Old Roar*, a so-called waterfall.

'Probably no one ever visited Old Roar without being told that it was not the season for the water, and that it was never known to be so dry as at present.'—*The Lost Broach.*

Hence a pleasant field-path brings the pedestrian back, past the reservoir, to Alexandra Park.

3. An omnibus may be taken near the Saxon Hotel at St. Leonards, up the London Road, and through the squalid 'genteel suburb' of Tivoli to New Hollington. Thence, turning to the left, and skirting the grounds of 'Castleham,' one may look down upon a pleasant landscape of woods and sea, with Pevensey Bay and Beachy Head in the distance. A rough road through fields and gates leads down to the quaint little church of *Hollington in the Wood.*

'A little churchling in the midst of a wood, that seems dropped by the angel that was tired of carrying two packages; marry, with the other he made shift to pick his flight to Loretto. Inquire out, and see my little Protestant Loretto. It stands apart from trace of human habitation; yet hath it pulpit, reading-desk, and trim font of massiest marble, as if Robinson Crusoe had reared it to soothe himself with old church-going images. I forget its Christian name, and what she-saint was its gossip.'—*Lamb's Letters.*

The church (S. Leonard) is partly XIII. c., with a low quaint tiled spire. The interior is 'restored' out of all interest.

'When a church was begun in the neighbouring village, the Evil One, jealous of the encroachment on a spot he had marked as his own, every night undid what the workmen had accomplished in the course of the day. Priests were summoned to lay the fiend, and they had prepared to commence their duties, when a voice was heard offering to desist from opposition if the building were erected on the spot *he*

should indicate. The offer was accepted. The church was raised, and there sprung up all around it a thick wood concealing it from the general gaze.'—*Thorne.*

Unfortunately much of the surrounding wood has been destroyed in the last few years, and thus the characteristic of the place is gone. Following the lane along the ridge of hill east of the church, one may descend upon the entrance of Bulverhythe Marsh, just beyond the western extremity of St. Leonards.

4. Ascending the London Road again as far as the high narrow ridge which separates the Weald of Sussex from the seaboard, we may turn left, when the Battle Road is skirted on the right by the wall of *Beauport* (Sir Archibald Lamb, Bart.). Its pleasant woods contain many rare trees, and the very curious Dog's Cemetery of Lady Montgomerie, wife of Sir Charles Lamb, *ob.* 1848. The house was built by General James Murray, governor of Quebec, in 1757. An obscure cart-road on the left, leading to a farmhouse, is called *Tell'em Lane*, from a tradition of its having existed at the time of the Conquest, and that the Conqueror, seated on his horse, 'told over his men,' as they passed through the narrow lane, before the battle of Hastings. Within the palings of *Crowhurst Park* (P. Papillon, Esq.) is a mound, now covered with trees, said to be a Danish sepulchre. The house of Crowhurst (the wood of crows), which descended to the present owner from the Pelhams, is beautifully situated on the edge of a wooded glen, the subject of one of Turner's best Sussex pictures: its long reaches of land and sea, backed by the hazy downs, being thrown into exquisite atmospheric effect by the groups of old pines or oaks which stand out against them in strong relief. In the house are many good portraits, including that of Anthony Papillon, the friend of Erasmus, who died in Venice for the Protestant faith, as well as of his son, who fell in the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Thomas, son of the martyr, gentleman of the bedchamber to Henri IV., left the king's service on his renouncing the Protestant faith. His grandson

David was imprisoned for his faith through three years at Avranches, and afterwards flying to England with his uncle David Papillon, married Anne Mary Calandrini, of a family also famous from their sufferings for the Reformed faith, and founded the family of Acrise, afterwards of Crowhurst.

Turning by the lodge of Crowhurst Park, a lane winds down (1½ *m.*) into the hollow, where (5 *m.* from St. Leonards) *Crowhurst Church* (S. George) stands in a lovely situation, with a glorious yew-tree, said to be 3000 years old, which is 37½ feet in circumference at the base[1] and 27 feet at 6 feet from the ground. The old ridge-tombstones are interesting. The church was rebuilt in the last century, except its tower, which has the Pelham buckle over the door. Another buckle, in wood, formerly hung on the front of the gallery. The badges of the buckle[2] and the crampette (or metal point of the scabbard) were granted, in 1356, to two Sussex knights, Sir Thomas Pelham and Sir Roger De la Warr, to whom King John of France surrendered his sword at the battle of Poitiers.

Below the churchyard are the picturesque ruins of a *Manor-house*, dating from 1250. The house is believed to have been built by Walter de Scotney, chief steward of Clare, Earl of Gloucester, whom, and his brother, he was accused of having poisoned, a crime for which he was executed in 1259.

About 1½ *m.* north-west of Crowhurst, on high ground, is the little church of *Catsfield* (S. Leonard), thoroughly Sussex in character, on a height, with a low, slated spire, and the remains of a curious old oak-tree at its churchyard gate. It contains a memorial brass to the ever-popular Annie, Lady Brassey, authoress of the 'Voyage of the *Sunbeam*,' who died at sea, September 14, 1887. *Catsfield Place* (Mrs. Hayley) contains several objects which

[1] Crowhurst Church, in Surrey, also dedicated to S. George, has also a yew-tree of precisely the same wonderful dimensions. See *Sussex Arch. Coll.*

[2] Among other places, we find the Pelham buckle on the stonework of the church doors of East Hoathly and Laughton; on the towers of Dallington and Crowhurst; on the moulded bricks of Laughton Place; on the wall of the aisle of Wartling; and on the ornaments of Robertsbridge Abbey.

belonged to Marie Antoinette, brought over by the Princesse de Lamballe at the time of the flight to Varennes, and deposited by her for safety with her friend Lady Gibbs, grandmother of the present owner.

The return from Crowhurst to St. Leonards may be varied by following the winding lanes to Hollington, and this is the nearer way.

5. Beyond the western extremity of St. Leonards, the Brighton Road passes the Bull Tavern, behind which are some small remains of the gothic chapel of *S. Mary, Bulverhythe*, built by a Comtesse d'Eu in the XIV. c. When the sea makes a raking noise on the shore near this, the fishermen say they 'hear Bulverhythe bells,' and it is held as a sure sign of bad weather from the westward.[1] Passing a strip of marsh edged with low hills and wind-blown trees, which feebly recalls the Roman Campagna, we reach, on a rising ground (3 *m.*) the village of *Bexhill*. The Church of S. Mary is partly XII. and XIII. c. Its fine east window, with representations of Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence, was sold by the church authorities to Horace Walpole. From Strawberry Hill, where it only fetched £30, 9s. 6d. at the sale, it passed to Hardwick House, near Bury St. Edmunds, where it is now carefully respected and preserved. A new seaside resort is rapidly springing up, 1½ *m.* from the old village, under the name of Bexhill.

In the upland districts, 4 *m.* north-west, is the little church of *Hooe* (S. James or S. Oswald), which still contains a window, with figures of Edward III. and Philippa, somewhat similar to that sold at Bexhill.

6. Continuing the walk No. 3 to Battle along the high ground which was the scene of the battle of Hastings, and crossing the hollow (where the railway line runs) which was of such importance in the combat, we reach—

6 *m. Battle*, 'the grave of the pride and glory of England,'[2] now a pretty little town of quaint old-fashioned

[1] See 'Notes and Queries,' vi. 9, 403.

[2] Palgrave.

houses. The main street ends in the fine gateway of the famous *Abbey* (Duchess of Cleveland).[1]

Tickets for the Abbey are given (free) at the stationer's shop a little way down the street, provided with which, *on Tuesdays*, visitors are shown round the ruins in parties—which are often great crowds—by the gardener, who receives a small fee at the end.

The beautiful decorated *Abbey Gateway* is attributed to Abbot Bethynge in the time of Edward III., when a license was granted to fortify and crenellate the Abbey. Passing the gate, the visitor sees the dwelling-house formed by Sir Anthony Browne out of the ruins, and enlarged by the late Duke of Cleveland as Lord Harry Vane. The *Abbatial hall*, greatly modernised, serves as the hall of the house. The handsome library is modern. The drawing-room, with the housekeeper's and butler's rooms, and the passage leading to them, are formed from ancient cloisters and their appurtenances.

At the end of the terrace, two slender octagonal towers remain, marking the end of the ancient dining-hall.

On the north side of the house are remains of the tomb of an abbot, already indicating the nave of the gigantic abbey church, of which the substructures of the choir have been excavated farther on in the garden, backed by a group of fine cedars. Here is the site of the high-altar, which marked the spot where Harold fell beneath the Saxon standard, and where William the Conqueror offered his battle-sword and the robe of his coronation.

> 'Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm;
> Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
> O garden blossoming out of English blood!
> O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
> Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
> Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—
> But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
> Each stands full face with all he did below.'
>
> —*Tennyson*, '*Show Day at Battle Abbey*,' 1876, *Prologue to* '*Harold*.'

[1] Battle Abbey was sold to Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, by Sir Godfrey Webster in 1857.

Beneath the *Refectory*, with its early English windows, are two very fine crypts, one much loftier than the other.

'The Abbey of Battle, in which prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all those who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of the Conqueror's triumph and the token of his piety. The Abbey was most richly endowed; and all the land, for one league round about, was annexed to the Battle franchise. The abbot was freed from the authority of the metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The high altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the Roll, deposited in the archives of the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and amongst whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all this pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The 'perpetual prayer' has ceased for ever; the roll of Battle is rent; the shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust; the Abbey is levelled with the ground.'—*Palgrave.*

The famous *Roll of Battle Abbey*—the roll-call of the Norman knights—is said to have been removed at the dissolution to Cowdray, and to have perished there in the burning house, September 24, 1793. When Sir Anthony Browne was taking possession in 1538, the last monk who left the abbey cursed him that 'by fire and water his line should come to an end and perish out of the land;' and this, since called 'the curse of Cowdray,' has been terribly fulfilled to his descendants.[1] Another 'curse of sacrilege' is believed to have fallen on the family of Webster (Sir James Webster having purchased Battle Abbey in the beginning of the XVIII. c.), no head of the house ever being permitted to die 'according to the course of nature.' Battle Abbey has long been considered a 'haunted house,' the ghost of later times being an old woman of weird and terrible aspect.

Outside the Abbey gate, on the left, is a picturesque old house called *the Almonry*, said to have been the Hospitium of the pilgrims. It was the immense number of these pilgrims, who crowded even the vast aisles of the abbey church, which led to the building of the *Parish Church* in

[1] See the description of Cowdray.

the time of Henry I. No buildings now remain of that date, and the interest of the present church, chiefly decorated, has been completely destroyed by 'restoration,' which has modernised the interior and destroyed its only remarkable feature, the steps of its ancient rood-loft.

A noble marble altar-tomb commemorates Sir Anthony Browne, the first lay owner of Battle. Sir Anthony, standard-bearer to Henry VIII., active in promoting the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, acted as proxy for Henry VIII. in the marriage with Anne of Cleves. He was brought from Byfleet, where he died, May 6, 1548, to be buried here by Alis, his first wife. His armour (coat of arms, terge, sword, helmet, &c.) was 'offered' at his funeral, and there is a charge in the funeral accounts for the 'brasses' (braces) of iron by which they were to be hung over his tomb.

On the floor of the church are brasses to Dean Robert Clare, 1440; Dean John Wythines, 1615; Sir W. Arnold, 1435; and a knight in plate-armour, John Allogtem, 1423. On the grave of Thomas Alfraye, 1509, he is described as one who—

> 'Soe in active strength did passe,
> As none was found his peere.'

The gravestone of Isaac Ingail in the churchyard records that he died at the age of a hundred and twenty in 1798, having been for ninety years a servant at the Abbey.

The patron of the Abbey is still called the abbot. The ministering monk of the church (at first only a chapel of the Abbey) was called *Decanus*, and the lay abbot or owner of Battle has still the power of appointing a 'Dean,' who is free from the jurisdiction of the Bishop. Close to the churchyard is the *Deanery*, a very fine old Jacobean house Several houses in the little town are good specimens of domestic architecture.

From its connection with the story of the famous *Battle of Hastings*, the tiny town of Battle has a greater interest than any town of similar size in England. The story, briefly told, is as follows:—

When the saintly Edward the Confessor lay upon his death-bed at Westminster, on the 5th of January 1066, he named as his successor his brother-in-law, the Saxon Harold, son of the great Earl Godwin, and brother of Edith the queen. Thus, when the holy king was dead, Harold was raised to the throne by the voice of the English people, and his power was strengthened by his marriage with Algitha,[1]

The Deanery, Battle.

sister of the great Earls Edwin and Morcar, who, more than any other, had influence in the north of England. But, the year before, Harold had met with a great misfortune; he had been wrecked upon the coast of France, and taken prisoner by Guy, Count of Ponthieu, who shut him up in the castle of Belrem near Montreuil. William, Duke of Normandy, compelled Guy, who was his vassal, to deliver

[1] Or Edith, Aelfgya, Aldith, Adgiva, Eddiva.

up his prisoner to himself, treated Harold with every honour, and made him promises of lasting friendship; yet William, who was first cousin to the sainted king on the mother's side, also had hopes of the English succession, and when he once held the most powerful English subject in his hands, would not let him return to his own country till he had secured an oath on the relics of the saints most honoured in Normandy that he would support his—William's—claim to the throne. Then he sent him home.

When Edward was dead, and Harold had succeeded by his death-bed choice as well as by popular election, he declared that his oath to the Norman duke was null and void, because it was not obtained by free-will, but by force. Then William, who had no shadow of a real claim to the English throne, dwelt upon the insult to the Norman saints contained in the perjury of Harold, and invited his followers to a crusade of vengeance, which he undertook to reward with the plunder of England.

Important aid was given to William's cause by the conduct of the outlawed Tostig, who was himself a brother of King Harold, but whose wife was Judith, aunt of the Norman Duchess Matilda. In May 1066, Tostig landed in England, ravaging the coast of Yorkshire, and brought over Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, as his ally, persuading him to attempt the conquest of England. In their first engagement with the king's brothers-in-law, Edwin and Morcar, they were successful; but Harold of England marched rapidly to the rescue, and gained the great battle of Stamford Bridge, September 25, 1066, in which both Tostig and Harold Hardrada were killed.

It was only three days after Harold's victory at Stamford Bridge that Duke William landed on the English coast. He had collected a vast fleet of the small ships of that time at the mouth of the Dive, and, proceeding to S. Valery, had set sail thence on the 27th of September, guiding his fleet across the Channel by the lights on his own vessel, the *Mora*, which was the gift of his Duchess, Matilda, and (Thursday, September 28) he landed in Pevensey Bay, in

the haven which then existed under the walls of the Roman fortress, Anderida. The coast was defenceless. All the warriors of the south had gone to assist Harold against the northern invaders. Not an armed man was found to resist the landing, which was accomplished in perfect order—first the archers with their bows and quivers, then the knights in full armour, bringing their horses with them. To protect the ships, Pevensey was hastily fortified with a trench, and then, after one day's rest, the army moved eastwards to seek for supplies of provision at Hastings, ravaging the intervening country and burning its houses, as the Bayeux tapestry represents.

Meantime news arrived of the great victory in the north, that Harold Hardrada and Tostig had fallen, and that King Harold was already on his way to protect his subjects in the south. In an armed council he had told the leaders of his army of the landing of the Norman enemy and the horrors which followed, and every man swore to die in arms rather than to acknowledge any king but Harold. Of the great English lords, Edwin and Morcar were induced to hold back by the hope of securing Northumbria for themselves, but all the other great nobles, two bishops, the mighty Abbot of Peterborough, and a vast host, followed the king from York to London. Thence Harold went to his newly-founded minster of Holy Cross at Waltham, and vowed himself and his wealth to the special service of God if victory were vouchsafed to him. Flat on the pavement he lay before the Holy Rood of Montacute and Waltham, and the Blessed Image is said to have bowed its head silently and sadly towards him, which was afterwards interpreted an omen of evil, and to have meant 'It is finished: all is over!' A short rest in London followed, during which one Hugh Margot, a monk of Fecamp, presented himself before Harold as he sate upon his throne in the palace of Westminster, and audaciously bade him, in the name of the Norman duke, to come down from thence, and, by laying aside his crown and sceptre, to save further bloodshed. The king was restrained by his gentle

brother Gurth from punishing the presumptuous messenger, and deigned to answer that he was free from an oath which had only been taken under compulsion: that he should guard the kingdom which was his by the will of the Confessor, and, at the same time, he challenged the Duke to meet him in battle on the following Saturday.

Harold was eager for personal warfare, but Gurth, the dearest of his brothers, implored him not to expose a life which was of such infinite value to the nation, but, remaining himself to defend London, to allow him, his brother, to lead the English armies against the invader; then, if he was conquered or fell, Harold would still be alive to gather another army and avenge him. If he, Gurth, were to ravage the country between London and the sea, William would be unable to maintain his forces in a desert, and would speedily be compelled to withdraw to his own country. Those who heard the words of Gurth said that they were good, and implored the king to follow his counsel, but Harold steadfastly refused. Never, said the patriot king, would he burn one English village or house; never would he harm one of those whom he was appointed to govern, and whom he only lived to see flourishing under his rule.

A week after he had reached London from the north, Harold himself set forth with all the forces he could muster. He knew the country well, and, having probably chosen in his own mind the best site for a battle, he marched direct to the then uncultivated ridge[1] called Sant Lache, and afterwards Senlac, which is now occupied by the abbey and town of Battle. This was seven miles from Hastings, then the headquarters of the invaders, and there, 'by the hoar apple-tree,' probably a relic of some woodland shrine, he pitched his camp on Friday the 13th October, fortifying it roughly, as well as time permitted, with a threefold palisade, having a triple gate of entrance, and defended on the south, where the road from Hastings now ascends into Battle, by an artificial trench.

[1] 'Mons silvae vicinus erat, vicinaque vallis,
Et non cultus ager asperitate sua.'—*Guy of Amiens.*

That night, the eve of S. Calixtus, the Norman chroniclers—probably to predispose sympathy—affirm to have been spent by the Normans in prayer and confession, but by the English in songs and libations. It was then certainly for the last time that the old English battle-songs were heard in a free England, whilst Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, were rousing the Norman soldiery to regard their cause as a religious crusade. With the dawn, Harold went into a chapel to hear mass; but before the Agnus Dei was sung he was summoned forth to battle. William Fitz-Osbert had warned the Norman duke of the imprudence of further delay, and he had led forth his host by Telham and Heathland (Hechelande) to the ridge opposite Senlac, where the road from Hastings now descends towards Battle Station. Here the knights lingered to put on their heavy armour over the lighter dress in which they had ridden from Hastings As he was arming himself, Duke William put on his coat of mail wrong, so that the hind part came in front; and some of the bystanders would have regarded it as an evil omen, when his ready wit declared that it was a good one, and to mean that he was 'about to be turned from a duke into a king.' He then mounted the Spanish war-horse, which had been a gift from his intended son-in-law, King Alphonso. So noble was his gallant appearance that Hamon de Thouars declared that so glorious a knight had never been seen under heaven, and that the noble knight would make a nobler king.[1]

Meantime, the height on the other side of the little ravine which lay beneath the Norman duke was covered with the closely-packed multitudes of the English host, who had made shield-like palisades of ash and other kinds of wood (abundant in the Andredes Weald), close set and tightly joined together like hurdles.[2] Whilst William, now fully

[1] 'Li visquens de Toarz guarda
Coment li Dus armes porta;
A sa gent a entor sei dit:
Hom mez si bel armé ne vit,
Soz ciel tel chevalier n'en a
Beau quens è beau Rei sera.'—*Roman de Rou.*

[2] See Wace, 'Roman de Rou.'

equipped, was gazing upon their ranks, one Vital, a follower of his brother Odo, rode up to him and announced that on the summit of the hill he recognised the royal standard, showing that Harold was present there in person. Then the Duke vowed that if God would grant him victory, he would found on that spot a mighty minster to His praise. And amongst those who heard him was William, a monk of Marmoutiers near Tours, who was there because he was famous as an arrow-maker, and who now besought that the Duke would consecrate his promised foundation to S. Martin, the apostle of the Gauls, to whose metropolitan throne of Tours he owed his spiritual allegiance.

The Norman army began to move forward in three divisions. In the centre was the flower of the knights, commanded by William himself. The right wing was under Roger de Montgomeri; the left, formed of men from Brittany, Poitou, and Maine, was led by Alain Fergant, who had married William's daughter Constance. Around the neck of William hung an amulet containing some of those relics of Norman saints upon which he had made Harold swear fealty to him. By his side rode his half-brother Odo, the warrior-bishop of Bayeux, and Robert, Count of Mortain, beside whom the aged Norman hero, Toustain the White, bore a consecrated banner which Pope Hildebrand had sent from Rome. It was at nine in the morning that the Normans crossed the low ground between Telham and Senlac (Battle). Before them rode at first in mockery the juggler Taillefer, throwing up his sword and catching it again; but he was soon cut down by the English. The English army, on the top and side of Senlac hill, did not flinch, but stood firm with their battle-axes as the Norman infantry, and afterwards the Norman cavalry, burst upon them. The Breton auxiliaries, on the left, were driven back, and fled in confusion. Then through the Norman host a panic began to spread, and the English had almost gained the day. The report was heard with terror that the great Duke himself had fallen, when, tearing off his helmet, he cried out, 'Why do you retreat? Death is behind you and victory in front; and as for me, I am still

living, and by God's grace I will be victorious.' Upon which his troops, taking heart, renewed the attack.

Then the three Norman brothers, William, Odo, and Robert, pressed forward to the centre, where the three noble English brothers, Harold, Gurth, and Leofwine, stood defending the standard. Straight against the English king rode the Duke. A spear, hurled by Gurth, killed his Spanish war-horse, but he still advanced on foot. Gurth, giving his own life for that most precious to him, flung himself in front of the king, and fell at his feet crushed by a blow from the heavy Norman mace. Almost at the same moment died Leofwine, perhaps by the hand of Odo or Robert. Harold alone survived those who were dearest to him.

William now seized the horse of a knight of Maine and remounted. His second charger was killed under him: a third was offered by Count Eustace. Already, at several points, the first English barricade was broken down; but behind it the rude palisaded barriers still stood, before which every Norman who had yet attempted an entrance had fallen. Then the invading chieftains, feeling that subterfuge was their only chance, ordered the left wing of their army to take to flight, and the English, who were nearest to them, fell into the trap and pursued, leaving the western portion of the hill of Senlac exposed to the enemy. By this side then the Normans made good their entrance.

'Long was the day and terrible. The cries
Of "God to aid!" "The Cross!" "The Holy Cross!"
With songs of Roland and of Roncesvalles,
Were heard, then lost in dumbness and dismay.
A mighty roar ensued, pierced thro' and thro'
By shrillest shrieks incessant, or of man
Or madden'd horse, that scream'd with fear and pain.
Death agonies; the battle, like a ship
Then when the whirlwind hath it, torn and tost,
Stagger'd from side to side. The day was long:
By dreadful change of onset or feign'd flight,
And rout and rally, direfully drawn out,
Disastrous, dismal.'[1]

[1] Sir Henry Taylor.

Even when the Normans had broken through their palisades, the serried ranks of the English never gave way but in death. Harold lived still, and horse and rider continued to fall beneath his mighty battle-axe. He was equally sagacious as a general and brave as a soldier, and whilst he lived the cause of England was not hopeless. It was to take that precious life then that the Norman duke ordered all efforts to be directed. A shower of countless arrows was fired into the air at a venture in his direction: and, at length, one of these pierced the right eye of the hero-king, who sank, in his death agony, at the foot of the standard. Four Norman knights rushed upon him and dispatched him with many blows. Their chief was Eustace, son of that Guy de Ponthieu who had taken Harold prisoner when he was shipwrecked. One of the knights stabbed the king in his breast, a second cut off his head, a third pierced him in the body, and a fourth cut off one of his legs when he was already dead. Still, around the king's mangled body, the pride of England continued to fight and fall, and it was here, at the very centre of the Saxon army, that the battle was won. No quarter was ever asked or given, no Englishman fled, and none were taken prisoners; England died gloriously with its king. None survived except those who had fallen wounded and in time recovered. The nobility of England was utterly destroyed.

On the north side of Battle, the name of Malfosse long commemorated a steep edge of Senlac, where the English had their last revenge. Hither Norman horse and rider were tempted to pursuit, only that they might fall in the twilight and be slain. At one time the English success at this point was even so alarming to the invaders, that Count Eustace urged William to flight, deeming that a fresh force was coming upon him.

As the night of the 14th of October closed in, William 'the Conqueror' knelt in thanksgiving where he had planted his own banner on the spot occupied in the morning by the royal standard of England. The next morning the Frenchmen were buried. The English, also, where they

could be recognised, were permitted to be removed by their relations. One woman alone, the Danish princess Gytha, mother of Harold, begged in vain for the body of her son. She offered to give its weight in gold, but was sternly refused. Indeed, for some days the body could not be found. Eventually Edith the Swan-necked, the king's former mistress, recognised

> 'The pale majesty severe
> Of him whom Death, and not the Norman Duke,
> Had conquer'd; him, the noblest and the best
> Of Saxon kings.'[1]

The body was buried by one William Malet on the seashore, near Hastings, at which a cairn of stones long marked the place where Harold had been laid. This grave on the seashore bore the insolent inscription—

> 'Per mandata Ducis, Rex, hic, Heralde, quiescis
> Ut custos maneas litoris et pelagi.'[2]

But it is believed that the king's body was soon privately removed to Waltham, to rest in the minster he had founded.

A favourite legend tells that the inanimate body of Harold was carried away from the battle-field, and that he was transported by Osgood and Ailric, monks of Waltham, who had accompanied him, or, as some say, by a poor peasant-woman, to Winchester, where a Saracen woman, learned in surgery, revived him by her skill, and nursed him for two years. Then he went to Saxony and Denmark, to seek help for the reconquest of his kingdom, but failing, returned to England to live as a hermit near the Abbey of S. John at Chester, where he died at a great age, after he had been visited—an aged, one-eyed anchorite—by Henry I., to whom his secret was disclosed.

'But of all this history knows nothing. In her pages Harold died, without a shadow of doubt, on the hill of Senlac, on the day of S. Calixtus. Florence tells the true tale, in words speaking straight from the depths of England's grief—"Heu, ipsemet cecidit crepusculi tem-

[1] Henry Taylor's 'The Eve of the Conquest.'
[2] By order of the Duke, here you, King Harold, rest, keeper of the land and sea.

pore." In that twilight of the gods, when right and wrong went forth to battle, and when wrong for a moment had the victory, the brightest light of Teutonic England sank, and sank for ever. The son of Godwine died, as such king and hero should die, helm on head and battle-axe in hand, striking the last blow for his crown and people, with the Holy Rood of Waltham, the last cry, rising from his lips and ringing in his ears. Disabled by the Norman arrow, cut down by the Norman sword, he died beneath the standard of England, side by side with his brothers in blood and valour. His lifeless and mangled relics were all that was left either for scoffs of enemies or for the reverence of friends.' —*Freeman*, '*Hist. of the Norm. Conquest.*'

There is a tradition that the ground still weeps blood on account of the terrible slaughter of Senlac.[1] Drayton refers to it in mentioning the brook near Battle: —

> 'And Asten, once distain'd with native English blood,
> Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
> Doth blush, as put in mind of those there lately slain,
> When Hastings, harbour gave unto the Norman powers,
> Whose name and honours now are denizen'd for ours.'
>
> —*Polyolbion*, xvii.

The story of the ground of Senlac weeping blood originated with William of Newbury. Fuller says it is 'to be counted rather amongst the untruths than wonders.' There is, however, 'a substratum of truth, for, owing to the quantity of iron in the Sussex soil, salts of iron are formed and streams reddened, with rain.'[2]

It is a pleasant drive along the uplands, passing the Union Workhouse and a lodge of Ashburnham Place, to (2½ *m.*) *Normanhurst* (Lord Brassey), a very ugly house of bastard renaissance, in a beautiful situation, with lovely views over sea and land. It contains a collection of South Sea and other curiosities, formed by Annie, Lady Brassey, during the voyage of the *Sunbeam*. It is shown on Tuesdays.

Beyond Normanhurst, the road plunges, on the outskirts of Ashburnham (the house by the Ash brook[3]), into unusually beautiful forest scenery. The fine old oaks, beeches, and pines rise from a carpet of bluebells in spring, and grey

[1] See Fuller's 'Worthies of England,' from William of Newbury.
[2] See F. E. Sawyer in *Notes and Queries*, Ser vi. vol. 9, p. 343.
[3] Which enters the sea at Pevensey.

reaches of the Sussex Downs are hazy beyond the flat lines of the Levels, with their ever-varying lights and shadows. A lane to the right descends into a deep hollow, where, $4\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* from Battle, *Ashburnham Place*, a large brick house of many dates, re-faced, and with no architectural importance, almost encloses the parish church (of S. James), built by John Ashburnham, groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I. and Charles II. (*ob.* 1671), and containing his stately tomb, by which his two wives, Frances Holland and Elizabeth Kenn, and his brother, Sir William, cofferer to Charles I. and II., with his wife, the 'young, beautiful, and rich widow' of James, Earl of Marlborough, are also commemorated. Sir John was the devoted companion of Charles I. in his flight from Oxford, and the only person with him except Mr. Hudson, a clergyman, who served as guide. He also accompanied the king in his flight from Hampton Court on 11th November 1647, and was with him during his last moments on the scaffold. Cromwell imprisoned him in the Tower, and he was only released on the death of the Protector. To this faithful friend were given the blood-stained shirt with ruffled wrists, marked with C. R. and a crown, which the king wore at his execution, his white silk drawers, his watch and key, and the sheet which was thrown over the king's headless body. These relics were long exhibited in the church, for the convenience of people who used to come from far and near to touch them for the king's evil. Some years ago, however, they were removed to the house, not on account of their being objects of superstitious reverence, but because the case of the watch was stolen, and the other objects believed to be in danger.[1] The initials of John Ashburnham and the date 1665 are over the church door. The Pelham buckle appears in the mouldings.

Ashburnham has been more than eight hundred years in the same family, which had barons in the time of Henry III. Fuller speaks of it as 'a family of stupendous antiquity.'

[1] A boy touched for the king's evil in the church as late as 1828. The shirt was last used for the purpose in 1860.

Bertram de Eshburnham, constable of Dover under Harold, was here at the Conquest. The *Place* (never shown) contains, or contained, a vast collection of valuable books and MSS., including a Pentateuch of the fifth and an Apocalypse of the sixth century. The greater part of the park is closed to strangers, but a public footpath runs through part of it.

When the manufacture of iron was driven out of Sussex by the consumption of the woods and the discovery of iron in the coal districts, Ashburnham and Penhurst were the last places to give it up. A forge existed here till 1809.

To the north of Ashburnham Park lie the old church and manor of *Penhurst*. The church has a cast-iron monument to Peter Gower, 1703, and the manor farm has good iron fire-backs from the forge here, which lasted till 1811.

The return to Hastings may be varied by taking the lanes through Catsfield. See p. 26.

6. Hurstmonceaux, 14 *m.* from St. Leonards (see Ch. iii.), may be visited by the pleasure-vans which perpetually conduct tourists thither; but these allow of a very short stay, and are often over-crowded. In a carriage the Lewes road may be taken, which passes Bexhill on the left, and goes through *Sidley Green* and *Ninfield*, which has a characteristic Sussex church (S. Mary) and old yew-tree. A little farther the road passes on the left, embosomed in grand Spanish chestnuts, the fine old farmhouse called *Standard Hill*, with scriptural mottoes on its front,[1] marking the spot where the Conqueror is said to have planted his standard after the battle of Hastings. Descending thence into the valley of the Ash burn, the highroad winds through a wild, forest-like bit of scenery—a grove of old oaks, with lovely glimpses of blue downs and yellow-green level. The opposite hill is crowned by the weird group of wind-blown pines known as *The Crooked Aunts*, near the entrance of the old-fashioned village of *Boreham Street*, beyond which are remains of a XVI. c. mansion of the Colbrond family, settled here from

[1] 'God's Providence is my inheritance,' as on the 'God's Providence House' at Chester. Also, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour but in vain that build it. Here we have (1659) no abidence.'

the time of Edward III., with a sundial and Corinthian window as marked features. The Castle of Hurstmonceaux (see later) is about 1 *m.* from hence, taking a narrow lane to the left.

The return may be most pleasantly varied by taking the road to the left from the valley below Boreham Street, skirting the beautiful Ashburnham Park and woods, and passing through Battle. See p. 27.

7. Bodiam Castle. The London Road, running directly north from St. Leonards, reaches at 6 *m.* the pretty village of *Sedlescombe*, with a green surrounded by old-fashioned timbered houses, and a church (S. John Baptist) remarkable for its perpendicular font-cover.

'The village is built on the long rise of a hill, among the woods and hop-gardens in which the marsh comes to an end. It is divided in the midst by a long straggling green, and, to the best of my knowledge, surpasses all other Sussex villages except Mayfield in its wealth of beautiful half-timbered houses of the XVI. and XVII. c. The chief inn of the place is a model of many-gabled beauty and bad interior arrangement; and, as far as one can see, no bricklayer's trowel has touched it since its edification in 1625.'—*Coventry Patmore.*

Winding lanes lead on by *Cripps's Corner* through the hazel copses, which are so abundant in this part of Sussex. 'If you go nutting on Sundays, the devil will come to help, and hold down the boughs for you,' is an old Sussex proverb; and 'as black as the devil's nutting-bag' is another.

In the valley of the Rother, which flows into the sea at Rye, and is navigable as far as this, we find, at 13 *m.*, *Bodiam Castle*, standing very picturesquely in a miniature lake covered with water-lilies, 'all round and martial, and still defiant, as in the palmy days of the Dalyngrudges.'[1]

On the north it overlooks a jousting-field, and is approached over the lake by a causeway, in the centre of which, on an island, it was entered by a gate which had been a barbican, with a triple portcullis and drawbridge. Over the entrance are three shields with arms of Bodiam, Dalyngrudge, and Wardieux, and above them the Dalyngrudge

[1] *Quarterly Review*, No. 223.

crest—a unicorn's head. Around its little court ten towers, about 70 feet high, rise abruptly from the water. The round-headed windows have a Norman aspect, but the whole building is perpendicular.

We find notice of Osbern de Bodiam in 1087. His great-grandson, William, was a crusader under Coeur de Lion. Margaret, the crusader's great-grand-daughter, probably married into the family of Wardieux or Wardedieu,

Bodiam Castle—South Side.

who next possessed Bodiam, and whose heiress, in the reign of Edward III., married Sir Edward Dalyngrudge, a hero of Crecy and Poitiers, and one of the most successful knight adventurers of his time, by whom the present castle was built, 1386, in the time of Richard II. Sir Edward entailed Bodiam on his first cousins, excluding his sister Margaret, who had married Sir Thomas Sackville. Thus it came to the family of Lewknor, who held it till the Civil Wars, when Bodiam and Amberley, the two castles of the Royalist Sir Lewis Lewknor, were dismantled.

Before the end of the XVII. c. Bodiam was sold to the Levetts. At the Restoration it belonged to the Tupton family, from whom it passed to the Welsh Powells, who sold it to the Websters of Battle, who re-sold it (1828) to the Fullers of Rosehill.

The Castle Field, on the north, has remains of earthworks. It was formerly called 'the gun-garden,' from the idea that guns were planted there by troops of Richard III.

Bodiam Castle—North Side.

to take the castle from the Lewknors. The *Church*, dedicated to S. Giles, has a brass of W. Wetherden, 1513, and fragments of others.

8. Brede and Northiam (which in a long summer day may be combined with the preceding excursion to Bodiam). The Sedlescombe road must again be taken till after it passes under an arch $2\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* from St. Leonards. Then we must turn right, down lanes winding through woods, to the church of *Westfield* (5 *m.*).

Two miles farther, across the Rother, and at the top of a hill, is *Brede*, with a rather handsome church (S. George). The south aisle of the chancel, with traceries almost Flamboyant in character, was built early in the XVI. c. by Sir Goddard Oxenbridge (*ob.* 1531), whose handsome tomb bears his effigy in armour. His legend is picturesque. A cannibal giant, he is supposed to have eaten a child every night for his supper. The children of Sussex thereupon held a council for self-protection. They invented a decoction of hops—the origin of beer manufacture—which he was persuaded to drink till he was stupefied, and then they brought a gigantic wooden saw and laid it across him, and the children of East Sussex rode upon one end, and the children of West Sussex upon the other, until the ogre was sawn through; and 'is not the tomb of Sir Goddard Oxenbridge in Brede Church to prove it?'

Turning to the right from the village, and descending the hill—on the other side of the stream and the 'Wish,' as such a hollow is called in Sussex—we reach *Brede Place*, one of the best existing specimens of the small country-houses of the time of Henry VII., of which Brympton in Somerset is so fine an example. The earlier part of the house was built by Sir Thomas Oxenbridge, who died November 1497, and Sir Goddard, who died February 1531. It is of stone, with foliated windows, and two fine chimneys with diagonal shafts battlemented. Additions in brick with stone dressings were made under Elizabeth. The house is strangely ill-arranged internally. There is no hall, and the porch leads at once into the principal chamber. South of this is another large but low room, with an arched chimney. Hence a door opens into a chapel, divided by an oak screen. The staircase is dark. The Place was long a satisfactory resort of smugglers, as the legends attached to Sir Goddard kept people away, and accounted to them for all the strange sounds which were heard there.

Groaning Bridge is pointed out as the spot where Sir Goddard Oxenbridge was sawn in half by the children. In *Great Sowden's Wood* is a heronry.

Udimore, 1 *m.* east, has an old church (S. Mary), beyond a pool, which is the subject of a delightful legend. It was begun originally on the other side of the water, but the work done by day always mysteriously disappeared during the night. Then the parishioners sat up and watched, and behold, in the night, the air was full of the rushing and glistening wings of angels, who took up the materials of the church and carried them across the water, as the night winds bore

Brede Place.

back their chaunt—'Over the mere! over the mere!' So the church was finished where they willed it, and the place was called 'Over the Mere'—Udimore—to this day.[1] A license to crenellate *Udimore Court Lodge* was granted in 19th Edward IV. to John Elrington, treasurer of the king's household.

Winding northward through the lanes from Brede village,

[1] Horsfield derives the name Udimore from *eau de mer*, and says that the sea water formerly flowed on one side of it.

we pass the *Well House*, a fine old timbered XVI. c. farm, and reach (10 *m.* from St. Leonards) *Northiam*—the Norgem of the old distich—

> 'O rare Norgem! thou dost far exceed
> Beckley, Peasemarsh, Udimore; and Brede.'

Accepted Frewen, Archbishop of York, was born here in 1588. His father, the Rev. John Frewen, lived first (1583) at the farmhouse called the Carriers, and then (1593) at the still existing *Church House*, a building of the time of Henry VIII., where his son Thankfulle resided, and many other of his children and descendants, till the purchase of Brickwall. In 1621 John Frewen published 'Certaine choise grounds and principles of our Christian religion, wherein the people of the parish of Northiham have been instructed and catechized for the settling of their hearts and mindes in the mysteries of Salvation.' He was buried in the chancel of the church, April 1628. His son Thankfulle and several of his descendants were rectors of Northiam after him. In the church is some stained glass brought from the chapel of Brede Place. There are brasses of Robert Benford, rector, 1518, and Nicholas Tupton, 1538. Beneath a mausoleum (of 1846) are many coffins of the Frewens.

On the village green are remains of the oak beneath which Elizabeth rested and dined, and where she is said to have taken off her shoes. The Queen dined twice at Northiam, on 11th and 14th August 1573, on her way to and from Rye. After her visits an avenue was planted with acorns from her oak as an approach to Brickwall, but of this avenue only one gigantic tree remains.

Brickwall is a fine timbered Elizabethan house, with some additions made under Charles II. Opposite the back or later side of the house, is a noble ancient garden with quaint clipped yews and old-fashioned flowers. The fine old rooms contain interesting portraits—John Frewen, Rector of Northiam, by *Mark Gerard*; two of his sons, Archbishop Accepted Frewen and Stephen, by *Gerard*

Loest: the Lord Keeper Coventry and his second wife, by *Cornelius Jansen*, having been presents to Thankfulle Frewen, who was the Lord Keeper's secretary; 'Lady Guldeforde' by *Holbein*. On the staircase are preserved Queen Elizabeth's green silk shoes and Archbishop Frewen's barometer.

Dixter, in this parish, is a curious old farmhouse, and *Tupton Place* was the original home of the Tuptons, Earls of Thanet.

9. Pett, Guestling, and Icklesham. From Fairlight, or following the Old London Road from Hastings to New Ore, and then continuing north over the hill and turning to the right, the lanes take us to *Pett*, where the church contains a monument by *Westmacott* to Cordelia Sayer, 1820. An inscription of 1641 tells that—

> 'Here lies George Theobald, a lover of bells,
> And of this house, as that epitaph tells;
> He gave a bell freely to grace the new steeple,
> Ring out his praise, therefore, ye good people.'

Below Pett, at *Cliff End*, the artist will find a very picturesque view over the Levels towards Winchelsea and Rye. The rare gadwall, *Anas strepera*, was shot on Pett Level in 1881, and a great bustard, *Otis tarda*, in 1891. Pedestrians may reach Winchelsea from hence by a walk along the bank of the Military Canal, constructed to protect Pett Level.

'Crowds of cattle and horses are likely to follow you, galloping and "galumphing" round you, and kicking up their heels in fearless joy at the wonderful sight of a man. Herons, ducks, and coots, not expecting such a phenomenon, allow themselves to be surprised at very close quarters. Contrastingly suggestive of remote and noisy convivialities, the seashore just about here is literally lined with old corks.'—*Coventry Patmore*, '*In the Sussex Marshes.*'

Guestling Church (S. Andrew or S. Laurence) ($4\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* from Hastings), is partly transition Norman, and contains monuments of the Ashburnham family. A fine old Flanders

chest is preserved in the vestry. *Broomham Hall*, described in Gilpin's 'Picturesque Tour,' has belonged to the family of Ashburnham from the time of Edward IV. In the old timbered farmhouse of *Maxfield* was born Gregory Martin (*ob.* 1582), the translator of the Rheims edition of the Bible, and a number of various XVII. c. religious books. He is buried at S. Etienne at Rheims, where his epitaph alludes to his birthplace—

> 'Quem tulit umbrosis tenerum South Saxia sylvis,
> Gallica qua spectat regna Britannus ager.'

2½ *m.* farther on the road is *Icklesham*, where the church, dedicated to S. Nicholas, the patron of mariners, has a Norman tower, nave, and aisles, to which an early English chancel and a decorated south chancel have been added. An altar-tomb commemorates Henry Finch, 1493. It is only 1½ *m.* farther to Winchelsea.

10. Winchelsea, 9 *m.*, and Rye, 11 *m.* from Hastings, may be reached by stations on the Ashford Railway line, or by continuing the last excursion a little farther by road.

There was once an older Winchelsea,[1] 3½ *m.* to the south-east of the existing village, occupying a narrow peninsula—'Gwent chesel ey'—the shingle island on the Level. It was here that William the Conqueror landed, when he arrived from Normandy the second time, in 1067; here, also, two of the knights who murdered Thomas à Becket landed in 1170; and, though it belonged till the time of Henry III. to the Abbey of Fecamp, to which it had been granted by Edward the Confessor, Old Winchelsea at one time supplied ten out of the fifty-seven ships which were furnished by the Cinque Ports. Robert of Winchelsea, the Archbishop of Canterbury who married Edward I. to his second wife

[1] The rhyme—

> 'Dovor, Sandivicus, Ry,
> Rum, Frig-mare-ventus,'

in Jeakes's 'Charters of the Cinque Ports,' refers to the barbarous Latin name for the place—Friget-mare-ventus, Wind chills Sea.' (See *Notes and Queries*, S. vi. vol. 9.)

Margaret, was born here.[1] As one of the lesser Cinque Ports, the town undertook to provide five ships, while Hastings could only support three and Rye four. But in 1236 the sea began to invade Old Winchelsea; 300 houses and several churches were 'drowned' in 1250, and all the rest of the town on S. Agatha's Eve, 1287.

The eminence which we now see rise from the level marshes, dark with tufted trees, interspersed with old buildings, was then surrounded by the waves on the north and east; and it was here that the surviving inhabitants of Old Winchelsea took refuge. But the hill, then called Higham, was a strong position, easily defensible, and Edward I. saw its advantages and surrounded it with strong walls and gates, within which—as at the bastide of Montpazier, in France, where a similar work of the English king remains in perfection—he laid out a town on a regular rectangular plan, dividing it into thirty-nine blocks of building, with great churches in open and central positions, two monasteries, municipal buildings, and storehouses. The exact sites of the streets and squares, together with the names of the first owners, are fully set forth in a return made in 20 Edward I. The distance from the Landgate to the Newgate is one mile, and the space enclosed about a hundred acres. When the plan was completely marked out, the king came to inspect it. Edward III. also was here in 1350, and embarked beneath the walls of Winchelsea to defeat the Spanish fleet within sight of its ramparts on the 29th August. But, while the king was occupied with his French wars, eight thousand Frenchmen landed here in 1359, massacred the mass of the inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the great church, and set fire to the town. Nine years afterwards it was taken a second time and sacked by the French under the Comte de S. Pol. In 1377, a French fleet appeared again, and Rye was taken and plundered. 'Then the French let fly their great guns,' says Fuller, 'and I take it to be the first and the last time they were planted by a foreign enemy on the English continent.' But Haymo, Abbot of

[1] See Fuller.

Battle, came to the rescue of Winchelsea, and successfully defended it, whilst it saw the destruction of its neighbour city. In 1380, however, Winchelsea was again taken and sacked by Jean de Vienne, who destroyed the nave of the existing church; and the town was once more taken and fired by the French in 1449, in the time of Henry VI. Meantime the capricious sea, which had encroached upon Old Winchelsea and destroyed it, now began to forsake the second town.

In 1601, Raleigh speaks of New Winchelsea as 'gone to decay.' After a fashion, however, it survived all its catastrophes. The immense vaults for merchandise, which still remain, show that it had some commercial importance in the XV. and XVI. c.; and when Queen Elizabeth was here in 1573, and its officials dressed up in scarlet to receive her, she was so pleased with the place—though only sixty families were living there then—that she called it 'Little London.' Three churches, S. Giles, S. Leonard, and S. Thomas, were then in existence. During Elizabeth's reign also, Winchelsea, as well as Rye, began to be colonised by French Protestant refugees.

'The world knows how the bigotry of Louis XIV. drove many families out of France into England, who have become trusty and loyal subjects of the British crown. Among the thousand fugitives were my grandfather and his wife. They settled at Winchelsea in Sussex, where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess's time and the dreadful day of S. Bartholomew. Three miles off, at Rye, is another colony and church of our people, another *fester Burg*, where, under Britannia's sheltering buckler, we have been free to exercise our fathers' worship, and sing the songs of our Zion.'—*Thackeray*, '*Denis Duval*.'

'Shall we go see the reliques of this town?'[1] we may well say as we leave the station, for there is no longer any town at all, only its relics. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the city, as planned out by Edward I., was ever finished, though in early summer mornings, the foundations of streets and squares, where nothing exists now, where perhaps nothing was ever completed, may be seen mapped out

[1] Twelfth Night.

in the dew. But the place is full of a quiet melancholy beauty, very dear to the artist, with its ivied walls and venerable gateways, and streets so green with grass, that a century ago the herbage was let for some years for £9.[1]

'The panoply of a tender grey sky, fashioned of many and many soft clouds, floating over and past one another, and lightening a little where the sun should have been, was spread over the placid ground. The sea was grey, too, beyond the flats, melting into the grey sky; the white

The Strand Gate, Winchelsea.

headland in the distance, and the grey towers along the shore, seemed very near and distinct; sheep wandered up and down the banks of the dyke, cropping steadily; the air was soft and kindly.'—*Margaret Maliphant.*

On coming up from the station, we first meet with the *Land* or *Pipe Well Gate*, a square mass of masonry now

[1] *Quarterly Review*, No. 223.

standing alone. More picturesque is the *Strand Gate*, on the same line, through which the road runs to Rye, and through the arch of which there is such a striking view of the grey buildings and red roofs of that most picturesque old town, rising beyond the long flat lines of marsh, amid which Camber Castle appears, a fortress of defence built by Henry VIII. Its walls were formerly washed by the sea, and the old men of 1624 remembered the time when four hundred tall ships of all nations 'were anchored in the Camber,' where the sheep now feed. The Strand Gate appears in Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, and, with its massy ivy-mantled towers standing out against the exquisitely soft pink and blue shadows of the Levels, has been painted by a thousand artists. It was on the steep bank close by that Edward I. was nearly killed by his horse taking fright at a windmill and leaping over the parapet.

In the centre of the remains of the old town stands the massy fragment of its greatest church, *S. Thomas à Becket*, being only the chancel of the huge original intention with its aisles, and a porch bearing the arms of Winchelsea, which is a later addition. There are some picturesque ruined fragments of transepts and nave, but a doubt exists as to whether even these were ever finished, or whether the repeated misfortunes which fell upon the town did not cut short their completion. The existing building is a fine example of early decorated architecture, in the construction of which Caen stone and Sussex marble are combined.

The south aisle, dedicated to S. Nicholas, is the *Alard Chantry*, and contains two grand tombs, greatly dilapidated. The earlier of these bears the noble cross-legged effigy of Gervase Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports in 1303 and 1306. Living at the time when the church was built, he was probably its principal benefactor. He wears a coat of mail and his hands clasp a heart. Heads of Edward I. and Eleanor are amongst the ornaments of the canopy, which is rich in quaint and exquisite sculpture, a decoration of oak-leaves being principally used. It was on this tomb that Millais has placed a child in his picture of 'Safe from

the Battle's Din.' The second tomb is that of Stephen Alard, grandson of Gervase, Admiral of the Cinque Ports in 1324. Here also the oak foliage of the canopy springs from a human head. Beyond the tombs, sedilia and a piscina remain. Removed to the centre of the pavement is a very beautiful foliated cross of 1354, which formerly lay close to the great tomb. It is inscribed to Reynaud Alard, and is the only one of the monuments which bears the family name.

S. Thomas à Becket, Winchelsea.

The north aisle contains three canopied tombs of the time of Henry III., probably also of the Alard family—a knight in a coat of mail, a lady, and a young man in a robe. The aisle was the chantry of John Godfrey, 1441, and his wife Maline. In the central aisle is the brass of a priest. A monument to Richard Maliphant, 1820, on the west wall of the south aisle, suggested the name of Mrs. Comyns Carr's novel.

The remains of a detached campanile existed on the

south-west of the churchyard till 1790. Near the church stands the ash-tree beneath which John Wesley preached.

'Oct. 7, 1790.—I went over to that poor skeleton of ancient Winchelsea. It is beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, and was regularly built in broad streets crossing each other and encompassing a very large square, in the midst of which was a great church now in ruins. I stood under a large tree on the side of it and called to most of the inhabitants of the town, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, repent, and believe the Gospel." It seemed as if all that heard it were, at the present, almost persuaded to be Christians.'

Hard by is the primitive little *Town-Hall* (the magistrates now sit at Rye), the base of which was used as a prison. It is a curious and interesting building, with peculiar Norman windows and entrance gate.

To the south of the church is the entrance to *The Friars* (Major Stileman), to which visitors are only admitted on Mondays. The present house was only built from the ruins of the Franciscan Monastery in 1819, but the apsidal choir of the Chapel of the Virgin was spared, and stands in the garden—a very picturesque and graceful ruin. It was founded in 1310. The famous highwaymen, George and Joseph Weston, resided at the Friars under assumed names, and enjoyed the highest consideration, one of them being churchwarden of Winchelsea. They were taken after robbing the Bristol mail, and one of them was hung. Thackeray's novel of 'Denis Duval' is founded on their story. One of the last occasions on which life was sacrificed in a struggle with smugglers was at Winchelsea in 1838.[1]

Beyond the Friars, about $\frac{3}{4}$ *m.* from the village, a deep lane, overhung with trees, is crossed by the arch of the *New Gate*, a picturesque and singular relic, in this lonely spot, of the departed glories of the town.

Beneath several of the houses are crypts—storehouses of the merchants when Winchelsea had the monopoly of the French wine trade. The seal of the town bears a represen-

[1] See *Quarterly Review*, No. 223.

tation of the murder of Becket, and places it under the protection of S. Giles and S. Thomas à Becket.

A proverb says, 'He who drinks at S. Leonard's Well (near Winchelsea), must always slake his thirst at its waters.'[1]

Plaice—'Playz de Wynchelsee'—are taken abundantly in the sea near here. Winchelsea is a very healthy spot, though so near the ague-bringing marshes. The shepherds of the plain call the ague 'Old Johnny' and wear a charm against it—a three-cornered piece of paper, suspended round the neck, and inscribed—

'Ague, I thee defy:
Three days shiver,
Three days shake,
Make me well for Jesu's sake.'

There are many charming walks in the high ground near Winchelsea, and the artist will find it a most attractive resting-place, and delight in the peculiar character of the place, the unexpected bits of ruin cropping up here and there, the strong relief of the foregrounds, the exquisite delicacy of the distances, and the picturesqueness of twilight in such unusual scenery.

'I strolled down to the sea-shore that hemmed the margin of the marsh, and sat down upon the beach to listen to the wash of the water upon the pebbles as the tide went out. It was one of those serene evenings that are made for dreaming: the sea was calm, and melted into the sky with a little haze upon the horizon; streaks of varied shades crossed it in lines, brown upon the shallows, palest green beyond, blue where the waters deepened, and darker still when the shadow of passing clouds fell upon its bosom. A fishing-boat, with brown sail flapping idly, lay becalmed in the offing; and steamers crossed the distance. The lighthouse at the end of the long faint pink line, that was the far point that swept out into the ocean, seemed scarcely to be on land at all, but a mere speck of white in a veil of haze at sea, and even the shipping in the harbour, but two miles away, had a phantom look, although the distant cliffs to my sight could not but be stable and stately even in that languid atmosphere.'—*Margaret Maliphant.*

[1] *Notes and Queries*, Ser. ii. vol. iv. 145.

Camber Castle (1½ *m.*) is an example of purely military architecture of Henry VIII. It was dismantled in 1642.

'The castle is remarkable as a specimen of purely military architecture of the reign of Henry VIII. There is something very striking in seeing late details, perpendicular mouldings and gargoyles, four-centred arches and the like, such as we are accustomed to in ecclesiastical and domestic work, applied to a building where defence is even more the primary object than in the old Norman fortress.'—*J. H. Parker.*

2 *m.* east of Winchelsea is *Rye*, on the river Rother, here of considerable width after its junction with the streams Brede and Tillingham.

'Winchelsea is a town in a trance, a sunny dream of centuries ago; but Rye is a bit of the old world living pleasantly on, in ignorance of the new.'—*Coventry Patmore.*

The old-fashioned houses rise quaintly on the side of a little hill, and have more the aspect of a Norman than an English town, perhaps because, like Winchelsea, it belonged to the Abbey of Fecamp from the time of the Confessor to Henry III. It became one of the Cinque Ports, but, with its sister city, suffered every possible misfortune from war, fire, pestilence, and devastation by the sea. Elizabeth, however, named it 'Rye Royal,' from 'the noble entertainment she had, accompanied by the testimonies of love and loyalty, duty and reverence, she received from the people,'[1] and the town was preserved from the decay which has overwhelmed Winchelsea by becoming the point of departure for troops bound for France under Elizabeth, and still more by its being a favourite resort of industrious French Huguenot refugees.

'Elizabeth entertained with all kind of courtesy such French people as fled into England; as also the Netherlanders, of whom a great multitude had withdrawn themselves into England, as to a sanctuary, while the Duke of Alva breathed nothing but death and blood against them, who, by the Queen's permission, seated themselves at Norwich, Colchester, Sandwich, Maidstone, and (South) Hampton, to the great benefit and commodity of the English, for they were the first that

[1] See Jeakes's 'Cinque Ports Charters,' p. 108.

brought into England the art of making those slight stuffs which they call bazes and sazes, and other such like stuffs of linen and woollen weaving.'—*Camden's 'Elizabeth,'* i. 119.

The harbour of Rye is still used, and boat-building still goes on there.

'May never French land on this shore, to the losse of the English! But if so sad an accident should happen, send then our Sussexians no worse success than their ancestors of Rye and Winchelsey had, 1378, in the reign of Richard the Second, when they embarked for Normandy: for in the night they entered a town called Peter's Port, took all such prisoners who were able to pay ransome, and safely returned

Rye.

home without losse, and with much rich spoil; and amongst the rest they took out of the steeple the bells, and brought them into England, bells which the French had taken formerly from these towns, and which did afterwards ring the more merrily, restored to their proper place, with addition of much wealth to pay for the cost of their recovery.'—*Fuller*, *'The Worthies of England.'*

At the entrance of the town the street is crossed by the much decayed but still stately *Land Gate*. Another gate—Badding's Gate—was destroyed by the sea, and two more

gates have been wantonly pulled down in recent times. The vast *Church of S. Mary*[1] has a Norman tower, and remains of Norman arching in the transepts, otherwise is XIII. and XIV. c. On the north is the early English chapel of S. Clare: the south chapel is dedicated to S. Nicholas. A local tradition says that the clock—one of the oldest still working clocks in the county—on which fat cherubs strike the hour, was given by Elizabeth. Near the altar is the brass of Thomas Hamon, 1007, 'six times mayor of Rye.' A monument commemorates Allen Grebell, who 'fell by the hand of a sanguinary butcher, March 17, 1742,' being mistaken for a Mr. Lamb, with whom the butcher had quarrelled. A pillory is preserved here, but a more curious relic, a cucking-stool for scolds—

'That stool, the dread of every scolding queen,'[2]

was destroyed as firewood in 1856.

Richard Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, was rector here in 1570, when his son, the famous dramatist, was born at the rectory on the 20th of December.

In the churchyard, many tombstones bear the French names of Protestant refugees. A long list exists of the French and Flemish exiles who came to settle at Rye, March 28, 1560, and includes five Protestant ministers. There was another great influx of refugees after the massacre of S. Bartholomew in 1571, as many as six hundred and forty-one persons arriving to settle at Rye alone within three days after the massacre. On November 4, 1572, eighty-five Protestant refugee households were enumerated: many who were strangers to each other, and in no way related, uniting to live together. A conference of the French churches was held at Rye in 1587, but after that the number of emigrants settled in the town became gradually less, though the French Church at Rye was represented in the conferences till 1600. The last immigration of

[1] It is pretended that Rye has the largest parish church in England, but this is far from being the case.

[2] Gay, 'Pastorals.'

foreigners to Rye was on the persecution of 1680, after which they were allowed to use the parish church, with the consent of the principal inhabitants.

Some of the old names from the first immigration of 1560 long remained:—*Hamon*, altered to Hammond; *Le Telliers*, to Taylors; *Dansyes*, to Dansays; also the *Querins* and the Flemish *Sivyers* and *Valloys*. Of the third immigration were the *Neves* and *Tournays*, and *Gebon*, altered to Gibbon. Of the fourth, in 1685, *Saveroy*, became Savery; *Renow*, Reynolds; the *Espinetts* long existed; the *Lewnes* still exist; *Merinian* was changed to Meryon. Many histories remain of their difficult escapes. Aaron Pain of Dieppe, with his third son, Gabriel, made his escape to Rye, and was followed by his wife Rachel, who got on board a vessel disguised in sailor's clothes. Their youngest child, David, a year old, had been conveyed by his mother at night under the town gate of Dieppe, through the channel of a watercourse, and received on the other side by an English sailor who had agreed to take care of him, and who brought him safely to Rye, the place being chosen as the family refuge because the eldest daughter Rachel was already there, having been sent thither by her parents to learn English.[1]

A stone building near the churchyard, believed to have been originally the chapel of an Augustinian convent, is interesting as having been the first church used by the French refugees at Rye.

At the point of the hill beyond the church is the *Ypres Tower*, built by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent (who died 1162), in the time of Stephen. It is now used as a prison. There is a wide view from the terrace close by.

'The beauty of these views is beyond all description, and has never been expressed even in painting. What strikes me as being most characteristic, and least noticed in these views, is the effect of sunshine. The sun, said to shine with double lustre upon Rhodes, certainly seems to do so here. On a bright day you look down from these walls on something like a hundred square miles without a shadow,

[1] See Sussex Arch. Coll., 'Protestant Refugees in Sussex.'

except, perhaps, from the dark down of Fairlight; and the endless, peaceful glory, organic and alive in every inch of it, is doubled in effect by the continual presence of that other bright, but barren and restless, plain of sea.'—*Coventry Patmore.*

The steep streets of Rye are paved with round flints. On Conduit Hill is a desecrated chapel of *Augustine Friars.* In Mermaid Street is an old house, built in 1680 by Samuel Jeakes the antiquary, and afterwards inhabited by his son Samuel, a writer on astronomy and rhetoric. A horoscope, carved on the building, probably indicates the position of the planets under which the foundation-stone was laid 'precisely at noon.' An old timber house, once the Mermaid Inn, contains some quaint carvings. Opposite the George Inn is *Peacock's School,* founded 1636, to which Thackeray makes his 'Denis Duval' go for education.

The fishing-nets used at Rye and fixed to stakes are called 'kiddle' or 'kettle-nets,' whence the expression, 'What a pretty kettle of fish.'

Rye and its neighbouring marshes were notorious in the nearly extinct 'smuggling days.'

'The Romney Marsh men, who attained the most notorious reputation of those lawless days, were mostly natives of Sussex, and made midnight journeys into their native county for the purpose of buying up the flocks of the South Down farmers, and it is stated that these "Owlers," or wool-smugglers, would in a few weeks shear and export 150,000 sheep. So late as 1531, the men of Sussex are supposed to have smuggled upwards of 150,000 packs of wool by the year, and the small landed proprietors whose estates bordered on the sea-coast were too much influenced by a near but false prospect of gain. Large fortunes were accumulated thus in East Sussex. Nor did the "free-trading" cease until the war in 1793, existing during its later years contemporary with another and still more disastrous system, namely, import smuggling, Romney Marsh still leading the van, the captain of the band being a man named Hunt, who became mixed up in the political disturbances of his time, the smuggling fraternity having none of them any objection to turn a penny in conveying either letters or passengers when the chance offered.'—*Once a Week,* Sept. 16, 1865.

½ *m.* north of Rye is *Playden.* Here, near the north

door of the church (S. Michael) is a XV. c. monument, ornamented with a brewer's fork and mash-tub, and inscribed, 'Hier ist begraben Cornelis Zoetmanns; bidt voer die ziele' (pray for his soul).

The proverb—

> 'Sauket church, crooked steeple,
> Drunken parson, wicked people,'

refers to Playden, known as Sauket or Saltcot Street, from the salted cod spread on its banks to dry.[1]

At 2 *m.* is *Iden.* Alexander Iden, Shakspeare's 'Gentleman of Kent,' slew Jack Cade.

Beyond Rye, the railway enters Kent in the singular district of Romney Marsh, formed by the meeting of the sea-currents from the Atlantic and the North Sea, and ending in the promontory of Dungeness, which considerably increases every year. Here the sojourner at Hastings should visit Romney—'bourg delaissé au milieu des marais,' as Elisée Reclus calls it; and, above all, the curious church of Brookland, with its unique timber tower of rude Norwegian aspect. The scenery has a character all its own.

'The wane of the day had fallen into dusk, the brown had settled into grey, and now that the gold of the sunset reflection had faded, the marshland was very still and sweet, the sheep were not even white blots upon it, so entirely did the tender pall harmonise all degrees of hue, so that the kine seemed no longer as living beings, but as mysterious shapes bred of the very land itself. Even the old castle, so grand and solid in the daytime, was now like some phantom thing in the solitude—every curve and every circle defined more clearly than in sunlight, yet the whole transparent in the transparent gloaming of the air.

'The most solid thing in all this varied uniformity, this intangible harmony, was a clump of trees in the near distance, that told a shade blacker than anything else; for the turrets of the distant town lay only as a faint mass of purple upon the land, the little lights that twinkled in it here and there alone betraying its nature; long living lines of strange clouds, that were neither violet nor grey nor white, lay along the blue where sea and sky were one.'—*Margaret Maliphant.*

[1] See *Notes and Queries*, Ser. vi. vol. ix. p. 401.

III.

EASTBOURNE.

TILL after the middle of the XIX. c. Eastbourne consisted of a row of old-fashioned houses—the Sea-Houses—backed by open cornfields, intersected by elm-fringed lanes. In different directions were three inland villages, Southbourne, Meads, and Old Eastbourne; now all have been united into one borough by the energy of its landowners—the Duke of Devonshire and the Gilberts of Eastbourne Place. The town of Eastbourne has now a sea-front more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* in length, ending, in the direction of Beachy Head, at the *Wish Tower*, and closed at the other end by *the Redoubt*, beyond which desolate stony flats extend eastwards.

At Old Eastbourne is the *Parish Church of S. Mary*, partly transition Norman, but chiefly perpendicular. Its chancel contains a monument to Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society; his real name was Giddy, but he took that of Gilbert on his marriage. The *Parsonage Farm*, close to the church, is said to have been a priory of Black Friars. At the *Lamb Inn*—one of the oldest inns in Sussex—is a vaulted early English crypt in admirable preservation.

Compton Place (Duke of Devonshire) has beautiful gardens. At *Holywell*, above the western shore, where there are chalybeate springs, is *All Saints Convalescent Home*, erected 1859.

The *Martello Towers* begin at Eastbourne, and fringe the coast as far as Hastings. They were erected under Pitt's administration, when a French invasion was expected, and

now often give character and picturesqueness to an otherwise dull scene.

The principal charm of Eastbourne is its vicinity to *Beachy Head*—Beau-chef Head—the south-eastern extremity of the Sussex downs.

'Eastbourne owes much to Beachy Head, still the dread, though not as once the grave, of mariners; for a goodly lighthouse now burns its nightly oil to the salvation of thousands, and a station of the mercantile telegraph communicates shipwrecks to Lloyd's; and, though dreadful, still the best of our hills, whose purest and keenest breezes have revived so many languid frames, and strengthened so many a tottering brain, and sent back many a dyspeptic valetudinarian invigorated for the duties of another year.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. 223.

The cliff here rises to 575 feet. The heights are clothed with soft short turf. The chalk cliffs are the refuge of thousands of puffins, guillemots, choughs, razorbills, and other sea-birds. Peregrine falcons are also seen, and the rare rock-dove—*Columba livia*—has been found here.

'I was much struck by the watchful jealousy with which the peregrines seemed to guard the particular cliff—more than 500 feet from the sea—on a lofty ledge of which their nest was situated, and which, indeed, they evidently considered their own especial property; with the exception of a few jackdaws who bustled out of the crevices below, all the other birds which had now assembled on this part of the coast for the breeding season—it being about the middle of May—seemed to respect the territory of their warlike neighbours. The adjoining precipice, farther westward, was occupied by guillemots and razorbills, who had deposited their eggs, the former on the naked ledge, the latter in the crevices in the face of the cliff. Here the jackdaws appeared quite at their ease, their loud, merry note being heard above every other sound, as they flew in and out of the fissures in the white rock, or sate perched on a pinnacle near the summit, and leisurely surveyed the busy crowd below.'—*A. E. Knox*, '*Ornithological Rambles*.'

Wrecks used to be of frequent occurrence, but are now very rare. In November 1821, four shipwrecked sailors clinging to the rocks were encouraged to hold on by the sight of the samphire, which they knew must be above high-water mark, till they were rescued. Mr. Jonathan Darby,

Vicar of East Dean from 1715 to 1728, was celebrated for the number of shipwrecked persons he had personally rescued, as well as for the staircase and cavern which he made at his own expense, as a means of escape for those shipwrecked beneath the cliffs.

'The cliff scenery of the chalk formation is striking in many parts of the coast, but only becomes grand at Beachy Head. The needle-like pinnacle standing a little distance apart, called the Charles Rock, is the last of seven such fragments, whose memory survives in a popular weather-forecast—"When the Charleses[1] wear a cap, the clouds weep." Samphire grows on the ledges of the Head just above the tidal limit.'—*Nineteenth Century*, August 1884.

On a projecting promontory 1 *m.* west the *Belle Toute Lighthouse* was erected in 1831. In the cliff is 'Parson Darby's Hole,' till 1881 the only refuge for shipwrecked crews. It was off Beachy Head that the naval action took place on June 30, 1690, between the French under the Comte de Tourville and the allied fleets of England and Holland under Lord Torrington, an action in which the allies were thoroughly defeated, the Dutch losing two admirals, 500 men, and several ships—sunk to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy, and the English two ships and 400 men. The admirals on both sides were blamed, ours for not fighting; the French for not pursuing the victory.

1½ *m.* farther west is *Birling Gap*, a cove, the entrance to which was once defended by a gate and portcullis. It was near this that the French privateer, Duguay Trouin, with nine sail of the line and some smaller boats, took the men-of-war *Hampton Court* and *Grafton*, and drove the *Royal Oak* ashore.

'At irregular intervals on the Downs we meet with large flocks of sheep, each under control of a single shepherd and his dog. Shallow pools for their use have of late years been sunk in the deans, which, besides serving their purpose, are favourite haunts of birds. The lover

[1] The name is said to be corrupted from Churls, but more probably refers to Charlston, a manor of West Dean.

of aerial company may find it here to his heart's content, from the lark mounting out of sight its topmost stair of song, and the windhover hawk poising at mid-distance above his quarry, down to the whitethroat, whose brief song of a few intertwisted sibilous notes seems to proceed from a point close beside the listener, and the timid wheatear, beloved of epicures, for whose behoof it is snared by T-shaped springs cut in the turf, into which it flutters at the least noise, even at the shadow of a passing cloud.[1] Barring an occasional fox, hare, or rabbit, these are the only living fellow-creatures that one may confidently reckon upon meeting during a long day's ramble. Such relics of the past as lie around, silent entrenchments and lonely barrows, do but enhance the sense of absolute solitude. Depression of the spirit, however, is impossible in an atmosphere so fresh and exhilarating, with a prospect so wide and ever-shifting, now forward or behind, over curving uplands and shelving valleys, now downward on one side over an endless succession of fields and woods, villages clustered round their churches, and scattered farmsteads; on the other side, through gaps disclosing glimpses of sea, bright or dark as sun or shadow falls on it, one moment clear in the offing, at another flecked with white fishing-sails. How deceptive are the distances from point to point upon these hills the traveller will soon discover, and no "short cut," however tempting towards the end of a journey, will seduce him a third time. But he may buy experience too dearly if he lingers late upon the summit in misty weather. Attempts to find a downward track during a fog are well-nigh hopeless, not to say dangerous, as the chalk-pits, which are numerous on the landward side, are usually unfenced.'—*The Nineteenth Century*, August 1884.

'I never contemplate these mountains without thinking I perceive something analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth fungus-like protuberances, their fluted sides, and regular hollows and slopes, that convey at once the air of vegetative dilatation and expansion. Or was there ever a time when these immense masses of calcareous matter were thrown into fermentation by some adventitious moisture; were raised and leavened into such shapes by some plastic power, and so made to swell and heave their broad backs into the sky so much above the less animated clay of the wild below?'—*Gilbert White.*

Beyond Birling Gap an excursion may be continued to *East Dean* (1 *m.* north), where portions of the church are Norman;[2] to the Tudor house of *Friston Place;* and to

[1] A Bourne wheatear may be added to Yarrell's list of 'The Six Good Things of Sussex.'

[2] A bell, inscribed to S. James, bears the legend—'Me melior vere, non est campana sub aere.'

the very curious and interesting village of West Dean (see Ch. iv.), near Seaford. From Friston a road northwards fringed with the white campion, known here as 'Grandmother's nightcap,' may be taken to the hamlet of *Jevington*,[1] standing lonely in a hollow of the Downs. Here parts of the church (S. Andrew) are Norman, indeed some say they were Saxon, but their interest is 'restored' away. This will vary very pleasantly the return to Eastbourne by a pleasant drive along the lower level of the Downs, through *Willingdon* (where the church has the brass of Thomas Parker, 1558), and beneath *Ratton Park* (not Wratton), which gave a name to a family at a very early period.

In the same direction, taking the road through Willingdon, a delightful drive may be taken to (9 *m.*) *Wilmington* (formerly Winelton), an attractive little village which nestles amongst its old elms under the Downs, just where a rude figure, '*the Long Man of Wilmington*' (some say 180, others say 240 feet high), may be seen scratched in the turf: it has lately been renewed. The old-fashioned cottages have brilliant gardens of flowers in summer, which line the lane without any fence or division. At the top of a little hill, a yew tree, 20 feet in circumference, overshadows the quaint little church (SS. Mary and Peter), which is partly Norman, and, being unrestored, is still impressive and interesting. The old Sussex name Ade is found often repeated on its gravestones. On the west wall is carved a figure. Close behind rise the picturesque remains of *Wilmington Priory*, a Benedictine house colonised from the Abbey of Grestein near Honfleur, in Normandy, to which it was given by Robert de Moriton, the first Norman lord of the manor. Most of the ruins are now built into a farmhouse; the gateway is of the time of Henry VI. The Priory seal has the figure of the Saviour seated under a canopy, with the angel of the Annunciation on the reverse. At a spot named the *Well-Holes* are the monastic ponds. Wilmington is about 3 *m.* from Polegate and 2 *m.* from Berwick station, by which it may be visited from East-

[1] Formerly written Gynynton.

bourne by rail, and whence Michelham Priory (see later) is also about 2 *m.* distant on the other side of the line.

On the other side of Eastbourne, eastwards, Pevensey Bay is fringed by a broad expanse of shingle, with scattered green oases, the beginning of a wild district, across which the peasants still walk with 'backsters,' flat pieces of wood fastened to the soles of their boots to enable them to get across the pebbles.

Wilmington Priory.

'On this wild heath, the ring-dotterel, or stone-runner, as it is frequently termed, deposits three eggs, which can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding pebbles; and many species of terns haunt it in great numbers during the summer months. But amid this barren waste, like an oasis in a desert, a cluster of green, furze-covered hillocks suddenly appears, intersected with little fresh-water lakes, whose swampy banks, clothed with reeds and rushes, abound during certain seasons with migratory birds of the grallatorial and natatorial divisions.'—*A. F. Knox.*

Where the road turns away from the beach on the way to Pevensey is the farmhouse of *Langley*, which has a chapel and other remains of an ancient grange of Lewes Priory.

[The road, which turns north from Langley to Hailsham, passes the curious and interesting farm of *Ottham Quarter*. An abbey of Premonstratensian canons was founded at Otteham in the reign of Henry II.; but the soil with which they were endowed was so unprofitable that they were starved out, and in 1203 they were removed by Ela de Sankeville, the daughter of their founder, to Begeham (Bayham), of which she was also patroness. The first abbot of Ottham—Jordan—had been already translated to be abbot of Bayham in 1200. Ottham, however, was still kept up on a reduced scale as a shrine of S. Laurence. Very little that is ancient remains except the chapel of S. Laurence (now used as a stable), with ancient sedilia and piscina. Hellingly Church belonged to the canons of Ottham. The farm is now the property of Lord Gage.

A little farther the road passes (right) the picturesque farm called *Priest's Hawse* (Priest's House), formerly the seat of the ancient family of Thatcher. *Glynley* is a fine Elizabethan mansion of the Meeres, Fugges, and Peacheys.]

Through the village of *West Ham*, with its patched church, spoilt by 'restoration,' we reach *Pevensey* (Peofn's Island), with a station on the line to Hastings.

At the end of the street of West Ham we find the round towers which flanked the western gateway of *Anderida* or *Andredcester*, which derives its name from the vast forest which the Britons called Coit Andred and the Saxons Andred's Wald, and which Bede, writing in 731, describes as all but inaccessible, and the resort of large herds of deer, wolves, and wild boars. The fortress was built under Julius Caesar, 55 B.C., who, by many, is believed to have effected both his debarkations close by.[1] Its walls, which enclose

[1] See Thomas Lewin, 'The Invasion of Great Britain by Julius Caesar.'

twelve acres, are still 12 feet thick and from 20 to 25 feet high externally; but are filled up within to 5 feet from their summits. They are built of flint with strong mortar, strengthened by courses of red tiles. At intervals there are towers, one of those on the north side having evidently had additions after the Normans had built a fortress within the Roman walls of the British fort. About 490, Anderida was besieged by Aella the Saxon, who totally destroyed all the British inhabitants.

'Hoc anno, Aella et Cissa obsederunt Andredes-Ceaster, et interfecerunt omnes qui id incoluerunt; adeo ut ne unus Brito ibi superstes fuerit' (Chron. Saxon., p. 15); an expression more dreadful in its simplicity than all the lamentations of (Gildas) the British Jeremiah.—*Gibbon's Rome.*

On September 27, 1066, William the Conqueror set sail from S. Valery in the Mora, followed by a fleet of 800 ships, and landed on the following day at Pevensey. The Bayeux tapestry is inscribed—'Hic Wilhelm Dux in magno navigio mare transivit, et venit ad Pevensel;' and the chronicles of Battle Abbey narrate, 'Dux ergo . . . navigationem aggressus, prospere tandem prope castrum Pevenesel dictum applicuit.' The Duke at once (before the battle of Hastings) occupied the Roman-British fortress of Anderida, which he bestowed upon his half-brother Robert, Earl of Mortain and Cornwall. Six months after the battle of Hastings William embarked again at Pevensey for Normandy.

Robert of Mortain built a Norman castle within the ancient walls—the fortress whose ruins face us as we enter the enclosure of Anderida from West Ham, or which first meets those who approach from Hurstmonceaux or Hastings. In 1104 the barony of Pevensey passed to Robert de Aquila, in whose family it remained for about a hundred years, and from whom the name of 'the Honour of the Eagle' was given to it. Gilbert de Aquila, the last lord of Pevensey of his race, had all his lands and honours forfeited in 1235 because he went to Normandy without the king's

leave. Then, for a short time, Pevensey was held by the Earls of Warrenc. About 1269 it was granted to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., and continued to belong to the Crown till Edward III. settled it on John of Gaunt, who made the Pelham of that day his constable. Yet by 1309 it is already spoken of as a ruin; though it must have been restored before 1399, when Lady Pelham gallantly defended it against the combined armies of Richard II., at

At Pevensey Castle.

which time she wrote from Pevensey 'to her trew lorde' the earliest letter extant in the English language. Twenty years later Queen Joanna, widow of Henry IV., was imprisoned here for four years during the reign of her stepson.

'The king's stepmother, Johanna, being accused by certain persons of an act of witchcraft which would have tended to the king's harm, was committed, all her attendants being removed, to the custody of Sir John Pelham, who, having furnished her with nine servants, placed her in Pevensey, there to be kept under his control.'—*Walsingham.*

In the time of Elizabeth the castle was ordered to be utterly rased, but the command was fortunately disregarded, and the sale of the materials by the Parliamentary Commissioners, for £40, in 1650, had no worse result.

The Castle of the Eagle, entered opposite Pevensey Church, had a courtyard surrounded by five towers, of which one was the keep. Traces of a chapel exist, and a well, in which skulls of the wolves which overran the old forest of Anderida have been found.

> 'Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate,
> But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
> Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
> Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
> On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
> Of those who once might proudly, in their prime,
> Have stood with giant front, till, bowed by time
> Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
> They might have sunk like thee; though thus forlorn,
> They lift their heads with venerable hairs
> Bespent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
> Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares;
> Even so dost thou, lifting thy forehead gray,
> Smile at the tempest and Time's sweeping sway.'
>
> —*William Lisle Bowles.*

The sea has retired since the Conquest, and the site of the ancient harbour has long disappeared under the mud washed down by the little Ashbourne River and the sand brought up by the tides. Though it is still a source of dispute whether Julius Caesar landed at Pevensey or Deal, the landing of William of Normandy at Pevensey, on a site now covered by the marsh, has never been doubted.

Pevensey is still nominally one of the minor Cinque Ports, dependent upon Hastings, and it preserves its corporation seal, with an invocation to S. Nicholas, in addition to the usual Cinque Port emblems. The freedmen of its port were formerly called 'barons,' and their simplicity was the subject of numerous jokes from Andrew Borde (1490?–1549),

a Carthusian friar, who was appointed suffragan-bishop of Chichester in 1521, and resided for a time at Pevensey: his house there is still pointed out. The original 'Merry-Andrew' (who died a prisoner in the Fleet in 1549) is believed to have intended to burlesque the proceedings of 'the Laste Court' which then regulated the affairs of the Pevensey Marshes. The proverb 'As wise as the wise men of Gotham,' as applied to Borde's 'Merie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotam,' is believed to refer to *Gotham*, a manor partly in the parish of Hailsham, partly in that of Pevensey.[1]

The *Church of S. Nicholas* (patron of the port) is XIII. to XIV. c. It contains a good monument of the time of James I. to one John Wheatley. In the village is a very primitive *Prison*. On the east, amid the vast feeding-grounds often locally known as 'brooks,' the Ashburn

'At Pevensey pours her soft and gentle flood.'
—*Drayton*, '*Polyolbion*,' xvii.

In the Marsh, 2½ *m.* north-east of Pevensey, was the lost town of Northeye, mentioned in old lists as one of the eight dependent members of the Cinque Port of Hastings. Ruins of a chapel, dedicated to S. James, were standing not long ago, and the site of Northeye is still known as 'the Town Field,' 'the Chapel Field,' &c. The deed of endowment of the Chapel of S. James by William de Northeye, Kt., still exists amongst the episcopal archives at Chichester. On the edge of Pevensey Marsh, towards Willingdon, the names of five pieces of land commemorate the lost village of Hyndeye.[2] The rare white stork, *Ciconia alba*, has been seen and shot on the Level here.

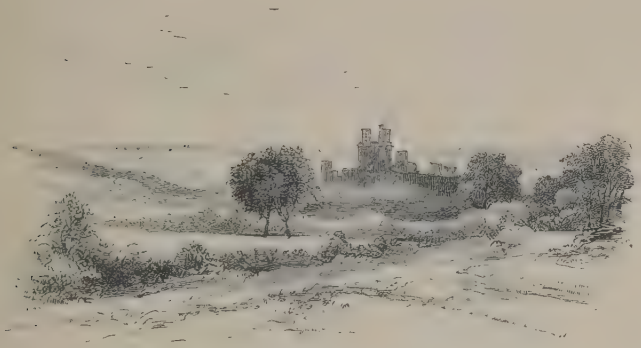
'The great and fertile plain stretching along the Sussex coast from the eastward of Beachy Head in the direction of Hastings, and inland towards Worthing, Hurstmonceaux, and Hailsham, now studded with great and fat beeves, was at some remote era covered by the sea, and what are known as 'eyes,' or elevations above the surrounding level—such as Chilleye, Northeye, Horse-eye, Richney, &c.—must have been

[1] Some, however, believe Borde to have referred to Gotham in Lincolnshire.
[2] See Turner, 'The Lost Towns of Northeye and Hyndeye.'

islands, forming a miniature archipelago. As all these are of Saxon meaning, it may be presumed that, at the time of Saxon colonisation, they were frequently or constantly insulated.'—*M. A. Lower*, '*Hist. of Sussex*.'

Following the road across the marsh, we reach ($3\frac{1}{2}$ *m.*), on a wooded height above the Level, the little village of *Wartling*, where the Pelham buckle appears on the south chapel of the (restored) church.

2 *m.* farther (9 *m.* from Eastbourne, $4\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* from Pevensey Station) is the entrance to the deserted deer-park of



Hurstmonceaux.

Hurstmonceaux, from its recent desolation and premature decay one of the most picturesque places in England.

The name is due to the marriage of one of the lords of Monceaux in Normandy, who came over with the Conqueror, with the Saxon heiress of a family then settled on the place. The names of Waleran and Ingelram de Monceaux frequently appear in deeds of Plantagenet times. Their manor-house here was visited by Henry III. and Edward I. In the reign of Edward II. Maud de Monceaux brought the estate of Hurstmonceaux by mar-

riage to Sir John de Fienes, the descendant of a Norman family which had come over at the Conquest, and whose representatives had been Constables of Dover and Wardens of the Cinque Ports till the reign of John. In 1440 Sir Roger Fienes began to pull down the old manor-house and to build the present castle, supposed to be one of the oldest brick buildings in England, and certainly one of the largest houses belonging to any subject in the kingdom. Richard Fienes (son of Sir Roger), who was chamberlain to Elizabeth Woodville, married Joan, daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Dacre, being in her right declared Baron Dacre of the South, and was buried with his son under the magnificent tomb in Hurstmonceaux Church. It was his grandson Thomas, Lord Dacre, who received Anne of Cleves on her arrival in England in 1540, but who, before he was four-and-twenty, 'being a right towardlie gentleman,' was executed on Tower Hill, ostensibly for having caused the death of John Busbrig from wounds received in a fray at Hellingly, but more probably on account of his 'great estate, which greedy courtiers gaped after, causing them to hasten his destruction.'[1]

The two sons of Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre, dying without children, Hurstmonceaux and the title of 'Baroness Dacre of the South' passed to their sister Margaret, wife of Sampson Lennard of Chevening,[2] by whom Hurstmonceaux was greatly embellished. Their son Francis[3] was one of the twelve peers who voted against the death of Charles I. His son Thomas, Lord Dacre, married Lady Anne FitzRoy, natural daughter of Charles II., and was created Earl of Sussex. In 1708 George Naylor, of Lincoln's Inn, bought the old Dacre property. By his wife Grace, sister of Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, he had an only daughter, Grace, who is said to have been starved to death by her governess in the room with the oriel window on the east side of Hurstmonceaux Castle. Upon her death the property passed to

[1] Camden, Eliz., 1594.
[2] They are buried at Chevening under a most stately tomb.
[3] Also buried at Chevening, 1662.

her cousin, Francis Naylor, only son of her aunt Bethia, by the rich pluralist, Francis Hare, who, with many other ecclesiastical dignities, held in turn the deaneries of Worcester and St. Paul's, and the bishoprics of St. Asaph and Chichester. On the death of Francis Naylor without children, his half-brother, Robert Hare, a Canon of Winchester, became the owner of Hurstmonceaux. Late in his life, his second wife, Henrietta Henckel, jealous of the children of his predecessor, persuaded him to permit her to dismantle the castle, and to build Hurstmonceaux Place, which she fancied could be settled on her own children. The destruction of the castle was accomplished, and its vast collection of old furniture and pictures, which 'Mrs. Henckel Hare' despised as old-fashioned, were dispersed, but, when Robert Hare died, it was found that the destroyer had built her new house upon entailed land.

Francis Hare Naylor, the eldest son of Robert by his first marriage, had himself married the beautiful Georgiana, daughter of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and, living with her in great poverty in Italy, had become the father of four sons, Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus. He now succeeded to the estate of Hurstmonceaux, ruined by his stepmother's extravagance, and for many years led a much-tried and struggling life there, and wrote his Histories of Germany and the Helvetic Republics at Hurstmonceaux Place. Mrs. Hare Naylor, who was famous as a linguist, and insisted on her children conversing in Greek at the family repasts, was as peculiar as she was beautiful. Daily, dressed in white, she rode on a white ass to drink at a mineral spring in the park: a tame white doe ran by her side. One day, at the gate of the park near the church, the white doe was killed by dogs. Then Mrs. Hare Naylor left Hurstmonceaux at once, and never could be persuaded to return there. Thus, in 1807, Francis Hare Naylor sold the estate, and it has since passed through several hands. The living of Hurstmonceaux remained in the Hare family till 1855.

Coming over the brow of the hill from Wartling, on reaching the relics of a huge storm-beaten beech tree, the immense ruins of the *Castle*—of red brick, turned silver-grey by age—are seen in the hollow, whence, 'for convenience of water to the moat, it sees nothing at all.'[1] The moat has been dry since Elizabeth's time. Of the great avenues, which once approached the castle in every direction, only a few trees remain—huge Spanish chestnuts, stag-headed, their trunks gnarled and twisted by time. The interior (almost a square, 200 ft. by 214 ft.) was perfect till 1778; the exterior remains still as it was built in the time of Henry VI., except that on the east side, by which we approach from Eastbourne, some of the ancient mullions were removed, and sash windows introduced by the Earl of Sussex towards the end of the seventeenth century. On the same side are the long pointed windows of the chapel, and the round oriel of the 'Ladies' Bower.' In the centre of the south front is the majestic gateway, flanked by towers with projecting machicolated cornices of noble boldness, and surmounted by the alant or wolf-dog of Sir Roger Fienes, holding in his paws a banner charged with three lions rampant. On either side of the windows above the gate are slits to receive the levers of the drawbridge.

The interior (admission 6d.) appears at first to be a grassy expanse, broken by a few mouldering walls, but those who care to examine them may trace the four courtyards, the encircling galleries of the Green Court, the great hall, chapel, kitchen, and other apartments of the ground floor. Nothing remains to recall the 'Bethlem Gallery,' and other long galleries on the upper floor, some of them formerly hung with gilt-stamped leather. Beyond the chapel are the walls of the rooms described by Horace Walpole:—

'One side has been sashed, and a drawing and dining-room and two or three rooms wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex, who married a natural

[1] Horace Walpole.

daughter of Charles II. Their arms with delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheasants, hang over the chimneys. Over the great drawing-room chimney is the coat-armour of the first Lennard, Lord Dacre, with all his alliances. Mr. Chute was transported, and called cousin with ten thousand quarterings. The chapel is mean and small; the Virgin and seven long, lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows; there have been four more, which seem to have been removed for light; and we actually found S. Catherine and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand, exiled into the buttery.'

On the west side of the castle, much overgrown with ivy, is what is called 'the Drummer's Hall.' A hundred years ago people believed that at certain times a giant three yards high was seen striding along the battlements above this, beating a drum. But the usual version given is that which Addison, in his play of 'The Haunted House,' puts into the mouth of the butler: 'Pho, Robin, I tell ye he never appeared yet, but in the shape of the sound of a drum.' It is said that a Lord Dacre, who was supposed to be dead, long lived here in concealment, and beat a mysterious drum to frighten away the suitors of his widow when they appeared.

A grassy road leads up from the castle to the *Church* of All Saints ($\frac{1}{4}$ *m.*), which has a heavy early English tower and low spire. The church has been added to at different times, and was partially rebuilt with the castle. The interior, 'restored' at a very bad time, has all the injuries that a tiled floor, varnished benches, and tawdry glass can inflict upon it; but the capitals of the pillars and the XIV. c. font are redeeming features.

Near the altar (its proportions injured by a paltry modern communion rail which hides its base) is the glorious tomb of Thomas, Lord Dacre, and his son Thomas, erected in 1534. It rises, with its canopy, nearly the whole height of the church, and is decorated with niches and tracery of the utmost beauty, whilst the light shining through the open canopy from the vestry (which has some of the glass from the castle chapel) throws a picturesque effect of wonderful richness upon its union of Caen stone and Petworth marble. Above the central of the three escutcheons on the

summit is the family crest—an eagle with an annulet in its beak. Lord Dacre provided by his will that this his tomb should be used as an Easter sepulchre. On the pediment of the tomb two skulls, said to be those of the founder and foundress of the church, lay till 1846, when Archdeacon Hare insisted upon burying them with his own hands.

In front of the altar is the noble brass of Sir William

Hurstmonceaux Chestnuts.

Fienes, 1405, with his effigy in complete armour and his feet resting on a lion. The inscription sets forth a promise of six score days' pardon for all who shall say a 'Pater noster' and an 'Ave' for the deceased.

'The proof of the age of this William Ffienles was taken at Worthing, December 6, 1378. Among the witnesses who remembered the

birth, one knew the day because it was written in the missal of the parish church—an early form of "registration." Another, because in that year—1357—Giles Parker struck an arrow through his leg in the churchyard of Hurstmonceaux. Another, because the father of the said William Ffienles, then Lord of Hurstmonceaux, came to his house and wished to beat him.'—*The Builder*, *March* 19, 1892.

A monument on the north wall of the chancel commemorates Francis Hare Naylor, 1815, author of the 'History of Germany,' of 'The History of the Helvetic Republics,' and the novel 'Theodore, or the Enthusiast.' He died at Tours, and is buried here beneath the altar.

The adjoining monument is that of his beautiful and celebrated wife, Georgiana Hare Naylor, who died at Lausanne, April 6, 1806. A relief, by the Danish sculptor Kessels, the favourite pupil of Thorwaldsen, represents her deathbed, when she committed her little daughter to the care of her eldest sister Anna Maria, Lady Jones. Both these are commemorated with her on the same monument, with her four sons—Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus Hare.

A monument in the aisle commemorates Margaret Beckett, the faithful nurse of the unhappy Grace Naylor, whose 'untimely decease she daily and hourly lamented.' Grace Naylor is herself buried in a vault beneath the chauntry, now the vestry, outside the window of which is a quaint stone to Richard Morris, 1749, who 'desired that it might be remembered that he owed his bread to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle,[1] his great benefactor.'

In the churchyard, beneath and around its enormous yew-tree, are the graves of Julius and Marcus Hare; of the first wife of Frederick Denison Maurice; of Charlotte, daughter of John Sterling, who was Julius Hare's curate here; and of Caroline Venables, with an epitaph by Pusey. A little farther, beneath a Spina Christi, brought from the Quirinal Garden at Rome, and thither from Calvary during the Crusades, is the grave of Maria Hare, 1870, commemorated in the 'Memorials of a Quiet Life.' Her

[1] Uncle of Grace Naylor.

faithful maid, Mary Lea, 'through fifty-six years honoured, devoted, and beloved in the Hare family,' rests by her side.

On the gravestones around may be read the names of 'Phillis Hoad,' 'Lina Deimling,' and others, who were at one time familiar from Julius Hare's 'Parish Sermons.' He delighted in the wide-spreading views from the churchyard, and in the hill-set position of his church.

'Precious is the blessing which we enjoy, in having the Lord's house set up on high, that all may see it, with its spire ever pointing to heaven, to remind us, whenever it meets our eyes, how our hearts also ought always to be pointing thither, with the same quiet, steadfast, unchanging, immovable calmness. If the situation of our church is in many respects inconvenient, at all events it has this advantage, that it stands upon a hill, so as to be clearly seen afar off; and many a time, I think, when the sky has been overcast with driving clouds, and everything else looked gloomy, you must have observed a pure still light resting upon it, betokening the light which, amid all the clouds and storms of the world, rests on a heaven-pointing spirit.' —*Hare's 'Parish Sermons.*'

Close to the church stands a very magnificent XIV. c. tithe-barn. Half a mile distant is *Hurstmonceaux Place* (H. Curtis, Esq.), the house which Wyatt added for Mrs. Henckel Hare to an earlier manor by Inigo Jones. Baron, then Chevalier, Bunsen, lived here in 1842–44. Mr. Wilberforce, who rented the Place in 1810, wrote thence to Lord Muncaster—

'I am in a corner of Sussex, in an excellent house, and in a place almost as pretty as the neighbourhood of the sea ever is. There is a fine old castle here, built in Henry VI.'s time, but in complete preservation till about twenty years ago; and though this is a very good private gentleman's habitation, yet when one sets it against a complete castle, one side of which was 200 feet long, and which was in the complete costume of the age in which it was reared, it dwindles into as much insignificance as one of the armed knights of the Middle Ages, fully accoutred, who should be suddenly transformed into the curtailed dimensions of one of the box-lobby loungers of the opera, or even one of the cropped and docked troopers of some of our modern regiments.' —*Life and Correspondence*, vol. iii

Opposite the gate of Hurstmonceaux Place is the house which John Sterling occupied when he was Julius Hare's curate in 1834.

'Sterling took orders . . . and fitted himself and family with a reasonable house, in one of the leafy lanes in quiet Hurstmonceaux, on the edge of Pevensey Level.'—*Carlyle*, '*Life of Sterling*.'

'He was continually devising some fresh scheme for improving the condition of the parish. His aim was to awaken the minds of the people, to arouse their conscience, to call forth their sense of moral responsibility, to make them feel their own sinfulness, their need of redemption, and thus lead them to a recognition of the Divine Love by which that redemption is offered to us. In visiting them he was diligent in all weathers, to the risk of his own health, which was greatly impaired thereby; and his gentleness and considerate care for the sick won their affection; so that, though his stay was very short, his name is still cherished by many.'—*J. C. Hare*, '*Life of Sterling*.'

Farther down the lane, on the left, separated from the road by a field, is *Lime*, on the site of an ancient monastic establishment. It is often described in 'Memorials of a Quiet Life,' but the house has been rebuilt, and its old trees have disappeared.

A pleasant walk of 1 *m.* across fields leads hence to *Hurstmonceaux Rectory*, which was the home of Julius Charles Hare from 1831 to 1855, and in which the 'Victory of Faith,' and 'Mission of the Comforter,' &c., were written.

'The rectory stood far removed from church, and castle, and village. Of all the peculiarities of English life, none perhaps is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar even amongst English parsonages was the rectory of Hurstmonceaux. The very first glance at its entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library—the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study, and drawing-room, and dining-room, but passage, and ante-chamber, and bedrooms were overrun by the ever-advancing and crowded bookshelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than twelve thousand volumes. . . . The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his

dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for a moment from gathering its fruits, or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

'In the few spaces which this tapestry of literature left unoccupied were hung the noble pictures which he had brought with him from Italy. To him they were more than mere works of art—they were companions and guests; and they were the more remarkable from their contrast with the general plainness and simplicity of the home and household, so unlike the usual accompaniments of luxury and grandeur in which we should usually seek and find works of such costly beauty.

'In this home—now hard at work with his multitudinous volumes around him at his student's desk, now wandering to and fro, book in hand, between the various rooms, or up and down the long garden walk overlooking the distant Level with its shifting lights and shades—he went on year by year extending the range and superstructure of that vast knowledge of which the solid basis had been laid in the classical studies of his beloved university, or correcting, with an elaborate minuteness, which to bystanders was at times almost wearisome to behold, the long succession of proofs which, during the later years of his life, were scarcely ever out of his hands.'—*A. P. Stanley, Quart. Rev.*, cxciii.

Following the lane at the back of the rectory, we may reach (1½ *m.*) the very fine old Jacobean house of *Carter's Corner*, long the residence of the Bartons. The reputation of old Sussex roads is recorded in the name of *Foul Mile*, applied to a hamlet near *Cowbeach*, a little east of this. Near *Windmill Hill*, almost on the edge of the desolate deer-park of the castle, is the highly picturesque *Dacre Farm*, a fine specimen of a XVI. c. farmhouse. There is a tradition that two of the Lords Dacre are buried in its garden.

There is a cottage *Manufactory of Trug Baskets* at Hurstmonceaux—a thing of Anglo-Saxon name, made of split wood, and peculiar to the place.

[A line runs north from Eastbourne, passing through Polegate Station to—

7 *m. Hailsham Stat.* This dreary little market-town has a handsome perpendicular church (S. Mary). The rope-factory, which is the industry of the place, has the

privilege of supplying the cords used in prisons for executions. Hurstmonceaux ($3\frac{1}{2}$ *m.*) may be conveniently visited from hence.

2 *m.* west—by the *Dicker* (or Dyker), formerly waste land --on the little river Cuckmere,[1] which serves as its moat, are the very picturesque remains of *Michelham Priory*, a house of Augustinian or Black Canons, founded (1229) in the reign of Henry III. by Gilbert III. de Aquila—'Lord

The Dacre Farm, Hurstmonceaux.

of the Eagle' of Pevensey. A noble gateway forms the approach over the Cuckmere, a rivulet which rises near Heathfield and enters the sea at West Dene. In the Tudor farmhouse are 'The Prior's Chamber' and a crypt used as a dairy. An arched passage, called Isaac's Hole, is supposed to have been used as a prison. The priory mill remains. The seal of the priory has the figure of the Saviour seated under a canopy, with the angel of the Annunciation on the reverse.

1 'To the lover of the picturesque and the antiquary Michelham offers a treat rarely to be met with in the south of England.'—*M. A. Lower.*

The early decorated church of S. Pancras at *Arlington* (a little south-west) occupies the site of very much earlier buildings, of which many traces have been recently discovered. Fragments of pottery and an urn, found imbedded in the sand beneath the nave, indicate Roman work. The next remains are those of a Saxon church, to which an early Norman chapel was added on the north, containing four coffin slabs, two of them ornamented with crosses. This

Gateway, Michelham Priory

Saxon and Norman church was apparently almost ruined by fire, and rebuilt under the transitional period as the present church, some of the old walls being engrafted in the later building, to which two perpendicular windows and a Jacobean gable-finial have been added at later dates. In the chancel is a 'leper window.'

'The whole church presents a complete history from the earliest time of Christianity in England.'—*Sussex Arch. Coll.*

9 *m. Hellingly Stat.*—There is a very picturesque old house here at *Horselunges* — Hurst-longue, the entrance into the wood. This was once part of Laughton Chase, the hunting ground of the Pelhams, where, at Pickhay-field, Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre of Hurstmonceaux, 'a young nobleman of high spirit and promise, not more than four and twenty years old,' accidentally wounded to death a keeper of Sir N. Pelham in the reign of Henry VIII., for

Horselunges.

which he was executed at Tyburn, June 29, 1541, 'sore lamented by many,' who believed that 'his great estate, which greedy courtiers gaped after, caused them to hasten his destruction.'[1]

'There was executed at St. Thomas Waterings three gentlemen—John Mantel, John Frowde, and George Roydon. They died for a

[1] Camden.

murther committed in Sussex in company of Thomas Fiennes, Lord Dacre of the South, the truth whereof was this. The said Lord Dacre, through the lewd persuasion of them, as hath been reported, meaning to hunt in the park of Nicholas Pelham, Esq., of Laughton, in the same county of Sussex, being accompanied with the said Mantel, Frowde, and Roydon; John Cheney and Thomas Isley, gentlemen; Richard Middleton and John Goldwell, yeomen, passed from his house of Hurstmonceaux the last of April, in the night season, toward the same park, where they intended to hunt; and coming into a place called Pikehay, in the parish of Hellingly, they, one John Busbrig, James Busbrig, and Richard Sumner, were standing together; and, as it fell out, through quarrelling, there ensued a fray betwixt the said Lord Dacre and his company on the one part, and the said John and James Busbrig and Richard Sumner on the other, insomuch that the said John Busbrig received such hurt that he died thereof the second of May next ensuing. Whereupon, as well the said Lord Dacre as those that were with them, and divers others likewise that were appointed to go another way to meet them at the said park, were indicted of murther; and the seven and twentieth day of June the Lord Dacre himself was arraigned before the Lord Audley of Walden, then Lord Chancellor, sitting that day as High Steward of England, with other peers of the realm about him, who then and there condemned the said Lord Dacre to die for that transgression.'—*Hollinshed.*

'The bearings of the case were very simple. Deer-stealing, like cattle-stealing, was felony; and where the commission of one crime leads to another and a worse, the most lenient administration is necessarily severe. Had Lord Dacre been an ordinary offender, he would have been disposed of summarily. Both he and his friends, however, were general favourites. The Privy Council hesitated long before they resolved on a prosecution, and at last it is likely they were assisted to a resolution by the king. . . . Four out of the eight were pardoned. For Lord Dacre there was to the last some uncertainty. He was brought out to the scaffold, when an order arrived to stay the execution, probably to give time for a last appeal to Henry. But it was in vain. Five hours later the sheriff was again directed to do his duty, and the full penalty was paid.'—*Froude*, '*History of England*,' iv. 121.

John Milles, Protestant rector of Hellingly, was burnt at Lewes in 1557. Near Hellingly Park is *the Amber Stone*, an ancient boundary mark.

'As amber is a word often found connected with Druidical remains, this stone may have been held sacred by our Celtic ancestors.'—*M. A. Lower.*

A Sussex proverb runs—

> 'Herrin*ly*, Chidd'n*ly*, and Hoäd*ly*,
> Three *lies*, and all *true*.'

2½ *m.* north-west is *Chiddingly*, where the fine church is chiefly early English, with a decorated tower and stone spire. A rich monument with recumbent figures, erected in 1612, commemorates Sir John Jefferay, Baron of the Exchequer, and his wife; in niches at the sides are the figures of their daughter and her husband, Sir Edward Montagu. Sir John Jefferay is represented as holding a scroll. It was a tradition that he dropped down dead with that scroll in his hand 'as the divine judgment of heaven on a wicked judge in a wrong cause.' A slab commemorates the founder of the Jefferay family in c. 1513. Thomas Eades, the nonjuring vicar, 1717, has the inscription:—

> 'The body of Mr. Thomas Eades lies here,
> A faithful shepherd that did not pow'r fear;
> But kept old Truth, and would not let him go,
> Nor turn out of the way for friend or foe.
> He was suspended in the Dutchman's days,
> Because he would not walk in their strange ways.
> Daemona non armis sed morte subegit Iesus.'

Chiddingly Place, built by Sir John Jefferay, was the family residence; very little is left of it. *Peakes*, another house of the Jefferays, is now a farm. *Friths*, in this parish, has some remains of an old moated house of the Chauntlers. *Streame* was the seat of the Frenches, who were great ironmasters; *Stonehill* of the Elphicks; *Burchetts* of the Willards; *Shirleys* of the Shirleys; and *Hale Green* of the Torels and Calverleys: these are all now farmhouses or cottages. Chiddingly has failed with the iron trade.

The church of *East Hoathly*, a little north-west, has the Pelham buckle on its tower. This was the early home of Colonel Sir Thomas Lunsford, the Cavalier, who was accused

of cannibal propensities. Butler, in 'Hudibras,'[1] ironically couples him with the famous 'Bloody-bones;' and in a mock litany of the time we read—

> 'From Fielding and from Vavasour,
> Both ill-affected men;
> From Lunsford eke deliver us,
> That eateth up children.'[2]

Like Lord Dacre at an earlier date, Lunsford was tried for killing deer in the park of Sir Thomas Pelham (June 27, 1632), and for a murderous assault upon its owner. In 1649 he 'sould all he had' and emigrated with his family to Virginia, where he was buried at Williamsburgh.

In the wooded upland, a little farther north, is *Waldron*, where the church (All Saints) was once of some interest as possessing an east window with a kneeling figure in armour, and the inscription 'Pray for the soul of John Pelham' beneath it; but this has been 'restored' away.

Possingworth was a manor which belonged to Battle Abbey. At the dissolution it was granted to the Sidneys, who sold it to Judith, Lady Pelham, in 1585. From the Pelhams it passed to the merchant family of the Offleys, of whom Sir Thomas Offley, Lord Mayor in the time of Elizabeth, left half his estate to the poor, having lived with such abstemiousness as to give rise to the rhyme—

> 'Offley three dishes had of daily roast—
> An egg, an apple, and the third a toast.'

Tanners belonged at the time of his death to Sir Philip Sidney, afterwards from 1603 to the Sackvilles, by whom it was sold in 1617 to the Fullers. The present house was built soon afterwards by Samuel Fuller, of the great iron-master family.

12½ *m. Horeham Road Stat.—Horeham Manor*, of the time of James I., probably built by Thomas Dyke, is now a farmhouse; its terraces and bowling-green may be traced.

[1] Pt. iii. c. ii.

[2] See Sussex Arch. Coll., 1861, 'Old Speech and Manners in Sussex.'

There is a legend that the church, begun on a field at Horeham farm, still called 'the Church Field,' was removed by supernatural agency.

A little east is *Warbleton*, where, in the vestry of the church (S. Mary), is an iron-bound chest, and in the tower a strong oak door with curious ironwork. This goes by the name of 'Richard Woodman's door,' and is believed to be the work of the Protestant ironfounder, R. Woodman, burnt with nine other 'faithful servants of God put into one fire' at Lewes, June 22, 1557. He was given up to justice by Fairbanke, a recalcitrant rector of the place. In his examination before Bonner he said, 'Let me go home, I pray you, to my wife and children, to see them kept, and other poore folke that I would set aworke by the help of God. I have set aworke a hundreth persons, ere this, all the year together.' A noble brass bears the figure of John Prestwick, Prior of Battle, 1436. On his robes are inscribed, 'Credo quod redemptor meus vivit.' The canopy bears the crest of a pelican.

A desolate farmhouse, with fragments of a chapel built into the stable, is all that remains of *Warbleton Priory*, a house of Augustinians, moved from Hastings by Sir John Pelham in the time of Henry IV. Blood on the floor of one of the rooms remains from a murder committed there. Two skulls are preserved in the house; when any attempt has been made to bury them the most terrible noises have been heard at night, and it is believed that all the cattle on the farm have sickened. William Pelham, dying in 1503, desired that masses might be said over his body in the church at Laughton, and then that it should be taken to Warbleton Priory and buried there in the church.

15 *m. Heathfield Stat.* Heathfield—pronounced 'Hefful' by the natives—has a well-placed old church (All Saints) and a wild park with fine views. *Heathfield Tower* was built in honour of George Augustus Elliott, the hero of Gibraltar, who lived at Heathfield Park and took his title from it. Turner's 'Vale of Heathfield' is perhaps the best

of all his Sussex pictures. A pillar at *Cade Street* bears the inscription—

'Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel Jack Cade by Alexander Iden, Sheriff of Kent, A.D. 1450. His body was carried to London and his head fixed upon London Bridge. This is the success of all rebels, and this fortune chanceth ever to traitors.'

Jack Cade had concealed himself at the farm of *Newick* in the parish of Heathfield. Tradition says that, gaining confidence, he went to play at bowls at a public-house, and whilst thus employed was discovered, and shot with an arrow by Iden. The road which led from Heathfield Common to Newick used to be called *Iden's Way*. The rebellion of Jack Cade has been often described as a mere revolt of uneducated men, but that it was not so is certain from the Abbot of Battle, the Prior of Lewes, and many of the principal families in East Sussex having taken part in the movement. George Gilbert, the famous military Methodist preacher, had the head-quarters of his later life at Heathfield, where he died in 1827, aged 87, and was buried in his own chapel.

Cuckoo Fair, held on April 14 at Heathfield, is so called because of the legend that the bird is first heard there, when it is let out of an old woman's basket.

On the wooded hills, a few miles east, is *Dallington*, with a picturesque old church, bearing the buckle of the Pelhams. The saintly George Wagner, well known as the founder of 'The Penitents' Home' at Brighton, lived as curate in the vicarage here from 1842 to 1848. In his Memoir we read—

'Dallington occupies a commanding and beautiful situation. Looking southwards, the eye ranges over the lower ridges of the Weald, and the deep wooded hollows which separate them; while to the west the view is bounded by the noble ranges of the Caburn and Ditchling Beacon Downs, sweeping onwards to Beachy Head—their bold swelling outlines beautifully contrasted with the soft dove-coloured smoothness of their surface, occasionally broken by white gleaming scars which reveal the nature of their formation. Beyond the Weald again lies the broad expanse of Pevensey Level, sensitively responding

to the passing shadows of the clouds, and blackened here and there by the swarms of animal life which people its rich pastures—always a beautiful object at a distance and from a height, whether coloured with a deeper and richer green than the neighbouring country, or pink (as it often is in advanced summer) with the long and withered grasses which ripen and die upon its surface. Above and beyond all, extends the long narrow line of the sea, stretching from Beachy Head to the heights of Hastings and Fairlight, sometimes intensely blue beneath the calm sky bending overhead, or, in gloomy and unsettled weather, responding variously to the endless variations of light, and cloud, and atmosphere.

'The Vicarage of Dallington commands this prospect. On the other side, a line of lime-trees separates the garden from the churchyard. The church is a plain but serviceable building, surmounted by a stone spire (one of three only which the diocese contains) visible from many miles off. The village, or street (to use the local expression), straggles northwards over the back of the ridge, till its last houses come in sight of the forest heights of Brightling and Heathfield; the former surmounted by its conspicuous Observatory; the latter marked by the monumental tower which still reminds the visitor of the hero of Gibraltar.

'Most of the population, which is entirely agricultural, with none above the rank of farmers, are collected in the village; but there are detached houses and cottages, scattered about for a distance of two miles from the church—outlying portions to be reached by the deep sandy lanes, which plunge down the sides of the ridge, and lead to some lone farmhouse embosomed among oaken copses in the hollows; or to some solitary homestead, which marks a spot, perhaps, where the pasture was first cleared by the brook-side; or where the rustic artisan had erected his furnace in those bygone days, when the bog-iron of the Weald was smelted in the charcoal-fires of the forest.'—*J. N. Simpkinson.*

18¾ *m. Mayfield Stat.* Mayfield, 'the sweetest village in Sussex,' as Coventry Patmore calls it, picturesquely crowns a wooded ridge. Ascending from the station, and passing on the left the XVI. c. stone house of *Aylwins*, we find the village street adorned with several old half timber houses, of which one—*The Middle House*—bears the date 1575.[1] The Curfew is still rung at Mayfield at 8 P.M. from Michaelmas to Lady Day. The perpendicular *Church of S. Dunstan* stands on the site of a church which the sainted

1 The best of the Mayfield houses are engraved in the 'Domestic Architecture' of Jobbins and Billings.

archbishop built at 'Magaredda' (where the archbishop had a 'peculiar'), and of which it is recorded that when he saw it did not stand properly east to west, the 'restless, reckless, and inflexible' Archbishop Dunstan set it right with a push of his shoulder. Some handsome carved pews have escaped the 'restorer.' The pavement is partly formed of iron memorial slabs. Iron slabs in the churchyard commemorate the family of Sands from 1671 to 1708. During the

Mayfield.

Marian persecution, four martyrs were burnt here in the churchyard.

'Next followed four, which suffered at Mayfield, in Sussex, the 24th day of September 1556, of whose names two we find recorded, and the other two we yet know not, and therefore, according to our register, hereunder they be specified, as we find them: John Hart, Thomas Ravendale, a shoemaker, and a carrier; which said four, being at the place where they should suffer, after they had made their prayer, and were at the stake, ready to abide the force of the fire, they constantly and joyfully yielded their lives for the testimony of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ.'—*Foxe*, '*Acts and Monuments*,' viii.

'Grievous the persecution in this country under John Christopher-

son, the bishop thereof. 'Such his bravery in burning poor protestants in one year, that, had he sate long in that see and continued after that rate, there needed no iron-mills to rarify the woods of this county, which this Bonner *junior* would have done himself.'—*Fuller.*

Archbishop Islip appointed one 'John Widyve' to be vicar of Mayfield in 1365, appointing him afterwards to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall, at Oxford, as one in whose 'fidelity, circumspection, and industry,' he much 'confided, and whom he called to that office on account of the honesty of his life, his laudable conversation, and knowledge of letters.'[1] This Widyve was formerly supposed to be identical with John Wickliffe the great Reformer, but it is now certain that the vicar of Mayfield was one who exchanged that preferment for Horsted Keynes,[2] in the same county, where he died in 1383 as rector of Horsted Keynes and prebendary of Chichester.

Beyond the church stood the beautiful ruins of *Mayfield Palace*, where the Archbishops of Canterbury are said to have had a country residence from the time of S. Dunstan, though no existing buildings date beyond the XIV. c. Archbishop Islip is said to have been punished by a fall from his horse—followed by the paralysis of which he died at Mayfield—for wasting more oak timber in the Dourdennes (Weald of Sussex) for his new buildings than any of his predecessors.[3] Archbishop Meopham and Archbishop Stratford also died in the palace at Mayfield. A council was held here in 1332 to regulate the celebration of fast-days and holidays. Cranmer exchanged Mayfield with the King for other estates, and since then it has passed through many hands, including Sir Thomas Gresham, who entertained Elizabeth here on one of her progresses, and whose grasshopper crest remains carved on the stone chimney-piece of 'Queen Elizabeth's Room,' now the convent guest-parlour. The palace was dismantled in 1740, and continued a ruin till 1863, when the Roman Catholic Duchess of Leeds bought it and turned it into a *Convent of the Society of the Holy*

[1] Wood's Antiq. Oxon., i. 424. [2] Reg. Sudbury, fol. 134a.
[3] S. de Birchington.

Child, the buildings being restored and altered for the purpose.

Strangers are only admitted by the nuns to visit a small portion of the building, and only on week-days between 3 and 4 P.M.

The Gatehouse has been restored, one of its flanking towers being used as the priest's house, the other as a school. The Great Hall (70 ft. by 40 ft.), now the chapel, was built by Archbishop Islip in 1350. At the recent restoration nothing remained (or had existed for a hundred and fifty years) of the original roof of the hall but its three remarkably wide-spanned supporting arches, which gave great picturesqueness to the ruin. Much of the original tracery still remains in the windows. The niche which contained the Archbishop's throne is now a Chapel of the Sacred Heart. The throne itself, decorated with the same diaper work as his shrine in Canterbury Cathedral, is preserved in the antechapel, where are also shown the sword of Sir Thomas Gresham, an ancient anvil attributed to S. Dunstan, and a more modern tongs with which the smith-archbishop is said to have pinched the devil's nose when he molested him,[1] as he was busy making a chalice. As the devil was obliged to fly to bathe his nose in the spring at Tunbridge Wells, it has remained chalybeate ever since. Others say that he doctored himself at 'the Roaring Spring,' a mile from Mayfield, 'which still roars once a year in remembrance of it.'

'Saynt Dunstan, as the story goes,
Caught old Sathanas by ye nose:
He tugged soe hard and made hym roar,
That he was heard three miles and more.'

The hammer of S. Dunstan (mediaeval), formerly shown here, has disappeared. *St. Dunstan's*[2] *Well* (walled round) is pointed out.

The great stone staircase, 14 feet wide, which had a rail

1 There is a similar legend at Glastonbury.
2 The feast of S. Dunstan is observed on May 19.

from a Mayfield iron-foundry, was destroyed in the 'restoration.'

A relic of the Mayfield iron-furnaces remains in the name of *The Forge*, which belongs to one of the farms.

Thomas May, the poet, son of Sir Thomas May, was born at Mayfield Place in 1595. He was a great favourite with Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, and owed much to them, but, says Clarendon, 'fell from his duty and all his former friends, and prostituted himself to the vile office of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the king.'[1] His 'History of the Parliament of England' is his most remarkable work, pronounced by Lord Chatham to be 'honester and more instructive than Clarendon's history;'[2] by Bishop Warburton to be written with 'much judgement, penetration, manliness, spirit, and candour;'[3] and by Hallam to be 'a good model of genuine English—terse, vigorous, and never slovenly.'[4] May died 'a martyr to Bacchus,' as Andrew Marvell represents him, in 1650, and was buried sumptuously in Westminster Abbey, whence he was ejected at the Restoration.

At the foot of Mayfield hill is the fine old farmhouse of *Cranesdon*, which was bought by Woolner the sculptor. Between Mayfield and Framfield is the once interesting but modernised farm of *The Seven Chimnies*.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ *m. Rotherfield.* A picturesque village of thoroughly Sussex character, named from the river Rother, which debouches at Rye. The church, chiefly early English, contains some monuments of the Nevills. It represents a church which the Ealdorman Berhtwald, in 792, bestowed upon the monks of S. Denis, and where he deposited some relics which he brought back after a pilgrimage to the great French abbey. The lych gate is modern. George Gilbert, the military Methodist preacher, was born at Rotherfield in 1741. 2 *m.* east is the fine old manor-house of *Walshes*. The neighbourhood, in the forest-land of Waterdown and Eridge, has much sylvan beauty. The women

[1] Clarendon, *Life*, vol. i.
[2] Letters to his nephew.
[3] Letters to Hurd.
[4] Lit. Hist. of Europe.

of Rotherfield are said to be unusually tall, whence the proverb, 'The women of Rotherfield have an extra pair of ribs.'

'The most striking view of Eridge Forest is obtained upon its extreme edge, where the high road from Tunbridge Wells to Rotherfield divides it from Eridge Park. Two hills here inclose a narrow valley, through which a brook runs, and looking from the bridge that spans it, the dim woodland recesses upon one side, intricate with leaning trunks and tangled boughs, rough with undergrowth and fallen leaves, contrast with the clear vistas of the park on the other side—its trim drives, ordered beechen avenues, and broad spaces of greensward. The park itself, too, which may be considered as once part of the forest, contains some wildly beautiful scenery; and it is here that the finest specimens of silver birch are to be found.'—*H. C. Hewlett*, '*Nineteenth Century*,' *August* 1884.

24¾ *m.* Eridge. See Ch. i.
26¾ *m.* Groombridge. See Ch. i.
29¾ *m.* Tunbridge Wells.

IV.

LEWES.

FROM Haywards Heath, on the line from London to Brighton, a branch leads (in 13 *m.*) to *Lewes*,[1] the capital of Sussex.

Defoe says, 'Lewes is in the most romantic situation I ever saw;' and Gilbert White writes, 'The prospects and rides round Lewes are most lovely.' The quaint, healthy old town has a lower death-rate than any town in England except two. 'Proud Lewes and poor Brighthelmstone' is a proverb of the days when letters were addressed, 'Brighthelmstone, near Lewes.'[2] The old houses straggle along the terraces and ridge of a hill which is crowned by the castle tower. At the foot of the hill flows the sluggish Ouse, crossed by a bridge on the site of that where S. Richard of Chichester 'had good luck in his fishing' in the thirteenth century, sending the fish he had caught as a present to the Prior of S. Pancras. The rugged ruins of the Priory still stand between the town and the wide-spreading meadows, reaching to the sea on one side, and girt in on the other by lofty downs—a plain which, on the sudden rise of Newhaven as a port, it was once hoped to change into 'one vast bason, wherein all the navies of Europe might safely ride at anchor,' converting ancient Lewes into 'the Liverpool of the south.'[3]

Ascending from the station by a steep, narrow street, down which George IV. drove his coach and four, we reach

1 The name is of Celtic origin.
2 See F. E. Sawyer in *Notes and Queries*, vi. q. 403.
3 See *All the Year Round*, November 1862

the High Street, where, in the market tower, hangs the great bell called 'Old Gabriel,'[1] of the time of Henry III.

It was opposite the Star Inn, lately closed, and now occupied by public offices, which has a fine old oak staircase brought from Slaugham Place, that six Protestants were burnt 'at the sign of the Starre' in 1556, and ten more, including four women, in the following year, during the episcopacy of Bishop Christopherson, of whom Fuller quaintly observes that though 'carrying much of Christ in his surname, he did bear nothing of Him in his nature.' The vaulted cellar still remains in which the martyrs are said to have been imprisoned.

Just below where the clock of S. Michael's Church projects over the street,[2] a turn leads to the *Castle*, and is crossed by its fine Edwardian gateway, which retains its portcullis grooves and the hinges of its gates: one of the side towers is broken away. A round-headed arch is possibly a remnant of the first castle erected here by William de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, who had married Gundrada—'Soror Gherbodi,' as Odericus Vitalis calls her—being one of the two children of Matilda, wife of the Conqueror, by her first husband 'Gherbodus Flandrensis.'[3] The foundation charter of the Priory expressly states that its co-foundress Gundrada was the queen's daughter, and in his second charter William de Warenne uses the words, 'pro salute dominae meae Matidis reginae matris uxoris meae.' Within the enclosure (entrance 6d.) are two mounds, one called Brack Mount, the other bearing the remains of the keep,

[1] 'Oh, happy Lewes, waking or asleep,
With faithful *hands* your time *archangels* keep!
S. Michael's voice the fleeting hour records,
And *Gabriel* loud repeats his brother's words;
While humble *Cliffeites*, ruled by meaner power,
By Tom the *Archbishop* regulate their hour.'
—*M. A. Lower, Epigram on the Lewes Clocks.*
(*The parish church of Cliffe is dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket.*)

[2] The Lewes clocks of S. Michael's and Gabriel were formerly known as Ananias and Sapphira, because they were never alike. See *Notes and Queries*, vi. q. 402.

[3] The son Gherbod held the great earldom of Chester under his stepfather.

which contains a small *Archaeological Museum*. There is a delightful view from the summit.

The railway crosses the site of the chapter-house of S. Pancras,[1] where William de Warenne and Gundrada were buried, with William, 2nd Earl de Warenne, who died 1135,

Castle Gate, Lewes.

and was laid at his father's feet, with many later Earls and Countesses of Warenne. Gundrada died in childbirth, May 1085, and William in June 1088, having been created Earl

1 Many of the earliest English churches were dedicated to S. Pancras, patron of children, martyred at fourteen under Diocletian, partly, it is supposed, because the monastery of S. Andrew, which sent Augustine to England, was founded on the paternal property of S. Pancras.

of Surrey by William Rufus the year before.[1] The stone coffins of Gundrada and her husband were found and removed to the neighbouring *Southover Church*, where a little chapel was erected to receive them in 1847. They are of lead, ornamented with lozenge-work, and bear the names 'Gundrada,' 'Wilhelm.' From their small size (2 feet 11 by 2 feet 9) it is supposed that they were made to receive the bones of the founders, when they were exhumed in some church rebuildings: the bones themselves have been examined, and show that De Warenne was six feet high, and Gundrada five feet seven. In the centre of the chapel floor—black and beautiful—is the ancient gravestone of Gundrada, ornamented like the coffins. After the demolition of the priory it was taken away to make the tomb of a Mr. Shirley at Isfield, but Sir William Burrell brought it back to Southover in 1775. In reference to the belief that those who swore falsely by S. Pancras[2] were possessed by devils or fell down dead, the gravestone bears the broken inscription:—

'Stirps Gundrada ducum,[3] decus evi, nobile germen.
Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum.
Martir . . . . . .
Martha fuit miseris, fuit ex pietate Maria.
Pars obiit Marthe; superest pars magna Marie.
O pie Pancrati, testis pietatis et equi
Te facit heredem; tu, clemens, suscipe matrem.
Sexta Kalendarum Junii, lux obvia, carnis
Fregit alabastrum. . . .'

In a recess of the chapel is an effigy found in the priory, supposed to represent John de Braose, Lord of Bramber, 1232.

Battered and shapeless walls are the only remains of the Priory. It was the earliest Cluniac establishment in England, the first prior, Lanzo, having come from Cluny to a

[1] Freeman is incorrect in making Gundrada survive William, and his earldom the gift of the Conqueror.

[2] S. Pancras was a boy of fourteen, beheaded under Diocletian. His church, near the Porta S. Pancrazio at Rome, dates from 500. He was regarded as the avenger of perjury through the Middle Ages.

[3] Counts of Flanders, not of Normandy.

stone building in 1077. Its prior was the high chamberlain of the order, and the priory itself was considered one of 'the five chief daughters of Cluny.' Its magnificent church was twenty-five feet longer than Chichester Cathedral. Here many Earls and Countesses of Warenne were buried, their tombs including that before the high altar—'in pleno pavimento sub plana tumba'—of John, seventh Earl, who had married Alice, half-sister of Henry III., and who was the most constant and resolute of his friends; for whom the king ordered public prayers to be offered on his death in 1304, whilst the clergy promised a remission of 3000 days' purgatory to all who should pray for his soul. The making of the railway opened the vault called the Lantern, used as a monastic prison. The mound intended as a Via Crucis still exists. The last prior, Crowham, who surrendered the Priory in 1538, was made a canon of Lincoln.

The cruciform pigeon-house, for 3228 pigeons, was only destroyed in the present century. From a charnel pit, opened in making the railway, were removed thirteen waggon-loads of bones of the victims of the battle of Lewes, and the effluvium, from those who perished in 1264, was still most terrible. The capture in 1377 of John de Cariloco, Prior of Lewes, on Rottingdean Hill, by the French, gave rise to the proverb, 'Ware the Abbot of Battel, when the Prior of Lewes is taken prisoner,' meaning when one man falls into trouble, his neighbours had better beware.

William and Gundrada de Warenne had only two male lineal descendants. In two generations (1148 and 1163) heiresses brought their wealth to members of the royal family, whose descendants long enjoyed it. In 1299, Edward I., visiting the then Earl of Warenne at Lewes, showed his sympathy for the loss of a son (in a tournament many years before) by having mass celebrated in his presence for the repose of his soul. In 1306, John, Earl of Warenne, being only eighteen, was married at Westminster to Joanna, Countess of Bar, granddaughter of Edward I. (daughter of his eldest daughter, Eleanor), a marriage which

turned out very miserably. In 1347 the title of Warenne became secondary, being absorbed by the Fitz-Alans, Earls of Arundel.

After the Priory was suppressed, one of the sons of Thomas, Lord Cromwell, lived with his wife, who was a sister of Jane Seymour, in its conventual buildings; and they afterwards belonged to Thomas Sackville, the poet Earl of Dorset. In Southover there is a fine old house of Tudor date. Another house is pointed out as having been inhabited by Anne of Cleves.

Of the existing churches of Lewes, *S. Anne*, at the top of the hill, is transition Norman. It contains a monument to Thomas Twyne, 1613, author of 'The Garland of Godly Flowers,' 'The Breviary of Brytane,' and other curious books. *S. Michael*, in the High Street, contains brasses of John Braydforde, 1457, and a knight—Warren—1400. The helmet of Nicholas Pelham, 1555, hangs above his monument, which tells how—

> 'What time the French sought to have sackt Sea-foord,
> This Pelham did repel 'em back aboord.'

A tablet commemorates Dr. (Gideon Algernon) Mantell, the eminent geologist, *ob.* November 10, 1852, who was born (1790) in the parish of S. John sub Castro, and educated at a dame's school in Cliffe. He wrote several books about Lewes and its neighbourhood, where he opened a number of tumuli. *S. John sub Castro*, on the site of a Roman camp, contains a tomb of Thomas Blunt, barber, 1611, who gave a silver-gilt cup to the town, inscribed—

> 'Dona dedit, donisq. datis, datur ipse sepulchro:
> Dona dedit; dando celestia dona recepit;'

and of Mr. John Chaloner, 1705, father of Bishop Chaloner (*ob.* 1781), the author of 'The Church History of England from 1500 to 1687,' and a champion of Roman Catholicism in England; also, from an earlier church of S. John, a (fourteenth century?) monument to one Magnus, supposed

to have been a Danish prisoner taken in battle near the town. On fifteen stones, it bears the inscription—

'Clauditur hic miles, Danorum regia proles;
Mangnus[1] nomen ei, mangnae nota progeniei:
Deponens Mangnum, se moribus induit agnum
Prepete pro vita, fit parvulus arnacorita.'

In *All Saints' Church* the interesting memorials of the old Sussex family of Pellatt have recently been 'restored' away.

In the suburb of Cliffe is the *Jireh Chapel*, where the garden-graveyard contains the tomb of the popular Calvinist preacher, William Huntington, 1813. The 'S.S.' added to his name has puzzled many. He explained it himself—

'As I cannot get a D.D. for want of cash, neither can I get an M.A. for want of learning, therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean Sinner Saved.'

The monument is inscribed—

'Here lies the coalheaver, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men. The Omnipotent Judge, at the grand assize, shall ratify and confirm this to the confusion of many thousands; for England and its metropolis shall know that there hath been a prophet among them. W. H. S.S.'[2]

Beyond the suburb rises *Cliffe Hill*, whence there is a good view of the town. There is a pleasant walk of 2 *m.* from hence to the conical *Mount Caburn* (Caerbryn, the fortified height), an outlying hill above Glynde, nearly 800 feet high, whence a wide panorama may be seen. It is quarried for chalk, and covered with short turf. Here the bee orchis—the 'freckled cowslip' of Shakspeare—may be found in the late spring. The steep paths, mere streaks of white chalk in the down, are known as Bostals or Boarstals. The circular growths of fungus known as 'hag-tracks' are still believed hereabouts to be the rings of fairies or 'pharisees,' as they

1 Magnus was evidently intended.

2 An account of Huntington, by Robert Southey, will be found in a review of his works by the latter in the *Lond. Quart. Rev.*, xxiv. 462–510. See also Lowndes' Brit. Lib., 64; Macaulay's Crit. and Hist. Essays, ii. 524; *Blackwood's Mag.*, xiv. 232.

are called. The scenery is pleasing, though tourists will look in vain for the 'chain of majestic mountains' described by Gilbert White, or even the 'grand' views of Murray's Handbook.

West of Lewes is *South Malling*, where the church, founded by John Evelyn in 1628, commemorates that of the Benedictine Canons of Old Mallyng, said to have been founded by Ceadwalla, king of the West Saxons, who died in 688. Some, however, think that it was built by Aldulf,

Lewes.

last of the South Saxon kings, who was slain in battle, and his two infant sons murdered by Ceadwalla. Some fragments of wall belonging to the college are built into a farmhouse. Here the Archbishops of Canterbury had a manor, to which the four knights who murdered Becket rode forty miles on the following day, from Saltwood Castle, to which they had first retreated.

'On entering the house, they threw off their arms and trappings on the large dining-table which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth; suddenly the table started back and threw

its burden on the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights, and replaced the arms. But soon a second still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants with torches searched in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burden of their arms. So ran the popular story; and, as late as the fourteenth century, it was still shown in the same place—the earliest and most memorable instance of a "rapping," "leaping," and "turning table."'—*A. P. Stanley*, '*Hist. Memorials of Canterbury*.'

At *Coombe* (Sir G. Shiffner, Bart.) a curious ring (with miniatures of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza) is preserved, given by Charles II. to Captain Nicholas Tattersal (ancestor of the present owner), whose ship enabled the king to escape to Fécamp after the battle of Worcester.

To the west of the town, beyond S. Anne's Church, was the open ground called the Hides, recently enclosed. On this side, beyond the present racecourse, towards Mount Harry, which still commemorates in its name the popular Henry III., the battle of Lewes was fought on May 14, 1264.

It is not known by what route the Barons reached Sussex, but when they had ascertained that the king was at Lewes, they pitched their camp about nine miles from that town at the village of Fletching, then surrounded by forest. On the night before the battle, while the attendants of the king were holding high revelry in the Priory of St. Pancras, the Earl of Leicester exhorted all his followers to repentance and confession, and Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, gave absolution to the army, kneeling on the turf, after which every soldier put a white cross upon his breast, as well in token of his religious cause, as that his side might recognise him in battle. Before sunrise on Wednesday, May 14, the army of the Barons was marching upon Lewes, and reached the crest of the hill above the town unopposed, their approach being so little expected, that the sentinels placed to watch for them had either deserted their posts, or were captured asleep. As soon as they came in sight of the bell-tower of the Priory, Simon de Montfort again knelt on the turf, and bidding all his soldiers follow his example, with their arms outstretched in the form of a cross, cried: 'Grant us, O Lord, our desire, with mighty victory, to the honour of thy name.' Then

[1] Gervase, ii. 1: 'Memoratur fidelium ipsa cedula in memoriam miraculi conscripta.'

he distributed his army, placing his own chariot, in which, on account of his lameness, he had hitherto been carried, beneath his standard on the summit of the hill, as if to indicate his presence there. But he himself rode with the reserve force.

Meantime, King Henry unfurled his dragon standard, which betokened a resolution to give no quarter to the rebels, and came forth against them, with Prince Edward commanding the right wing of his army, and his brother, the King of the Romans, with his gallant son, that on the left. Prince Edward then—'thirsting after blood, as the hart pants for cooling streams'—fiercely began the battle, and forced back his enemies by the fury of his first onset, continuing to pursue them for four miles westwards, where multitudes fell slaughtered, and sixty were drowned in attempting to ford the Ouse. By these movements, through which one wing of each army was taken off the field, the car and banner at the top of the hill became conspicuous, and tempted the King of the Romans to an attack in which he was worsted at first. Then, being joined by Prince Edward on his return from pursuing the fugitives, he captured the car, but found it deserted by Montfort, who was at that very time employing his whole strength in attacking the now weakened royal centre where King Henry was stationed, knowing that 'by the seizure of the shepherd, the sheep would be dispersed.' 'Now,' says the chronicler, 'flashed forth the lightning valour of the Barons, fighting for their country with more breathless zeal.' They put the King of the Romans to flight, took prisoners many of the greatest royalist nobles and chieftains, and at length compelled the king himself to fly for refuge to the Priory, which was defended by all possible means.

The King of the Romans, meantime, had been unable to escape from the downs, where he had taken refuge in a windmill—

> 'The king of Alemaigne wende do full wel,
> He saisede the mulne for a castel,'

and being surrounded there till evening, with jeers and cries of 'Come out, you bad miller,' he was forced to give himself up, with his second son Edmund, Prince Edward returning from his reckless triumph and his bootless attack upon the car too late to give him any assistance.

> 'To while Sir Edward was about the chare to take,
> The Kynge's side, allas, Simon did doun schake,
> Unto the Kynge's partie Edward turned tite (speedily),
> Then had the Erle the maistrie, the Kynge was discomfite.'
>
> —*Robert Brune.*

The Prince then, on his return, found the field, where he expected to be received with victorious acclamations, covered with the dead and

dying, and, as the banner of De Warenne was still flying on the castle, by making a circuit of the town, he fled there for refuge. Vast multitudes of fugitives were drowned in the river or suffocated in the marshes from the weight of their armour; others, reaching Pevensey, escaped to France. 'Contrary to all expectation,' says the chronicler, 'the Barons had thus gained a wonderful victory, which they attributed with gratitude to Him alone, by whose support they had passed through the mortal dangers of the struggle.' The numbers of the slain, as given by various authors, vary from 2700 to 20,000.[1]

'Many faire ladie lose hir lord that day,
And many gode bodie slayn at Leaus lay.
The nombre none wrote, for tell them might no man,
But He that alle wote, and alle thing ses and can.'
—*Robert Brune.*

The battle, which has left so great a trace on the history and constitution of the country, is only commemorated at Lewes in the name of *Mount Harry*, given to the highest part of the Downs near the battlefield. The crest of the hills is crowned by the plantation known as *Black Cap*, and a rude cross cut in the turf a little to the west is probably a remnant of one which invited prayers for those slain on that spot.

'Mount Harry is so distant from Lewes (nearly two miles) that it was probably in the rear of Montfort's army, but it may, indeed, have been where his car and standard were placed, or where the king had posted his negligent watch over-night. The low mounds caused by the heaps of bodies interrupting the smoothness of the turf, a decayed bone, or a broken weapon, occasionally found, alone recall the memory of the angry thousands once assembled there.'—*W. H. Blaauw.*

On the Downs, beyond Mount Harry, is *Plumpton Plain*, whence the view was so much admired by John Ray, the naturalist, when he visited Mr. Courthope at Danny.

'Mr. Ray used to visit a family just at the foot of these hills, and was so ravished with the prospect from Plumpton Plain near Lewes, that he mentions those scapes in his "Wisdom of God in the Works of

1 For these and many other details, see W. H. Blaauw, 'The Barons' War.'

the Creation" with the utmost satisfaction, and thinks them equal to anything he had seen in the finest parts of Europe.'—*Gilbert White.*

A railway line leads south to the sea, through the marshy lands called Lewes Levels. On the higher ground at the foot of the Downs, are several villages. *Southease* (3½ *m.*), which has a round tower to its church, was given to the abbots of Winchester by King Edgar in 966. *Piddinghoe*[1] (5 *m.*) has a church, partly XII. c., with another round tower. These round towers of Sussex are built of rough flint. and their form was probably adopted to evade the necessity for stone. There is an inexplicable legend that 'Magpies are shoed at Piddinghoe,' and in reference to the quantity of smuggled spirits hidden here in pits and removed at night were the proverbs—'At Piddinghoe they dig for moonshine'—'At Piddinghoe they dig for smoke'—'At Piddinghoe they dig for daylight,' all with the same intention. To the left, on the east side of the Ouse are the villages of *Tarring Neville*, *Heighton*, and *Denton*, the last having a very small church, of early English origin, dedicated to S. Leonard.

7 *m. Newhaven Stat.* An ugly, dirty, little town and smoky little port, with dangerous drinking water, and a long pier at the mouth of the Ouse, whence steamers cross to Dieppe in 4½ hours. Here King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie landed (as Mr. and Mrs. Smith), March 3, after the Revolution of 1848.

'We have to announce the safe arrival of the ex-King and Queen of the French at Newhaven yesterday.

'The ex-King and Queen have for some days been moving from farm-house to farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Tréport. They were nearly exhausted by fatigue, and on his arrival the King stated that a night or two back he thought he must have given himself up.

'On Thursday Louis Philippe and the ex-Queen, and a male and female attendant, who had during the week constituted the suite of their royal master and mistress, embarked in a French fishing-boat from near Tréport, with the intention of attempting to cross the Channel. At sea the party was picked up by the *Express*, Southampton and

[1] The Ho (promontory) of the sons of Peada?

Havre steamboat, which immediately steamed for Newhaven, off which harbour she arrived at seven o'clock in the morning.

'The King and Queen proceeded to the Bridge Hotel, where they ordered beds, and intend to recover in some measure from the alarms and fatigues of the week.

'The King, on landing, was habited in a green blouse, and blue overcoat, borrowed from the captain of the *Express*. The King had not so much baggage as he could carry in his pockets, in fact he had not a change of clothing.'—*Illustrated London News*, March 4, 1848.

The church (of S. Michael) is partly XII. c., and almost a copy of Vainville-sur-Seine. It has the unique feature of the Norman apse of the chancel being joined to the east side of the tower without any intermediate chancel. On the tombstone of Thomas Tipper, 1785, a local brewer, are the lines—by T. Clio Rickman, an eminent politician of his day (*ob.* 1834)—

'Reader, with kind regret, this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay.
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt and kind,
And dared do what few dare do, speak his mind.
Philosophy and History well he knew,
Was versed in Physic, and in Surgery too.
The best old Stingo[1] he both brew'd and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold.
He played through life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.
Reader, in honest truth, such was the man;
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.'

There is a pleasant sea-view from the *Castle Hill* (150 feet), which is curious as to its geological formation, from the mass of oyster and other shells beneath its turf.

Newhaven was formerly called *Meeching*.

'But now the Ouse, a nymph of very scornful grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish grown,
That her old name she scorn'd should publickly be known.'
—*Drayton*, '*Polyolbion*,' xvii.

1 'Newhaven tipper,' a kind of beer brewed with brackish water, which takes its name from this Thomas Tipper.

'The water-ousel is said to haunt the mouth of the Lewes river, near Newhaven; and the Cornish chough builds, I know, all along the chalky cliffs of the Sussex shore.'[1]—*Gilbert White.*

8 *m. Bishopstone Stat.* The tiny village is in a fold of the Downs about $\frac{3}{4}$ *m.* from the station. In its park-like pastures once stood Bishopstone House, the occasional residence of Thomas Pelham, Duke of New-

Eadric's Porch, Bishopstone.

castle. Its transition Norman church has a tower in four stages, slightly diminishing, with baluster windows. The south porch is probably the oldest part of the church. Over the door is a dial, bearing a cross and the name Eadric. In the north wall is a stone slab, bearing the Lamb and the

[1] But now the chough—Pyrrhocorax graculus—is considered to be nearly extinct in the county. See W. Borrer, 'The Birds of Sussex.'

doves drinking, as they are so often seen in early christian sculptures at Rome. James Hurdis, the poet, a disciple of Cowper, author of 'The Village Curate,' and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was Vicar of Bishopstone, 1791, and lived close by at *Norton*.

9 *m. Seaford Stat.*[1] (Sea-fiord). The ugly, dreary little town is becoming popular and prosperous through its golf links, and has a mixture of downs and sea air which is very salubrious. The place had two parliamentary representatives in 1300, and for centuries furnished its quota of ships to the navy. Once also it had a harbour at the original mouth of the Ouse, which was attacked by the French in the time of Edward III., and again in 1545, when 'Pelham did repel 'em.' It was closed when the Ouse deserted its mouth here and began to enter the sea at Newhaven, and no vestige of a port now remains. This was perhaps the Mercredesburn (Moer-cryd = Sea-ford) of Aella's battle in 485. The remains of the British saint Lewinna—the first christian lady in Sussex—martyred by the Saxons c. 680, were preserved in S. Andrew's Church, and stolen thence in 1058 by one Drogo (who has left a curious account of the proceeding) for his monastery at Bergues S. Winox, near Dunkerque. There they were revered till 1522, when they were destroyed, with the exception of one rib. The present transition-Norman church is dedicated to *S. Leonard*, the Howard of early French history, and patron of prisoners. The capital of the central column in its south aisle has rude representations of the Baptism and Crucifixion of Christ. Over it is a carving of S. Michael and the Dragon, found in the churchyard. In the outer wall are a stone coffin and its cover. The garden of a house in Church Street contains an early gothic crypt. In the face of the cliff on the east is the natural and almost inaccessible ledge, frequented by foxes, which is known as *Puck Church Parlour*.

Seaford House was the residence of Sir John Leach,

[1] *Ford*, from the Norse *fiord*, or bay.

1760–1834, famous as a Master of the Rolls, more famous for the *jeu d'esprit* of Sir George Rose—

'Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart,
On the other part,
Was right, and dull, and long.
Mr. Parker
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cooke
Cited a book,
And the Chancellor said, I doubt.'

Corsica Hall has been haunted ever since Lord Napier's son shot his tutor dead there in play. 'Are you from Seaford?' is an inexplicable query addressed to a Sussex person who leaves doors open.[1]

No one should visit Seaford without making an excursion to the very picturesque and curious little village of *West Dean*, 'the sheltered spot on the west' (3 *m.*), which, however, lies to the east of Seaford, in the first folds of the Eastbourne downs. When the straight dull road reaches a valley, once a lake, with the many windings of the Cuckmere just before it enters the sea, the pedestrian may shorten his walk considerably by crossing straight over the hill in front of him. The sudden apparition of the well-hidden village, with its golden-lichened roofs, old dovecote, fine elm trees, most quaint gabled church, ancient tombstones, and fortified rectory, is very striking.

The little church is transition Norman, with a curious gabled frontal under the tower. It contains XVII. c. monuments of the Thomas family, and a canopied tomb, supposed to be that of Robert de Dene, formerly used as an Easter sepulchre.

Joining the churchyard, is the XIV. c. *Parsonage House*,

[1] See *Notes and Queries*, Ser. vi. vol. ix. p. 401.

probably built by the monks of Wilmington. It is exceedingly rude and small, with narrow arched windows and a high roof, and it rises directly from the rugged muddy way of the village. It has a spiral stone staircase.

'At the lowest point of the broad valley lies West Dean. The hamlet consists of very few houses, all so compactly grouped about the

Church of West Dean.

old church that it seems, on looking down upon the village, as if the hand could cover them. The roofs are overgrown with lichen, yellow on slate, red on tiles. In the farmyards are haystacks with yellow conical coverings of thatch; and around all close dense masses of chestnut foliage, the green just touched with gold. The little group of houses has mellowed with age; their guarded peacefulness is soothing

to the eye and the spirit. Along the stretch of the hollow the land is parcelled into meadows and tilth of varied hue. Here is a great patch of warm grey soil, where horses are drawing the harrow; yonder the same work is being done by sleek black oxen. Where there is pasture, its chalky-brown colour tells of the nature of the earth which produced it. A vast oblong running right athwart the far side of the valley has just been strewn with loam; it is the darkest purple. The bright yellow of the "kelk" spreads in several directions; and here and there rise thin wreaths of white smoke, where a pile of uprooted couch-grass is burning.'—*George Gissing*, '*Thyrza*.'

Parsonage House, West Dean.

The line from Lewes to Hastings, passes, on the right, a church amid tufted trees. It is that of *Beddingham* (the home of the sons of Beda), one of the places mentioned in King Alfred's will, where a monastery is believed to have existed, and where the number of skeletons discovered indicate a battlefield. A proverb says—

'When Beddingham Hill wears a cap,
Ripe and Chalvington gets a drap.'

3 *m. Glynde Stat.* The village, at the foot of Mount Caburn, has a Celtic name, from Glyn, a vale. The pretty

little Grecian church was built by Trevor, Bishop of Durham, in 1765. An obelisk in the churchyard has an inscription by Mrs. Hemans to the two sons of Sir D. Wedderburn, the eminent lawyer.

Glynde Place (Viscount Hampden) was built in 1567 by William Morley, son of a successful ironfounder at Mayfield. His grandson, Herbert Morley, was a distinguished Parliamentarian, but voted against the execution of the king. The only son of this Herbert married the daughter of Sir John Trevor, by Ruth, daughter of John Hampden. He was allowed at the Restoration to purchase his pardon for £1000, and died at Glynde in 1667. There are many interesting portraits in Glynde Place, which has a grand old drawing-room on the first floor.

2 *m.* south is *Firle Place* (Viscount Gage), like a French château of the XVIII. c. nestling under the Downs. It has a handsome hall decorated with armour. The church, dedicated to S. Peter, contains monuments of the Gage family.

Most of these old houses, nestling under the Downs for shelter, look north. There was a notion that the south wind brought sickness, and that the north and east winds swept it away. Thus Tusser—

> 'The south, as unkind, draweth sickness too near;
> The north, as a friend, maketh all again clear.'
> —*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

Firle has been inhabited by the Gages since 1475. There is a fine view from *Firle Beacon.*

'We know not a more tranquillising scene for the over-wrought brain to rest upon than the prospect from the Downs on a fine summer's day —the true Copley Fielding landscape; here the many twinkling smiles of ocean, always a feast to look upon; there the slow-yoked oxen, with their peaceful pace and low-bent necks, teaching us, in these fevered days of steam and electricity, a very lesson of patience and humility; there the bleating flocks, cared for, and their least wanderings restrained, by the English sheep-dog.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

8 *m. Berwick Stat.* 2 *m.* north-east, on the Cuckmere, are the interesting remains of Michelham Priory (see Ch. iii.).

An exposed, dusty road of 2½ miles leads south, where the low spire of *Alfriston*[1] (Alfric's tun) rises above water-meadows and tufted trees, with softly-swelling downs on either side, recalling many a picture by Copley Fielding or De Wint. At the entrance of the village is an ancient stone cross, and it contains the *Star Inn*, a curious old house, said to have been a hostelry for pilgrims to the shrine of

Alfriston.

S. Richard of Chichester. Quaint little figures of S. Giles and S. Julian (?) adorn brackets on either side of the door, and beneath one of the windows is a representation of S. George and the Dragon. A monster at the corner of the house was probably the figure-head of a ship.

On a knoll in a field below the village, surrounded by old elms, is the cruciform church of *S. Andrew*, with a low spire and a very wide chancel. Like most village churches in Sussex, the interior of the 'cathedral of the South Downs,' as it has been sometimes called, is ruined

[1] Domesday asserts that Alfric held Alfriceston before the Conquest.

by the gaudy tiles and varnished benches of a 'restoration' which here boasted that the seats were 'cut from the timber of the south transept interior roof,' and for which a new east window was made. Busts commemorate the rector John Nutt, and his wife, 1653; and the canopy of an Easter sepulchre (or founder's tomb) remains, with a square Edwardian font. When a virgin died in this parish, a wreath of white flowers used to be laid upon her coffin and afterwards hung up in the church. A few years since, as many as seventy 'virgins' garlands' hung in Alfriston church at once. The foundations of the church are said to have been originally laid in a field called *Savyne Croft*, on the north of the village; but each night invisible hands hurled the stones over the houses into *the Tye*, where the church now stands. The form of the cross is said to have been suggested by the position in which four oxen were seen lying asleep on that spot.

'Alfriston, whose market-cross stands where Saxon *ceorles* sold their surplus produce, and whose castle mound marks the site where Alfred the Great assembled his thanes before beating the Danes at Terrible Down. The inhabitants of Firle, Alciston, and Salmiston, are Saxon folk descended straight from King Alfred's rustics, without a drop of mixed blood in their veins.'—*Fraser's Mag., June* 1874.

A building used as a mission-room, with a fine carved oak roof, is said to have belonged to a *Pre-Reformation Clergy-House* of the XIV. c. It is constructed of oak framing, with the interstices filled in with wattle and daub. The plan of the house was a central hall the whole height of the building, with smaller rooms on each side for dormitories and offices.[1]

An artist will find much to attract him in the timbered cottages of the village, the old vicarage, and even in the banks of the Cuckmere, though it is a mere streamlet.

'The country through which the Cuckmere flows has a melancholy picturesqueness. It is a great reach of level meadows, very marshy,

[1] The house and its hall were engraved in *The Builder*, September 24, 1892.

with red-brown rushes growing in every ditch, and low trees in places, their trunks wrapped in bright yellow lichen; nor only their trunks, but the very smallest of their twigs is so clad. All over the flats are cows pasturing—sleek cows, contrasting with flocks of white sheep, which are gathered together, bleating. The coarse grass is sun-scorched; the slope of the Downs on either side shows the customary chalky green.'—*George Gissing*, '*Thyrza*.'

A summer evening is the best time for visiting Alfriston.

'The only light that suits the tranquillity and tender pathos of the region is that which fills the dimples of the Downs with inexpressibly soft and dreamy expression, and quickens the plain by revealing the individuality of every blade of grass and plough-turned clod by its own shadow.'—*Coventry Patmore.*

A circular hill at the western end of the parish is known as the '*Five Lords Burgh*.' At the hamlet of *Milton Street* so many Anglo-Saxon coins were discovered that the collection became distinguished as 'the Alfriston find.'

A little north-west, much nearer Berwick, lies *Alciston*, the Aluri-ceston or Alaric's Town of Domesday Book. Applied to Alciston is the proverb—

'When Firle Hill and Long Man has a cap,
We at A'ston gets a drap.'[1]

A little north-west are the churches of *Chalvington* (S. Bartholomew), where S. Thomas à Becket is represented on a window; and *Rype*, a good curvilinear building.

On the right of the railway the curious figure known as 'the Long Man of Wilmington' is now seen, cut in the turf of the Downs. See p. 68.

11¼ *m. Polegate Stat.* Hence there are branch lines to Eastbourne and Tunbridge Wells. See Ch. iii. Wilmington (see Ch. iii.) is 2½ *m.* west.

15 *m.* Pevensey Stat. See Ch. ii.

21¾ *m.* Bexhill Stat. See Ch. ii.

[1] F. E. Sawyer, *Notes and Queries*, 6th Ser. vol. ix. p. 341.

24½ *m.* St. Leonards Stat. See Ch. ii.
26½ *m.* Hastings Stat. See Ch. ii.

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The old road from Lewes to Battle and Hastings passes through South Malling, and leaves on the left the little disused perpendicular church of *Hamsey* (the house by the water), which contains a canopied altar-tomb of Tudor date, generally known as the 'De Say Tomb,' from early owners of the manor.

3 *m. Ringmer*, under the turfy slopes of Mount Caburn. From *Delver House*, near the green, White of Selborne dated several of his stilted letters, describing the Downs as 'a majestic chain of mountains,' &c. A neighbouring pine-grove is mentioned in the 'Natural History of Selborne.'

The church (S. Mary) contains several monuments to the Springett family, including that of 'the charitable Springett'—

> 'Redresse he did the wrongs of many a wight,
> Fatherlesse and widows by him possesse their right.'

The name of *The Green Man Inn* recalls Laughton Chase. *Broyle Park*, once a deer forest of 2000 acres, belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury, afterwards to the family of Springett.

To the right of the road to Laughton rise in the rich plain the moated remains of *Laughton Place*, the old house of the Pelhams, built by Sir William Pelham—'prudent in peace and valiant in war'—in the time of Henry VIII. An inscription tells—'L'an de grace 1534 fut cest mayson faicte.' The initials of the founder frequently appear, W. P., with the badge of the buckle—assumed by the Pelhams after the battle of Poitiers—in the decorations of the windows. The terra-cotta ornaments of the great tower are very rare in England. A little below the top is an enriched projecting cornice, and the winding staircase, with a circular column of brick, has five decorated windows, of which three

are blocked up. At the south corner of the moat is a building chequered by diagonal lines of dark brick. The ancient homestead, with its abundance of farm life, isolated on an oasis in the marsh-land, will recall scenes in Holland. Many generations of Pelhams lie beneath *Laughton Church*. The Duke of Newcastle was buried here November 18, 1768, the Bishop of Norwich, in his rochet, reading the service. The name of the Roebuck Inn recalls the ancient chase of Laughton.

Laughton Place—The Tower.

The title of Lord Pelham of Laughton is still borne by the Earls of Chichester, though they deserted Laughton Place in the time of Elizabeth for *Halland*, also in this parish, and also reduced to the level of a mere farmhouse. Evelyn lauded Halland amongst other 'sweet and delectable countrie seats.' It was the home of Thomas, Lord Pelham, who married, as his second wife, Lady Grace Holles, sister of John, Duke of Newcastle. Their five clever and beautiful daughters were brought up here, and their two sons, the eldest of whom became (1715) Duke of Newcastle, and the younger, Henry, Secretary at War, Paymaster of the Forces,

and (1714–54) Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was on hearing of Henry Pelham's death that Garrick wrote—

'To hear no lawless passions call,
To serve the king, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wisdom with generous love took part,
Together work thy head and heart—
The minister and man.

At Laughton Place.

Unite, ye kindred sons of earth,
Strangle bold faction in its birth,
Be Britain's weal your view!
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair design,
And Pelham live in you.'

Turner's Diary says—

'The ale was strong at Halland House, and it flowed as freely there as it did in other old halls, in what are called the days of the "fine old

English gentleman." Many a bout we had of it. I may safely assert that when we have met in the hall upon any occasion, political or otherwise, not one of us has returned home thoroughly sober.'—Vol. xi. p. 199.

The Duke of Newcastle's successor, Sir Thomas Pelham, afterwards Earl of Chichester, deserted Halland for Stanmer. The farmhouse of *Chamber's Court* belonged to the family of De la Chambre.

A line runs north-east from Lewes to Tunbridge Wells by—

2½ *m. Barcombe Stat.* Here, there is good fishing on the Ouse. In allusion to the simplicity of the natives, a Sussex proverb says, 'When the people of Barcombe want to make a cart, they make a waggon, and saw it in half.'

5½ *m. Isfield Stat.*[1] *Isfield Place*, now a farmhouse, was the curious fortified house of the Shirleys, and bears their arms and mottoes. Its outer wall remains, which had a tower at each angle. The church is restored, but still interesting from its southern or *Shirley Chapel*, containing the fine altar-tomb of Sir John Shirley, 1631, on which he is represented with his two wives, their children kneeling around. There are brasses of Edward Shirley, 1558, and his wife, and Thomas Shirley, 1571. In this church the tomb of Gundrada, now at Lewes, was long kept. *Little Horsted* (2 *m.* east) has a rebuilt Norman church. The country upon which we now enter was covered with forests[2] till the last century.

'I left Tunbridge . . . and came to Lewes, through the deepest, dirtiest, but many ways the richest and most profitable country of all that part of England.

'The timber I saw here was prodigious, as well in quantity as in bigness, and seemed in some places to be suffered to grow only because it was so far off of any navigation that it was not worth cutting down and carrying away; in dry summers, indeed, a great deal is carried away to Maidstone and other places on the Medway; and sometimes

[1] Formerly written Sifelle.

[2] 'The forest-ridge, composed of alternations of sandstone, sands, shales, and clays, with a deep valley on each side called the *weald*.'—*Mantell*, '*Wonders of Geology*.'

I have seen one tree on a carriage, which they here call a *tug*, drawn by two-and-twenty oxen, and even then this carried so little a way, and then thrown down and left for other *tugs* to take up and carry on, that sometimes it is two or three years before it gets to Chatham; for if once the rains come on, it stirs no more that year, and sometimes a whole summer is not dry enough to make the roads passable. Here I had a sight which, indeed, I never saw in any other part of England, namely, that going to church at a country village, not very far from Lewes, I saw an ancient lady, and a lady of very good quality, I assure you, drawn to church in her coach with six oxen; nor was it done in frolic or humour, but mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it.'—'*A Tour through Great Britain, by a Gentleman*,' *London*, 1724.

$8\frac{1}{2}$ *m. Uckfield Stat.* The village is a long street of houses in pretty country. Opposite the King's Head Inn is a stone room, probably once a prison. The old church was pulled down in 1839.

$10\frac{3}{4}$ *m. Buxted Stat.* In an exceedingly pretty wooded country. Going under the railway bridge and crossing the Ouse, we find, at the entrance of *Buxted Park*, the quaint square battlemented building called *The Hog House*, with a hog and 1581 carved over the door. It was the residence of the Hogge or Huggett family, of whom Ralf Hogge, in 1543, cast the first iron cannon made in England:—

'Master Huggett and his man John,
They did cast the first cannon.'

Entering the park at the Hog House, we reach the prettily situated *Church* (of S. Margaret), chiefly early English, with a low shingled spire. Its chancel was probably built by Sir Johan de Lewes, rector, 1292, who is commemorated by a foliated cross. There are a good piscina, remains of sedilia, and the brass of Britellus Avenel, rector, 1375. Christopher Savage and his son Robert were rectors in the XV. c.

'Here lyeth graven under thys stoon
Xffore Savage both flesh and boon,'

is inscribed at the entrance of the chancel. Under the cornice of the north porch is the figure of a woman with a churn—the rebus of the Alchorne family, who built it.

South of the chancel is a mortuary chapel of the Earls of Liverpool. The church has a curious oak muniment chest.

There are remains of an ancient hermitage in this parish, carved out of the rock, at a spot known as *The Vineyard*. Richard Woodman, the martyr, the great ironmaster of Warbleton, is believed to have been a native of Buxted.

Huggett's Furnace, between Buxted and Mayfield, is still pointed out, and the name is still common in the district. At *Howbourne*, in the parish of Buxted, the old hammer-post, an iron trunk, 9½ feet high, is preserved. We are now in what was once the forest district of Sussex, but the iron industry was fatal to the trees:—

'These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their grief conceal'd),
Forseeing their decay, each hour so fast come on,
Under the axe's stroke fetch many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight and hammer's dreadful sound
Even rent the hollow woods and queachy ground,
So that the trembling nymphs, oppress'd with ghostly fear,
Ran maddening to the Downs with dishevell'd hair.
. . . . . .
Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer beech,
Short hazel, maple, plane, light ash, the bending wych,
What should the builder serve supplies the forger's turn,
When, under public good, base private gain takes hold,
And we, poor woful woods, to ruin lastly sold.'

—*Drayton*, '*Polyolbion*.'

At *Hendall*, north of Buxted Church, is an old house of the Pope family.

2 *m.* west of Buxted Station is *Maresfield*, celebrated for *Wood's Nursery Gardens*. The church is a small decorated building. The names of 'The Forge' and 'Old Forge' commemorate Maresfield ironworks.

15½ *m. Crowborough Stat.* A little west is the site of *Crowborough Beacon*, in what was formerly Ashdown Forest, on a height of 796 feet, where beacon-fires formerly aroused the Weald of Sussex in times of danger. There is a wide view, the sea—twenty-five miles distant—being distinctly

visible. The drive hence, through wooded country, to Withyham, is one of much beauty.

'Long ridges of ground covered with fern and heath, studded at intervals with clumps of Scotch fir, alternate with narrow valleys, cultivated either as arable, meadow, and hop-garden, or threaded by deep sandy lanes with rocky banks, overhung by twisted tree-roots. Few and simple as are the elements of beauty in this landscape, the repeated undulations, which involve a constant change of prospect, secure it from monotony.'—*Nineteenth Century*, *August* 1884.

St. John's, *Crowborough*, is a little high-church settlement, with church, parsonage, almshouses, and daily service in a desolate country. *Crowborough Warren* was a famous resort of smugglers.

'It is a strange thing to remember, when one is standing on the cold desolate hills about Crowborough Beacon, or in the glens of Tilgate Forest—now the very picture of quiet, and rest, and loneliness—that this same Sussex was once the iron mart of England. Once, spotted over these hills and through these forests, there were forges that roared from morning till night, chimneys that sent up their smoke and their poisonous vapour from one year's end to another; cannon were cast, and cannon-balls founded, where now there is no harsher voice than the tap of the woodpecker or the jar of the goat-sucker. One can scarcely realise those generations, and that trade, here; one cannot fancy the forests of St. Leonards and Ashdown, the Wolverhampton of their age. But so it was; and not the least remarkable thing in the change is the absence of traditions about the life and customs of the manufacturers so employed. The grandfathers of men now living were actively engaged in the ironworks; large fortunes, not a century ago, were made by them, and yet, except in the names of places, and in heaps of cinders, scarcely a trace remains that such things were.'—*M. A. Lower*, '*Sussex Papers*.'

A little beyond Crowborough the railway line joins that from Polegate to Groombridge and Tunbridge Wells. The hamlet called *Boar's Head Street* recalls the arms of Anthony Stapley the regicide, governor of Chichester (1651), who bore 'Three Boars' Heads,' and owned land there.

A line runs north-west from Lewes to East Grinstead by—
(9 *m.*) *Sheffield Park Stat.*
Sheffield Place (Earl of Sheffield) is a modern gothic house

on the site of an ancient mansion, in a wild and beautiful park, with old oaks, fern, and a fine sheet of water. The house contains a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Gibbon the historian, who, when driven from Lausanne by the Revolution, spent the last summer of his life here as the guest of the first Lord Sheffield, occasionally acting as tutor to his daughters, afterwards Lady Maria Stanley and Lady Louisa Clinton.

'In the year 1791, Lord Sheffield, accompanied by his family, visited Gibbon at Lausanne, who promised to return soon to spend some time with them in England. This formidable journey was deferred from month to month, first by the ever-growing troubles in France, and the war, which made travelling dangerous, and then by his great corpulence and those bodily infirmities which, having been too long neglected, made it painful for him to move. At length, on receiving in the month of April 1793, the news of Lady Sheffield's death, to whom he was much attached, and whom he called his sister, he set out immediately to carry consolation to his friend. About six months after his arrival in England, his complaint, which had originated more than thirty years before, became so much worse that he was forced to undergo an operation. This was several times repeated, and afforded some relief, which encouraged a hope of convalescence, till the 16th of January 1794, when he died without disquietude and without pain.'—*Guiz t.*

In the neighbouring woods, Simon de Montfort encamped with the army of the Barons before the battle of Lewes, May 13, 1264.

The road, which crosses the Ouse and turns left on leaving the station, skirts the paling of Sheffield Place, to an open space with oaks, where there is an excellent old-fashioned posting *Inn*. Hence, turning right, we reach, 3 *m.* from the station (only 2 *m.* across the park, but leave must be obtained to enter it), *Fletching*, a most attractive specimen of an old-fashioned country village, its many-gabled timber houses interspersed with pine-trees and ending in a grey spire. The church (SS. Andrew and Mary) is a good transition building with a fine Norman tower, but the interior has been 'restored' into dull commonplaceness. The transepts show the bull's head of the Nevilles. In the north aisle is the little brass of 'Petrus Denot,' a Fletching tradesman of the XV. c. (who participated in the rebellion

of Jack Cade), on which brass gloves indicate that his trade was a glover. On an altar-tomb in the south transept is the fine brass of Sir Walter Dalyngrudge, 1395, and his wife. An altar-tomb near this bears the effigy of Richard Lache, 1596, who lived at the old Sheffield Place. His widow, Charity, by her second marriage, brought it to the first Earl of Nottingham. It was let to J. Wilson, a famous Sussex ironfounder, who died in 1670, and was buried in great state from Sheffield Place with a torchlight procession. The end wall of the north transept is strangely screened off from the rest of the church, so that it is only possible, from a narrow passage, to see the monuments of the Sheffield family by which it is covered, with that of Gibbon in the centre, bearing an epitaph by Dr. Parr. The historian rests in the vaults beneath, near his friend and benefactor, by whom his remains were brought from London, where he died.

A Sussex proverb says—

> 'The people of Fletching
> Live by snapping and ketching.' [1]

$13\frac{3}{4}$ *m. Horsted Keynes Stat.* A pleasant walk through deep wooded lanes (turning right above the station) leads to ($1\frac{1}{4}$ *m.*) *Horsted Keynes.* The picturesque early English church of S. Giles stands upon a bosky knoll in a lovely situation, with a tall slender spire. At the angle of the south transept and chancel is a modern tomb, with a foliated cross, over the grave of the saintly Archbishop Leighton. The epitaph tells how 'in an age of religious strife he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour by a holy life, and by the meek and loving spirit which breathes throughout his writings.' Against the adjoining wall is an older monument, inscribed, 'Depositum Roberti Leightouni Archiepiscopi Glaguensis apud Scotas, qui objit xxv. die Juny. Anno Dmnj 1684, aetatis suae 74.' Close by is the slab tomb, engraved with a coat of arms, of Sir Ellis Leighton (1680), younger brother of

[1] See *Notes and Queries*, Ser. vi. vol. ix. p. 342.

the Archbishop. In the interior of the church (keys at the second cottage), which is restored out of interest, is the monument of the Archbishop's sister, Mrs. Sapphira Lightmaker—'a devout woman and a mother in Israel, widow indeed, notwithstanding solicitations to a second marriage.' Many other members of the Archbishop's family are commemorated on the same tomb. Opposite is a curious

Horsted Keynes.

miniature monument, containing a tiny cross-legged effigy in armour of a Knight-Templar of the time of Edward I.

From the north of the church a lane (1 *m.*) leads through hazel woods and by a large pool to *Broadhurst*, a fine old manor of the Lewknors and Michelburnes, now a farmhouse, standing most picturesquely in a wild spot amid groups of old oaks. Here, after resigning his archbishopric,

Leighton passed the last ten years of his life with his sister, Mrs. Sapphira Lightmaker, and her son, Master Edward Lightmaker,[1] spending most of his income in works of charity. Some of the large old rooms of the house are of his time. Amid these oak-crowned hillocks and thick nut-copses, 'the little bishop,' as he is frequently called, for he was very small of stature, loved to dwell upon the marvellous works of the Almighty, especially on the glories of the

Broadhurst.

firmament and the stars, saying that 'we miss the chief benefit they are meant to render us, if we use them not to light us up to heaven.' 'It was a long hand,' he would exclaim, 'and a strong hand too, that stretched out this stately canopy above us, and to Him whose work it is we may ascribe most excellent majesty.' A short time before his death he wrote—

[1] The executors of his will, executed at Broadhurst.

'I find daily more and more reason without me, and within me yet much more, to pant and long to be gone. I am grown exceeding uneasy in writing and speaking, yea, almost in thinking, when I reflect how cloudy our clearest thoughts are; but, I think again what other can we do till the day break and the shadows flee away, as one that lieth awake in the night must be thinking; and one thought that will likely oftenest return, when by all other thoughts he finds little relief, is, *when will it be day?*'

Archbishop Leighton died (1684) at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane in the City of London—peacefully in his sleep—thereby fulfilling his often-expressed desire that he might not trouble his friends in his death.

'He used often to say that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance; and he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane.'—*Burnet's 'Own Times.'*

After describing what had been the main subject of the Archbishop's thoughts for thirty years, Bishop Burnet says—

'I was formed to them by a bishop, that had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition, that I ever yet saw in mortal; that had the greatest parts, as well as virtues, with the perfectest humility, that I ever saw in man; and had a sublime strain in preaching, with so grave a gesture, and such a majesty, both of thought, of language, and of pronunciation, that I never once saw a wandering eye when he preached: and I have seen whole assemblies often melt in tears before him; and of whom I can say with great truth, that in a free and frequent conversation with him for above two-and-twenty years, I never knew him say an idle word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never once saw him in any other temper but that which I wished to be in, in the last moments of my life.'

The name of the hamlet *Danehill* is a memorial of the Danish occupation.

16½ *m. West Hoathly Stat.* The village, some distance to the west, has a good church, partly early English, with

some iron slabs to members of the Infield family. At *Rockhurst*, 1½ *m.* west, is a large mass of sandstone rock, poised upon a smaller one, known as '*Great upon Little.*' The wood in which it is situated is called *Andreds Wood*, which has made some antiquaries regard it as an altar to a British deity—Andrast; though the name of Anderida (from the negative prefix *an*, and *tred* a dwelling) may have simply meant an uninhabited district.

Gravetye, in this parish, is a remarkable though small XVI. c. house, with mullioned windows and a terraced garden. Its hall has a richly ornamented stucco ceiling. The house was built by Richard Infield, who died in 1624, having married Catherine Culpeper of Wakehurst. Their daughter, Agnes, took the property to Richard Falconer, their initials F. C. are over the porch. The Infields carried on great iron-works here. Gravetye has recently belonged to Mr. W. Robinson, author of the well-known work on 'The English Flower Garden.'

18¼ *m.* Kingscote Stat.

20¼ *m.* East Grinstead. See Ch. i.

V.

BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON is only 50½ miles from London. Its population (185,402 in 1891) is more than a fourth of that of the county. But the place was unknown till the middle of the XVIII. c. Then the village of Brighthelmstone —said to be so called as the 'tun' or residence of Brighthelm, a bishop of Selsey—became frequented for bathing. Though described in 1515 by Hall, as 'a poore village in Sussex called Bright Helmston,' it is now distinguished as the 'Queen of Watering Places;' for at the end of the XVIII. c. the place was brought into fashion by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., who began his fantastic palace of the Pavilion in 1784.

'It is the fashion to run down George IV.; but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton! One of the best physicians our city has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton. Hail, thou purveyor of shrimps, and honest prescriber of South Down mutton: no fly so pleasant as Brighton flies: nor any cliffs so pleasant to ride on: no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops, and the fruit shops, and the markets.'—*Thackeray*, '*The Newcomes*.'

'Brighton does not offer any especial advantages to bathers, either by the attractions of its shore, or by the mildness of its climate, or the beauty of the surrounding country: its fortune lies in its being situated in the meridian of London, at the point of the south coast nearest to the capital and the most accessible by railway. In reality, one must regard Brighton as a suburb of London, whence the name of London-on-Sea, as applied to it. The favour of Londoners has, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, made it a populous town; and now, without any other means of subsistence than its fishery and its visitors, it has more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, a hundred and fifty thousand

at the height of its season, and it has become the equal of a number of industrial and commercial towns of the first class. Thousands of merchants, whose counting-houses are in the city of London, have fixed their residence at Brighton, and almost daily perform two journeys between the Thames and the sea.'—*Elisée Reclus.*

It is its bracing air, dryness,[1] and sunshine which attract visitors to Brighton, and which cause many London tradesmen to make their residence there, and to traverse the space between London and Brighton twice daily. 'London-on-Sea,' three miles in length, is absolutely devoid of beauty. Next to its healthy climate, its chief boast is of the finest *Aquarium* in the world. The *Museum* contains a quantity of valuable ancient pottery, and a perfect collection of the fossils found in the chalk. *S. Nicholas*, dating from the time of Henry VII., was the old church of Brighthelmstone village,[2] but was almost rebuilt in 1853; it still contains a font from a much more ancient church. In the churchyard are monuments to Captain Tattersell—'through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty Charles II. was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France, 1651'[3]—and to Phoebe Hessell, who fought as a private in the 5th Infantry, was wounded at Fontenoy, and died at the age of 108.

The sign of the *King's Head* still exists in West Street, where Charles II. spent the night before embarking at Shoreham. 'His black-wigged majesty,' says Mrs. Thrale, 'has from the time of the Restoration been its sign.'

The *Pavilion* is a foolish Chinese palace, nominally due to designs of Nash. Its conglomeration of minarets made Sydney Smith say, 'The dome of St. Paul's has come down to Brighton and pupped.'[4] It was originally built by Louis Weltje, cook to the Prince of Wales, but was

1 A proverb (referring to the Isle of Wight, 45 miles distant) says—

'When the Island's seen above the line,
Brighthelmstone loses weather fine.'

2 'Saint Nicholas keepes the mariners from daunger and diseas,
That beaten are with boystrous waves and tost in dreadfull seas.'
—*The Popish Kingdom.*

3 See Shoreham.

4 William Wilberforce also said, 'It looks very much as if St. Paul's had come down to the sea and left a litter of cupolas.'—*Life*, iv. 277.

purchased by the Prince, who had been attracted by the pure air of Brighton, and determined to make it his summer residence, when visiting his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, who was the first of the Royal Family to frequent the place. The Prince Regent spent nearly a million on his ridiculous plaything-palace, which was finished in 1787.

> 'Shut up—no, not the King, but the Pavilion,
> Or else 'twill cost us all another million.'
> —*Byron*, '*Don Juan*,' xiv.

The Royal Stables have been converted into the fine concert-room called *The Dome;* the Riding-School is a Corn-Exchange.

The house where Mrs. Fitzherbert lived still overlooks the *Steyne*, which takes its name from the rock—*stane*—where Brighthelmstone fishermen used to dry their nets.

The eastern part of Brighton is known as *Kemp Town*, from Thomas Reed Kemp, who built it 1821–35. Here the esplanade may be amusing for a time: there is nothing but the sea and the people to look at, but the elastic air is enjoyable. The *Chain Pier*, 1134 ft. long, was built in 1822.

Brighton fishermen are called 'Jaspers.' They were formerly called 'Juggs.' Cooper, in his 'Glossary,' gives: 'Jug, a nickname given to the men of Brighton. In the parish of Kingston there is "Jugg's Road," on Kingston Hill, so named because the Brighton fish-dealers, on approaching Lewes, were first caught sight of on that spot.'[1]

The Downs at the back of Brighton are excessively dreary. Mrs. Piozzi reports that Dr. Johnson declared that a man would soon be so overcome by their dismalness that he would hang himself, if he could find a tree strong enough to bear the rope, but that he would not be able to find it.

A railway line of $5\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* has been constructed to the *Devil's Dyke*. This is a natural fosse, 300 ft. deep, by which tradition says that the devil intended to let the sea in by night upon the churches of the Weald, but was prevented

[1] See *Notes and Queries*, Ser. vi. vol. ix. p. 342.

by an old woman looking out of her cottage window with her candle in a sieve, which put him to flight, as he mistook it for the rising sun. On the crest of the hill is a *British Camp*, known as Poor Man's Wall (the devil was the 'Poor Man'), now much cockneyfied, and of tea-garden celebrity.

Below the dyke lies *Poynings*, with an unusually well-proportioned cruciform church (Holy Trinity). It is built of chalk and rubble, cased with flints. Four admirable arches support the tower. The north transept is known as

Poynings.

Montague Chapel. Over the chancel window and the porch are the arms of Poynings. Some old encaustic tiles bear the arms of Richard, King of the Romans, brother of Henry III.

In the neighbouring village of *Pyecombe*, shepherds crooks, of a kind indispensable to every rightly-equipped shepherd, were made—*Pyecombe hooks*.

Edburton, a little west of Poynings, has a lead font of 1180, and a pulpit and altar-rails said to have been presented by Archbishop Laud.

There is a pleasant drive over the Downs from Brighton to Newhaven (9 *m.* see Ch. iv.). It passes a little south of (4 *m.*) *Ovingdean* (celebrated in Ainsworth's novel of 'Ovingdean Grange,' now a stuccoed villa), where Charles II. is said to have rested at the manor-house before embarking at Shoreham. *Rottingdean* (4 *m.*, omnibus to Brighton twice daily), is a pleasant little bathing-place, with an early English church of S. Margaret, which belonged to a priory rich enough to attract an attack of the French in the time of Richard II., when the Prior of Lewes was taken prisoner.[1] The great Duke of Wellington, Bulwer Lytton, and Cardinal Manning were at Dr. Hooker's school here.

'In a house at Rottingdean all kinds of strange noises were heard night after night, when suddenly they ceased. Soon afterwards one of a gang of smugglers confessed to their having made a secret passage from the beach close by the house, and that, wishing to induce the occupiers to abandon it, they had rolled at dead of night tub after tub of spirits up the passage, and so had caused it to be reported that the place was haunted.'—*Mrs. Latham*, '*West Sussex Superstitions*.'

At *Balsdean*, 2 *m.*, is an ancient decorated thatched chapel, now used as a barn.

A line of 8 *m.* leads east from Brighton to Lewes (see Ch. iv.), passing—

4 *m. Falmer Stat.*

Stanmer Park (Earl of Chichester) was bought by Thomas Pelham of Halland, who built the house in 1724. It contains a very interesting collection of portraits of John, 1st Duke of Marlborough (Kneller); his son; his four daughters; and several of his grandchildren; inherited through the marriage of Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, with Henrietta, eldest daughter of Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, who was the eldest daughter of the great Duke. The portrait of Elizabeth Steward, mother of Oliver Cromwell, in widow's weeds; Cromwell's Bible, in four volumes, with his own marginal notes; a medallion

[1] From this time (1377) is supposed to date the proverb, 'Ware the Abbot of Battle when the Prior of Lewes is taken prisoner.'

of the Protector, and impression of his great seal; and a picture and miniature of his daughter, Lady Fauconberg, came through the marriage of Thomas Pelham, 1st Earl of Chichester, with Ann, only daughter and heiress of Frederick Frankland of Muntham, and great-grand-daughter of Frances Russell, daughter of the Protector. Of this Thomas, 1st Earl, and his wife Ann Frankland, are portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whose hand there are also many other fine portraits at Stanmer.

Hollingsbury Hill, the site of a British fort, may be visited from hence.

[The main line from Brighton to London passes through—

1½ *m. Preston Park*, now a suburb of Brighton. The early English (restored) church of *S. Peter* has some faint remains of rude frescoes representing the murder of Thomas à Becket by the four knights, and the monk Grim vainly trying to protect him.

Francis Cheynell, the Parliamentarian and opponent of Chillingworth, having forfeited his living near Banbury by non-residence, retired to a cottage here, though he denounced Sussex as a county in which religion was neither preached nor practised. He died in 1665, and is buried in the nave of the church, extolled by Bishop Hoadly as being 'as pious, honest, and charitable as his bigotry would permit.' In the churchyard is the grave of the Rev. James Douglas (1753–1819), the antiquary and artist, author of the *Nenia Britannica*.

7 *m. Hassock's Gate Stat.* Hassock is a coppice.

1 *m.* right is *Keymer Church*, partly Norman. *Ditchling Church* (of S. Margaret), 1½ *m.* east, is transition Norman and early English of XIII. c. The shingled spire is supported by four gothic arches. The chalk pillars are admirably worked. Near it is a fine old timber house.

Ote Hall or *Oatshall* (General Godman), is an interesting Elizabethan house of timber, on the site of an old manor inhabited by the family of De Otehall in the reign of Edward III. From this family it passed to the Michel-

burnes, and then to the Godmans, of whom Thomas Godman built the present house in 1600. The house was afterwards long inhabited by the Shirleys, of whom General Shirley, who became Commander-in-chief of the forces in North America, never left home without six horses to his carriage. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, also lived here for some years, and her chaplain, the Rev. W. Romaine, officiated in the hall, which was used as a chapel. The Godman family have now repurchased the property.

The ascent called *The Bostall* leads to the highest point in the county, *Ditchling Beacon*—858 feet—where there are remains of a Roman camp.

2 *m.* left (omnibus) is *Hurstpierpoint*, where the modern church of 1845 is by *Barry*. Belonging to the old church is an effigy of a Knight-Templar in chain-armour, and also of a knight in plate-armour of the time of Edward III., supposed to be Sir Simon de Pierpoint. In the east window are medallions from Bishop Butler's house at Hampstead. *S. John's College* is a large, middle-class school, founded 1848: the chapel is of 1865. Under the Downs, to the south of the village, is the fine old Elizabethan brick house of *Danny*, the old seat of the Campion family. It was built in 1595 by George Goring of Ovingdean, afterwards in the household of Henry, Prince of Wales. He was knighted by James I. in 1608. In 1629 he was created Lord Goring of Hurstpierpoint, and in 1645 Earl of Norwich. The extravagance of his son George forced him to sell his estate to Peter Courthope of Cranbrook in 1652. In the reign of Charles II. it came into the possession of Sir John Shaw of Eltham, and at the end of the last century Sir T. Gregory Shaw sold it to W. J. Campion, descended from the Norman family of Champaigne.

From the house of Danny a path winds up *Wolstonbury Hill*, which bears traces of a circular camp, undeniably Roman. Two plantations are known as *Campion's Eyebrows*.

3½ *m.* west of Hassocks Gate is *Albourne Place*, the residence of the Juxon family. There is a tradition that

Archbishop Juxon escaped from the Parliamentarian soldiers here in the disguise of a bricklayer. The church (of S. Bartholomew) was rebuilt in 1853.

9 *m. Burgess Hill Stat.*

9¾ *m. Keymer Junction.* On the right is *Wivelsfield*, with an early English church. A little south-east is *Westmeston*, where the church of *S. Martin* has mural paintings of the XII. c. representing the Delivery of the Keys to S. Peter, the Adoration of the Magi, Scourging of Christ, &c.

[A line leads south-east (9 *m.*) to Lewes by—

3¼ *m. Plumpton Stat. Plumpton Place* (8 *m.* from Lewes, 2 *m.* south of the station) is an old moated mansion. The estate is mentioned in the will of King Alfred, and was part of the dower of Anne of Cleves. Afterwards it belonged to the Mascalls, of whom Leonard Mascall, author of many agricultural and botanical works,—'country gentleman's books,'—in the time of Henry VIII., first introduced carp (*cyprinus*) into England, cultivating them in the moat here. He is also reported to have brought the golden pippin into Sussex. According to the old proverb—

> 'Turkeys, carp, hops, pickerel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year.'

The house is much spoilt and desecrated.

A mile and a half south-west is *Street* or *Streat Place*, a fine old house of the time of James I., which belonged to the Dobells from 1632 to 1734. It is now a farmhouse. The room which was once the library has rich decorations. A curious hiding-place was concealed behind the hall chimney, and there is a legend that during the civil wars a fugitive Royalist rode into this, and disappeared with his horse for ever. The early English church has tablets of Sussex iron in its pavement. There is a monument to Mrs. Martha Cogger—'a pattern of piety and politeness.']

13 *m. Hayward's*[1] *Heath Stat.* Here, till recently, was a wild heath with fine groups of fir trees. The land has been cut up and sold in small portions by the Sergisons,

[1] From the hay ward, or cattle-keeper of the manor.

and is now a colony of cockney villas, and the roads both to Lindfield and Cuckfield are lined with lamps.

1½ *m.* north-east (omnibus) is *Lindfield*, a pretty and ancient village, with a wide rambling street. The bracket supporting the sign of the Tiger Inn is a good specimen of Sussex ironwork. The Church of S. Margaret, which stands at the upper end of the street, with a quaint shingled spire, was formerly worth visiting. It contained a very curious effigy of 1520 on three incised tiles, and on the wall was a XV. c. fresco of S. Michael, but a restorer has plastered over the fresco, and destroyed the old monuments and glass: all the interest of the place is gone, except that the west porch still retains a parvise, now used as a ringing chamber. Behind the church is *Old Court* (C. E. Kempe, Esq., the well-known artist of stained glass), a very picturesque, half-timbered house, with a lovely garden.

1 *m.* from Lindfield is *Paxhill* (William Sturdy, Esq.), of 1595, the old Elizabethan house of the Board family, which belonged first to the Wilsons. It stands on a height, fronting west. The library chimney-piece is sculptured with a hunting-scene. The house is much spoilt by modern additions.

East Mascalls (1½ *m.*, which also belongs to Mr. Sturdy) was the seat of the Mascalls in the XIV. and XV. c. Then it was sold to the Middletons, and afterwards to the Newtons (1560), from whom it passed to the Noyes family. The beautiful old timber-house dates from 1580: it is (1894) in a terrible state of dilapidation, uninhabited, and scarcely safe to enter.

Kenwards was the old house of the Challoners.

Two miles left of Hayward's Heath (omnibus eight times a day, 6d.), lies *Cuckfield*, in a beautiful wooded country. The Church of Holy Trinity has been restored, but has two good timber porches, one of them black and white. It contains many monuments of the Burrells, and that of Charles Sergison, 1732, eminent as a Commissioner of the Royal Navy under William III. and Anne. There is a beautiful view from the churchyard. In the hollow below

is *Cuckfield Place*, the XVI. c. house of the Sergisons, which was Elizabethan in its architecture till 1848, but has since been added to. It is the 'Rookwood' of Harrison Ainsworth. One of the trees in the lime avenue is supposed to foretell the death of an owner, by a branch falling across his path. The house itself is haunted by a 'Blue Lady.' The *Gate House*, at the foot of the avenue, is a quaint turreted edifice of the time of James I. The Sergisons used to be buried at midnight by torchlight, the procession issuing from the gate-house as the clock struck twelve. Through the valley below the house runs the little river Adur, which abounds in trout.

[A branch of 13 *m.* leads east from Hayward's Heath to Horsted Keynes, see Ch. iv. (on the line from London (Victoria) by East Grinstead to Lewes). It passes—

Ardingly Stat. The church (1½ *m.* north) has an oak porch and screen. It contains the effigies of a knight and a lady, probably Wakehursts, also the brasses of Richard and Nicholas Culpeper of Wakehurst: that of their parents-in-law, Richard and Elizabeth Wakehurst, 1454, on a tomb: and that of Elizabeth, 1634, daughter of Sir William Culpeper and his wife, Jane Pellatt. The *Middle-class School of S. Saviour* is in connection with Shoreham and Lancing. The river Ouse, which flows by Lewes to Newhaven, has its source near this.[1]

Wakehurst Place (1 *m.* north) was built by Sir Edward Culpeper in 1590. The two daughters of Richard Wakehurst, who died in 1454, and is buried in the church, having married the brothers Richard and Nicholas Culpeper, brought the property to the family of 'the ubiquitous Culpepers,' of whom John Philipot, Somerset Herald, writing in 1657, says: 'I have noted at one time there were twelve knights and baronets alive of this house together.' The manor-house, restored by Caroline, Marchioness of Downshire, is a fine old stone building of three stories. Both its long wings have been shortened of their original

1 The sources of the Ouse, Adur, Arun, and a feeder of the Mole, are within a few miles of each other.

design by three-fifths. The hall, though only one story high, is very handsome, with a rich stucco ceiling and frieze, and a heavy chimney-piece bearing an escutcheon of the Culpepers with twelve quarterings. A richly-ornamented door opens on the staircase.

3 *m.* north-east is West Hoathly. For this and Gravetye, see Ch. iv.]

16¾ *m. Balcombe Stat.*[1] 2 *m.* south-east is Ardingly, see above. *Balcombe Place* is on the estate of Neylands, where a fine old mansion of the Culpepers was recently destroyed. The place was originally Neylond, and produced Thomas Neylond, Prior of Lewes, in 1459, whose magnificent brass is at Cowfold.

3 *m.* west is *Slaugham.* The south chancel of the Church of St. Mary was built by the once famous family of Covert in 1613. Here, removed from an earlier part of the church, is a very curious monument of 1579, also belonging to the family, though only marked by initials, which has kneeling statues of a man and his wife with their seven sons and eight daughters. There are brasses of John Covert, 1503; Jane Covert, Lady Fetyplace, with her open Bible, 1581; and Richard Covert and his three wives, 1547. Richard Covert is represented standing in his coffin, looking at the figure of the Saviour rising from the sepulchre. The last two brasses are in picturesque old canopied tombs. Mural paintings of the Flagellation, Crucifixion, and Last Supper were found here under the whitewash. In the hollow below the churchyard (entrance at the farmhouse) are the exceedingly picturesque fragments of the magnificent *Slaugham Place*, the old house of the Coverts, a very rich, powerful, and numerous family in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., but now extinct. They had a park here of 1200 acres. An artist will delight in the ruins, small as they are, the most striking feature being the beautiful triple entrance of three rich renaissance

[1] Illustrating the simplicity of the natives, a Sussex proverb says, 'The people of Balcombe put dung round their church spire to make it grow as high as Cuckfield spire.'

arches, with fluted pilasters, coats of arms, &c., now standing in an orchard.

'The Coverts were among the greatest landed proprietors in the south of England, and tradition says that they might travel over their own manors from Southwark to the English Channel.' *M. A. Lower*, '*Hist. of Sussex*.'

The principal source of the Adur is at Slaugham.

2 *m.* distant is *Lower Beeding*, with a tall modern churchyard cross 'to the unknown dead.' At *Leonardslee* (Sir Edmund G. Loder, Bt.) kangaroos have been acclimatised and breed in the woods, and beavers have a lodge. There is a famous Alpine garden here.

'The scenery of St. Leonard's forest, uniformly picturesque, becomes specially beautiful at Leonard's Lee. It includes a natural ravine, which drains the high ground on either side, and was utilised by the iron-masters, when they reigned supreme in this region, for the purpose of obtaining water-power to drive their smelting-mills. By skilful treatment, these 'hammer' or 'furnace' ponds have been enlarged into a series of four lakes; the 'pond-bays' that divided them, and in which the masonry was fixed for the wheels and sluices, now forming causeways or bridges. A grove of larch stands at the head of the ravine, and a portion of the sandy slopes is covered with heather and fern, from which rise silver birches, mingled with Scotch firs, and in places a wild apple-tree, whose distorted lichen-coated trunk serves as a foil to the grace and dignity of its associates. The woods which surmount and fringe the slopes are mainly of beech, single examples of which attain great size; while the underwoods which spread down to the borders of the lakes, include Spanish chestnuts and other saplings. No one who has viewed this scene on a brilliant day in autumn will readily forget it.' —*H. G. Hewlett, Nineteenth Century, August* 1884.

Three Bridges Station.

1½ *m.* east is *Worth*, where the church (keys close by), prettily situated on a wooded knoll, approached by an ancient timber lych-gate, is now a mere rebuilding of what was till recently one of the most curious and remarkable early Norman or Anglo-Saxon buildings in England, and which, with the exception of the church at Bradford-on-Avon, probably affords the only perfect specimen of an Anglo-Saxon ground-plan. The portions least interfered with externally are the apse and the south transept, which have a basement

of large stones, a string-course of stone half way up the building, and numerous flat shallow buttresses. Three ancient windows remain, two on the north and one on the scuth of the nave; but two of them are partial restorations. They have two lights, divided by a heavy balustre, in the place of the later mullion. The simple round arch, supported by

Anglo-Saxon Arches, Worth.

rude pillars, at the entrance of the chancel, is curious. The font is ancient. But all that vulgar tiles, revolting glass, and coarse woodwork can do to spoil a church, has been liberally bestowed. Near the timber porch is the very laudatory gravestone of John Alcock, with a curious epitaph, and close by that of his wife, whom he starved, inscribed,

'My knees are faint through fasting, my flesh is dried up for want of fatness.'

Crabbet Park is a modern Georgian house, built from the admirable design of its mistress, Lady Anne Blunt, the African traveller and granddaughter of the poet Byron. The place has become celebrated for its breed of Arab horses and their sales. The owner of the house, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, has insisted on a wild piece of land, covered with rubbish heaps and brushwood—'the African desert'—being left in front of the house door, in curious contrast to the well-kept lawns and pleached alleys a little farther off.

Worth Park (Mrs. Montefiore) is a large modern house of brick and stone, very sumptuously furnished.

Interesting fossil plants are often found in the sandstone of this district. Beautiful views may be obtained from the high ground of *Worth Forest* and *Tilgate Forest*.

[A line runs east to Tunbridge Wells, by East Grinstead, Forest Row, and Withyham. See Ch. i. Passing at 2 *m.* *Rowfant*, where *Rowfant Place*, a very fine old Jacobean house, is the residence of Frederick Locker the poet.[1] In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, much attention is attracted to a natural curiosity from Rowfant.

'In 1888, a pair of the Great Titmouse (*Parus major*) began to build their nest in the post-box which stood in the road at Rowfant, and into which letters, &c., were posted and taken out by the door daily. One of the birds was killed by a boy, and the nest was not finished.

'In 1889, a pair completed the nest, laid seven eggs and began to sit; but one day, when an unusual number of post-cards were dropped into, and nearly filled, the box, the birds deserted the nest, which was afterwards removed with the eggs.

'In 1890, a pair built a new nest and laid seven eggs and reared a brood of five young, although the letters posted were often found lying on the back of the sitting bird, which never left the nest when the door of the box was opened to take out the letters.

'The birds went in and out by the slit for the letters.'—*Museum Notice.*

[A line runs S.W. to Horsham by 1½ *m.* *Crawley*, on

[1] Afterwards Locker-Lampson.

the outskirts of Tilgate Forest, from which several old trees adorn the village. The (restored) church of S. John Baptist bears on its oak roof the inscription—

> 'Man yn wele bewar; for warldly good maketh man blynde,
> Bewar for what comyth behinde.'

Mark Lemon, for twenty-nine years the editor of *Punch*, died here, at Vine Cottage, May 23, 1870. A proverb says —'It always rains on Crawley Fair day.'

> 'At Crawley, sand and sandstone appear, and the road is composed of grit and stone, containing fluviatile shells, bones, and plants.'—*Mantell*, '*Wonders of Geology*.'

1½ *m.* left is *Ifield*, where the church of S. Margaret contains tombs of a knight and lady, supposed to be Sir John de Ifield and his wife, 1317. The knight's effigy, a very noble one, offers a splendid example of the armour of the time of Edward II. The pews of this church came from S. Margaret's at Westminster.

5 *m. Faygate Stat.*

9 *m. Horsham Stat.*, a very picturesque little country town, said to derive its name from the Saxon Horsa. It is quiet, except when enlivened by its market, which has much local celebrity. The meeting of the streets is called, like that of Oxford, Carfax. The *Causeway* is an avenue of trees, lined by quaint bow-windowed houses, with broad pavements in front of them, and leading to the old church (of S. Mary), which is a handsome medley of many styles upon an early English foundation, with a spire which is tall for Sussex. The interior has undergone the mutilation of a wholesale restoration, and its monuments are mostly torn from the sites for which they were intended, and meaninglessly crowded under the tower. Those allowed to remain in their places include, on the north side of the altar, a graceful canopied tomb of Sussex marble to Thomas, Lord Hoo, 1455, long Chancellor in France, and an important soldier and statesman under Henry VI. Opposite, on the south of the altar, is an altar-tomb with an effigy of a knight in armour to Thomas, Lord Braose, 1396, whose family

long owned the place, and from whom the lordship descended to the Dukes of Norfolk. Near this is the tomb of Elizabeth Delves, 1654, aged 25, with a beautiful recumbent marble statue by Francis Fanelli, evidently a portrait and full of character. There are two brasses, one representing a man and woman. The other, of a priest, though headless and footless, is still important from its costume—the splendid chasuble, and the rich stole, crossed upon the breast and passing beneath the girdle of the alb: it is beautifully engraved by Waller. Near the north porch is the Trinity Chantry, founded by Sir John Caryll in the time of Henry VIII. Over a vestry of the time of Edward IV. is a strong-room, with grated windows and its old bolts and bars.

The *Grammar School* was founded by Richard Collier, 1532, but the school has recently been moved from the picturesque old buildings near the church to another site.

Hugh James Rose, one of the leaders of the Tractarian movement, was Vicar of Horsham from 1821 to 1830.

'The truth concerning Hugh James Rose, in a word, is this,—that whatsoever things are pure, are lovely, are of good report,—whether in Providence, in Nature, in Literature, or in Art,—he loved these things with all his soul. His intense appreciation of the natural scenery—in particular the Down scenery of his native county, of which he would discourse with a kind of rapture,—amounted in him to a passion.'—*Burgon.*

Near the church is the old manor-house of *Hewells*, which belonged to Rusper Priory, and was the residence of the Treadcrofts for a hundred and fifty years.

At *Chesworth* ($\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* S.E.) was the ancient residence of the De Braoses, now a farm, retaining traces of its moat and chapel. *Hickstead* was a curious old manor of the Stapleys. At *Denne Park* (a little south) is a very noble lime-avenue. The fine old Elizabethan house of Hill's Place was destroyed in 1819.

On the east is *St. Leonard's Forest* (9000 acres), which takes its name from a chapel of the saint. It belonged to the great family of De Braose and the Dukes of Norfolk, who succeeded them, but reverting to the Crown, has for more

than two hundred years been held by several owners. The principal avenue was called *Mike Mill's Race*, from a runner for a wager who fell dead there in the moment of victory; but this has been recently cut down, with many other of the finest trees. Many picturesque legends linger around the forest. Dr. Andrew Borde, writing in the XVI. c., says of the nightingale, 'The bird wyl syng round about the forest, but never within the precinct of the forest.' This is because they once disturbed the devotions of a forest hermit, who cursed them.

'Adders never stynge
Nor nightingales synge,'

is an old distich. If a man rides through the charmed precincts at night, a headless figure is apt to vault up behind him and accompany him to the limit of the forest: this figure is 'Squire Paulett.' St. Leonard himself fought in the recesses of the wood with a mighty dragon, and, though the saint was victorious in the end, the combat was terrible. Wherever the blood of St. Leonard, drawn by the monster, dropped upon the earth, masses of lilies of the valley sprung up, and are still to be seen in proof of the authenticity of the story. As late as 1614 an account of 'a strange monstrous serpent' haunting St. Leonard's Forest, was published by one John Trundle.

'There is always left in his track or path a glutinous and shine matter (as by a small similitude we may perceive in a snail's) which is very corrupt and offensive to the senses. The serpent is reputed to be 9 feete, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the forme of an axeltree of a cart, a quantitie of thicknesse in the middest, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shootes forth as a necke, is supposed to be an elle long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. There are likewise on either side of him discovered two greate bunches as big as a large foote-ball, and, as some think, will in time grow to wings; but God, I hope, will so defend the poor people in the neighbourhood that he shall be destroyed before he grow to fledge.'

5 *m.* north-east is *Rusper*, where a Benedictine priory of S. Mary Magdalene was founded by one of the De

Braose family. It is now a picturesque farmhouse. In 1840 an enamelled chalice and gold crucifix were found in coffins desecrated here. An external staircase in Friday Street, Rusper, deserves notice.

In the church are the brasses of John de Kyggesfolde, a civilian, and his wife Agneys, 1375, whose demi-effigies afford valuable examples of costume of that period.[1] The legend, which is in Norman-French, runs, 'John de Kyggesfolde et Agneys sa feme gisount icy, Dieu de lo almes eit mrcy.' Another brass commemorates Thomas and Mary Challoner, 1532. The ancient farm called *Normans* is said to have been inhabited by the family of Mutton from the time of the Conquest, and a chest is preserved which the farmer's ancestor is said to have brought from Normandy at that time.

2 *m.* north, in the parish of Warnham, which has a station on the line from Horsham to Dorking, is *Field Place*, where Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, August 4, 1792, and which was his home till after his expulsion from Oxford. The room in which he was born is marked by a tablet as 'the shrine of his dawning speech and thought.' 'Queen Mab' was written at Field Place.

On *Warnham Pond* Shelley first began to float paper boats, a pastime which always continued to please him so much that, having no other paper, he is remembered to have sent a £5 note away, twisted into a paper boat, upon the Serpentine.

Warnham Church (restored) is early English. It contains the fine Elizabethan tomb of Sir John Caryl, 1613.

'The speech of the Sussex peasant is distinguished by a broad yawning pronunciation of the open vowels, which makes it difficult to understand, and hardly to be represented in print. Some idea of it may be obtained by trying to follow the rhyme-sequence in the following doggrel triplet, which figures on an alehouse sign :—

'I, John Charman,
Will beat half on 'em
With any long-legged man in Warnham.'
—*The Nineteenth Century*, *August* 1884.

[1] See Boutell's 'Monumental Brasses.'

3 *m.* south-west is *Itchingfield*, in a richly-wooded country. The old church of S. Nicholas has a low timber spire. To the Aylesbury Dairy Farm here, *Christ's Hospital*, founded in 1553 by Edward VI., is to be removed from London.

2 *m.* south-east, at *Nuthurst*, the church of S. Andrew has some remains of ancient glass, and a brass of Thomas Frenshe, rector, 1486. Near Nuthurst Lodge is the spring called *The Wren's Well*, in the thick wood, with some double-moated remains of a castle—*Sedgwick Castle*—which belonged to the ancient family of De Selvage, then to that of De Braose. One source of the Adur is here]

2 *m.* beyond Three Bridges Station the railway line to London enters Surrey.

A line runs north-west from Brighton to Horsham and Guildford by—

3 *m. Portslade Stat.* The village, 1 *m.* north, has an early English church, S. Nicholas, with an ancient fresco of the Last Judgment. 1½ *m.* north is *Hangleton*, with an old Tudor manor-house, *Hangleton Place*. Near this is the old house of *Benfield*, with a porch sculptured with shields. The church of *Aldrington*, a little south, has been rebuilt, after being ruined for 300 years. A hermitage was established here, on the north of the churchyard, for one Thomas Bolle, in 1402; now the place is a suburb of Brighton. Six dreary miles of exposed and dusty road, along which William IV. took his daily drive, lead from Brighton to—

6 *m. Shoreham Stat. New Shoreham*, at the mouth of the Adur—the *Portus Adurni* of the Romans—is the place where John landed after the death of Richard I., and where Charles II. embarked after the battle of Worcester (October 15, 1651), landing at Fecamp. The church here and the neighbouring church of Old Shoreham are probably both due to the De Braoses, Lords of Shoreham. New Shoreham was founded by William De Braose, probably in atonement for his cruelties in Wales, where he beguiled Sitfylt of

Dimswald and many other powerful persons to a feast in his castle at Abergavenny, and murdered them; and then, going to Sitfylt's house, slew his only surviving son in the presence of his mother, and set fire to his mansion. Afterwards, falling under suspicion of infidelity to John, he escaped to France, where he died in 1212, but his wife Matilda and her children, who had fled to Ireland, were taken, brought back to Windsor, and never heard of more.

New Shoreham Church.

SS. Mary and Nicholas, New Shoreham (usually open), is the glorious fragment of a cruciform church, consisting of choir, transepts, and one pier of the nave. The arches under the tower are Norman, in the choir transition. In the north transept is an exquisite foliated early English arch. The capitals of the columns are beautiful and deserving of study.[1] A Norman arcade runs round the choir

[1] Many of them are engraved in a work on the church by Edmund Sharpe.

under the early English windows, surmounted by a triforium and clerestory. The fine Norman font under the tower is coeval with the foundation. There is a brass of a merchant and his wife of the time of Edward IV. The church is comparatively free from the abominations which accompany an English 'restoration.' When perfect, Shoreham, never conventual, was in the first rank of English parish churches. The elections of members of Parliament used to be held in the north transept of the church.

The disproportionately handsome Suspension Bridge dates from 1833, when it was built by a Duke of Norfolk.

A straight road running from the station and a turn to the left, lead, in ¾ *m.*, to *Old Shoreham*, with a smaller cruciform Norman church of S. Nicholas (keys at the school), of much interest, recalling, with its stumpy Norman tower, many village churches in Picardy. The west end of the nave is supposed to be earlier than the rest of the church, and to have been the whole of the original building. There are few windows, but there has been an unusual number of doors: the nave alone has three blocked entrances. The tower is supported by four massive Norman arches. At the ends of the transepts are very peculiar oblong windows, with zig-zag mouldings on the outside. Parts of the church were restored almost from ruin in the middle of the present century, but the good Jacobean pulpit has been discarded for a trashy modern one. There are monuments of the families of Blaker, Monk, and Bridges in the church and churchyard.

Beyond an old timber bridge over the Adur, Lancing College rises on the hillside.

> 'And Adur coming down to Shoreham softly said,
> The Downs did very ill, poor woods so to debase.'
> —*Drayton*, '*Polyolbion*,' xvii.

10 *m. Bramber Stat.* (from Brymmburgh—fortified hill). Bramber has only a population of 173, but in 1832 it returned two members to Parliament. It was once an important place, and the site of a fortress of the Saxon

kings, built to guard the hollow—4 *m.* long, 1½ wide—by which the Adur reaches the sea at Shoreham. Close to the station, on the hill (with a locked churchyard), is the *Church of S. Nicholas*, the ivy-mantled nave and tower of which belonged to a small cruciform Norman building. Behind are the remains of the *Castle*, which, inhabited by Earl Guerd in the time of the Confessor, was built by the English, but granted at the Conquest to the Norman, William de Braose, who added a keep, with walls nine feet

Bramber.

thick. In 1644 Captain Temple held Bramber Castle for the king, and was besieged there, and when the Parliamentarians took it, they blew it up. Only a fragment of a tower on a mound now remains from the ruins of the castle, which was a large parallelogram, moated on the south and north-west.

Very few villages have the attractive charm of Bramber. The cottage roofs, sometimes tiled, sometimes stone, are gilded with lichen, their little gardens are bright with flowers in summer; and the hill behind, crowned to the

jagged ruins of the castle, is covered with elm-wood. A little *Museum*—'Potter's'—of stuffed land and sea birds, and of other animals in various ludicrous attitudes, is quite worth visiting, and is an enchantment to the children of the neighbourhood.

There are no remains of *Sele Abbey*, founded 1075, and destroyed to build the rectory. *S. Mary's House* is a good timber building. Beyond the Adur (turning left at 'Ye Olde King's Head') is *Beeding Church*, which belonged to a priory.

'Westward of the Adur all the sheep have horns, smooth white faces, and white legs. As soon as you pass that river, and mount Beeding Hill, all the flocks at once become hornless, or, as they call them, poll-sheep, and have, moreover, black faces with a white tuft of wool on their foreheads, and speckled and spotted legs; so that you would think the flocks of Laban were pasturing on one side of the stream, and the variegated breed of Jacob were cantoned on the other. If you talk with the shepherds on the subject, they tell you that the case has been so from time immemorial, and smile at your complacency if you ask them whether the situation of these breeds might not be reversed.'—*Gilbert White*, '*Natural History of Selborne*.'

10½ *m. Steyning Stat.* A church was founded at Steyning—Stane Street—by S. Cuthman, a West Country shepherd, who miraculously guarded his father's sheep by making a circle round them, which nothing could break through. His mother had long been paralysed and confined to a couch on wheels, upon which, on his father's death, he wheeled her 'eastwards.' The cord by which he drew the couch broke, and he replaced it by elder-twigs. Haymakers, who watched him from their fields by the wayside, mocked at him, and were ever after punished by storms which spoilt their hay. The couch finally broke down at Steyning, where Cuthman erected a hut for himself and his mother. He also built a timber church, working at it with his own hands, but wearing gloves (*cheirothecas*) whilst he worked, and hanging them up outside the church whilst he was at prayers. In this church he was buried, and the pilgrimage to Cuthman's grave caused a town to spring up round it.

Ethelwolf, father of Alfred, dying at Bramber Castle, is reported by Asser, Alfred's secretary, to have been buried at Steyning in 853,[1] but was afterwards moved to Winchester. The Confessor gave Steyning to Fecamp in Normandy, and William I. confirmed the grant. At the suppression of alien priories (1 Ed. IV., 1461) Steyning was transferred to Sion.

Cuthman's church—the supposed burial-place of a king and a saint—stood on the site of the existing church of *S. Andrew*, built by Fecamp Benedictines in the time of Henry I. The piers of the tower and arches of the aisles are early Norman, the rest of the building is of 1150. The nave has a beautiful series of enriched pier-arches of the latter period. The tower is XVI. c. The vicarage dining-room has a handsome oak screen, dated 1522, which probably came from the church.

The gabled house near the church, called *Brotherhood Hall*, was given by William Holland, Alderman of Chichester, for a grammar-school, which he founded here in 1614.

There is a tradition that as often as the field at Steyning known as 'the Penfold field' (a meadow which S. Cuthman crossed when wheeling his mother) is mown, rain follows immediately after.[2]

2 *m.* N.W. is *Wiston* (anciently Wistoneston) beautifully situated near the foot of *Chanctonbury Ring* (814 feet), crowned by remains of a British-Roman camp. The fine old Elizabethan house of Wiston was altered by Blore when he was full of the work at Crewe Hall, and he changed most of the windows to be like those of the house in Cheshire. A fine relief, built into the outer wall of the house on the garden side, probably stood formerly over the chimney-piece of the hall, which has a good timber roof of the time of Charles I., but has had stucco ornaments added to the walls in the last century. A gallery has admirable French panelling. In the library is a good full-length por-

1 Florence of Worcester and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle say he was buried at Worcester.

2 See *Sussex Daily News*, Sept. 18, 1883.

trait of Sir John Fagg, who purchased Wiston from the Shirleys, and from whom the present family are descended in the female line. A fine portrait of Cromwell on the stairs belonged to Cardinal Mazarin.

Close to the house is the church of S. Michael, ruined by an ignorant 'restoration.' In the east window are the arms of Braose and Warenne, and of Braose and Howard (before the augmentation of Flodden Field). The font has an early basin of Sussex marble. The south chapel contains the once deeply interesting and important, but now fragmentary, monuments of the Shirleys.

At the Conquest Wiston was granted to one Ralph, who took the name of Wistoneston. His descendant, in the seventh degree, married Adam de Bavent in the time of Henry III. Eleanor de Bavent brought Wiston by marriage (1349) to William de Braose or Brewys, a younger son of the great family at Bramber. His grandson, Sir John de Braose, 1426, has a very important brass here. The stone is powdered over with brass scrolls, thirty in number, bearing the words 'Jesu mercy.' The six shields bear the arms of Braose, the monkish-Latin inscription is (or was)—

> 'Es testis, Christe, quod non jacet lapis iste
> Corpus ut ornetur, sed spiritus ut memoretur.'

The whole is a noble example of a knight in plate-armour of the time of Henry V. Every peculiarity of the panoply of plate-armour in its highest perfection is exhibited in the most characteristic manner. The small appendages to the taces indeed, but this alone, is unusual.[1] The spurs are of great length. The tomb of a child under a graceful canopy, on the left of the chapel, is supposed to be that of the only son of Sir John de Braose, who died before him. The manor then passed by the marriage of his sister Beatrix de Braose to Sir Hugh Shirley. The gravestone of this first of the Shirleys of Wiston, from which the brasses are torn away, was long used as the cover of a well, but is now restored to the pavement of the chapel. Sir Hugh Shirley, who was

[1] See Boutell's 'Monumental Brasses.' The brass is engraved in Dallaway's Sussex.'

Grand Falconer of Ireland, was one of the four knights in royal armour who fell by the hand of the Earl of Douglas at Shrewsbury, July 20, 1403.

> 'Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
> Never to hold it up again; the spirits
> Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.'
> —*K. Hen. IV.*, Pt. i. Act v. Sc. 4.

His son, Ralph, who fought at Agincourt, and died *c.* 1443, was married three times. From his first marriage with Margaret Staunton, sprang the elder line of Shirley of Eatington and Shirley, Earl Ferrers; by his second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Blount, he was the father of Ralph Shirley, who succeeded him at Wiston. This Ralph, dying *c.* 1509, left two sons, of whom the younger, Thomas, founded the family of the Shirleys of West Grinstead. The elder, Sir Richard (1540) had a very striking and important canopied tomb here, which has been wantonly destroyed. The relief which was at the back of the tomb is preserved, on which Richard Shirley is represented between his two wives, Alma Shelley of Michelgrove, and Elizabeth Guldeford. The monument is of peculiar importance, as the figure of the knight, who died in the time of Henry VIII., is one of the first examples of a standing figure on a tomb. William, son of Sir Richard Shirley (d. 1551), was likewise buried at Wiston under an altar-tomb, now destroyed, which also covered the remains of Richard Elrington (1569), the second husband of his widow. His son Thomas, who was only nine years old at the time of his father's death, was knighted by Elizabeth at Rye in 1573. He rebuilt the house at Wiston, and, being a staunch Protestant, he was here appointed by Elizabeth as jailor to Anne, wife of Philip, Earl of Arundel, who had embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Sir Thomas Shirley was afterwards Treasurer to James I. His fine monument was destroyed in the 'restoration' of the church; but his figure and that of his wife, which formerly stood under a semicircular arch, are to be found in the recess of a neighbouring window.

By Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Kempe of Ollantighe in Kent, he was the father of three sons, the famous Shirley brothers, whose romantic story was considered so remarkable even in their own day that a drama was composed on it by John Day, William Rowley, and George Wilkins, 1607, and acted during their lifetime. The second of these brothers, Sir Anthony, went to Persia (1598) on a mission to induce the Shah to join the Christians against the Turks, and was made a Mirza or prince, being the first instance of a Christian upon whom any Oriental title was conferred. He was appointed ambassador from Abbas Shah to the courts of Europe, and died, after many adventures, in 1630. His younger brother, Sir Robert, had accompanied him to Persia, where he married Teresia, daughter of a Circassian prince named Ismael Khan. Being sent back to Europe as ambassador, he arrived at Rome in Persian dress, with a crucifix in his turban. On a second visit to Rome, in 1622, he was painted, with his wife, by Vandyke.[1] Returning to Wiston (in 1611), he was honourably received by James I.; but ultimately went back to Persia, where he died in 1628, and was buried at Kazvin. Teresia died in a convent at Rome.

The eldest of the three brothers, Sir Thomas, tried to keep up the family fortunes by investing his money in ships as privateers against the Spaniards; but he was taken prisoner by the Turks, and only liberated on the interference of James I. He was afterwards imprisoned in the Tower for interfering in the Levant trade. At length, utterly ruined, he was compelled to sell Wiston, and died of a broken heart. A distich says—

'Shirley of Preston
Died for loss of Wiston.'

Wiston was bought by Sir John Fagg, whose descendant, Elizabeth Fagg, brought it to the family of Goring in 1743. Wiston has always had a deer-park.

The periwinkle grows wild in this neighbourhood—'the fresh Pervincke rich of hewe' of Chaucer.

[1] This portrait is now at Petworth.

The proverb—

> 'Old Mother Goring's got her cap on,
> We shall soon have wet'—

refers to Chanctonbury.

A little west of Wiston is *Washington* (Wasa-inga-tun, the settlement of the sons of Wasa). The church, rebuilt (except the tower) in 1866, contains a XVI. c. tomb to John Byne. The gravestone of Charles Goring, 1821, in the churchyard, is inscribed—

> 'Ab orienti redux incorruptus,
> Optimatibus improbisque invisus,
> Divitiarum honorumque spretus,
> Populi salutis et potentiae vindex.'

The church of *Sullington*, a little farther west, contains an effigy of a knight of the time of Henry III., said to be that of Sir William de Covert, and a stone coffin of 1230.

14 *m. Henfield Stat.* Henfield is a picturesque Sussex village, where the Bishops of Chichester had a moated manor. A monument in the church (S. Peter, of which the interest is restored away) commemorates Thomas Bysshopp. Henry Bysshopp, the Royalist, was concealed from the Parliamentarians in a hole in the old house at Henfield. His picture, with the dog which shared his hiding-place, and did not betray him by barking, is in the gallery at Parham. A brass, with effigies of a woman and child, commemorates Mrs. Ann Kenwell, 'a virtuous and godly matron of pietie,' 1633, and her grandson, Meneleb Rainsford, who died at the age of nine in 1627. Beneath is inscribed—

> 'Great Jove has lost his Ganymede, I know,
> Which makes him seek another here below—
> And finding none—not one—like unto this,
> Hath ta'en him hence into eternal bliss.
> Cease, then, for thy dear Meneleb to weep;
> God's darling was too good for thee to keep:
> But rather joy in this great favour given,
> A child on earth is made a saint in heaven.'

The learned Catholic, Thomas Stapleton, exiled under Elizabeth—when he became a professor at Douai, and afterwards master of a college at Louvain—was born at Henfield.

New Timber Place (2 *m.* S.E.) is an Elizabethan house, preserving its ancient moat and bridges.

Partridge Green Stat. 2 *m.* east is *Shermanbury;* a little west of which is a picturesque Edwardian gateway of *Ewhurst*, the old moated manor of the Peverels.

18½ *m. West Grinstead Stat.* The church of S. George, of picturesque outline, has a low shingled spire and a good decorated timber porch. The walls were apparently of peculiar herring-bone work, of which one portion is exposed. The interior, which has been really restored, not mutilated and destroyed, under Warren, is full of interest. The font is a very fine one. The church has two naves. The altar at the end of that on the north is detached in order to show a curious ambry immediately behind it. The stained glass is by Kempe. In the cradle-roof above the altar a panel is made to open, to show the lever by which a canopy was suspended over the host. On the N. wall hangs a copy of a perished fresco of S. Christopher. The walls were once covered with frescoes, which were disapproved of, and the bills still exist for painting texts of Scripture over them 'in the best style.'

The ancient oak seats bear the names of the different farms to which they belong, and one aisle is set apart for men, the other for women. The screen is a restoration, but part of the ancient screen was found in the tower gutter.

In what was formerly the Burrell Chantry is an altar-tomb bearing the brass of Philippa (1375), daughter of David de Strabolgy, Earl of Athol, and wife, first of Sir Ralph Percy, and afterwards of Sir John Halsham (*ob.* 1385).[1] Another brass, on an attendant altar-tomb, is that of Sir Hugh Halsham (1441) and his wife Jocosa, 1421. In both the beautiful effigies of the Ladies Halsham, the simple arrangement of kirtle, tunic, or *cote-hardi* 'alone apparent

[1] Engraved in Dallaway's 'Sussex

beneath a mantle' is seen.[1] Both the ladies wear the plaited wimple so arranged as to impart to its upper outline a heart-like contour. Both brasses have elegant canopies. Between the finials of the memorial of Sir Hugh and his wife were three banners of arms, of which only the central one remains, charged with, first and fourth, argent, a chevron engrailed, between three leopards' heads, gules, for Halsham; and second and third, paly of six, or and sable, for Strabolgy, Earl of Athol. Though the monument of Philippa, Lady Halsham, bears the date of her death, both plates were evidently engraved at the same time, after the death of Sir Hugh, 1441.

An ancient stone coffin is preserved near the Strabolgy tomb. A great monument by Rysbrack commemorates William Powlett, 1748. The sarcophagus of Sir William Burrell, the archaeologist, 1796, is by Flaxman.

The fine old Elizabethan *Rectory* contains a great deal of fine old carved oak furniture, which is an heirloom to rectors of West Grinstead. A local tradition says that it was carved by Cromwell's soldiers when they were quartered here. The old house of *Clothalls*, now a farm, belonged to the ancient family of that name for four hundred years.

West Grinstead House is a modern Gothic building by Nash. In the park formerly stood an old manor of the staunch Royalist family of the Caryls, often visited by Pope—

> 'This verse to Caryl, muse, is due.'
>
> —*Rape of the Lock.*

Under 'Pope's Oak,' which stands alone in the park, the poet is supposed to have written 'The Rape of the Lock.' The Caryls, having been Roman Catholics, have left a Roman Catholic colony at West Grinstead, where the priest has opened industrial schools of great utility, managed by Sisters of Charity.

1 *m.* W. was *Knepp Castle*, formerly one of the six great fortresses of Sussex, now only a fragment of a tower on a

[1] See Boutell's 'Monumental Brasses.'

little mound. It gave name to a family; Paganus de la Knappe is mentioned as a benefactor of Beeding Priory. Knepp was seized in forfeiture from William de Braose by King John, and became a favourite hunting-lodge with him (many letters which he wrote from Knepp being extant). He restored it to the Braose family, in the person of Giles, Bishop of Hereford, in 1215. The bishop died immediately after, and in June 1216, John ordered the castle to be destroyed and burnt, a sentence which was never carried out, owing to the king's own death in October. In 1546–72 Knepp was four times forfeited to the Crown by attainders in the Howard family.

½ *m.* north, in a park which has a lake of 80 acres, is the modern gothic castle of Knepp (Sir Raymond Burrell, Bart.), which contains—after Petworth—the best collection of pictures in the county, including—

Holbein.—Sir Henry Guldeford, Controller of the Household to Henry VIII.
Lady Guldeford, daughter of Sir Thomas Wotton.
These two pictures are replicas from those at Windsor.
Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex—a very fine specimen of the master.
Anne of Cleves, of fine and sensible countenance.
Lord Chancellor Rich.
Sir A. More.—Jane, wife of Ninian Burrell of Holmstead Place, Cuckfield.
Frances Roberts, wife of W. Hooper, then of Sir Nicholas Crisp.
Porbus.—The Duke and Duchess of Brunswick-Grubenhagen.
Van Somer.—Prince Henry with a goldfinch.
William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
Vandyke.—Henrietta Maria, in white satin—full length.
Lely.—Charles II.—full length, seated, in the robes of the Garter.

The house contains the valuable topographical library collected by Sir William Burrell. A great curiosity is the Diary (1680–1720) of Timothy Burrell of Cuckfield, with his comically illustrated accounts, in which 'cakes for my little girl,' a new pigstye or broom, &c., are equally depicted. A pot of beer indicates the entries of wages paid to John the coachman, constantly drunk; a dagger through a window

the window tax, which infuriated him. Charities are entered under 'The Lord's Rent.' The daughter of this Timothy Burrell married Lord Trevor (his unkind treatment by whom he mentions in Greek), and her daughter the third Duke of Marlborough.

'Amongst Sussex antiquaries the palm must undoubtedly be awarded to Sir William Burrell. As we turn over those fifteen folio volumes of MSS. which he bequeathed to the British Museum, we actually seem to have before us all the indentures, pedigrees, and manorial records which the county could ever have possessed.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

3½ *m.* W. of the station is *Shipley Church* (S. Mary), recently well restored under Pearson. It is an interesting building with several fine Norman arches, and was granted to the Knights-Templars in the XII. c. by Philip de Harcourt, the friend of Henry II., who was Dean of Lincoln, Archdeacon of Evreux, and afterwards Bishop of Bayeux. Against the south wall of the chancel is the sumptuous alabaster tomb of Sir Thomas Caryl of Bentons, 1616, who is represented with his wife and four children. The two last lines of the epitaph are a puzzle, the nominatives and verbs being placed together. The inscription runs—

'Aske not who lyes entombed, that crime
Argues you livid not in his time;
His virtues answer, and to Fate
Outliving him, express their hate
For stealing 'way the life of one
Who (but for fashion) needs no stone
To seek his praise; his worst did dye,
His best part outlives memorie.
Then view, reade, trace, his tombe, praise, deedes,
Which teares, joy, love, strains, causeth, breeds.'

There is a fine old timber south porch, and at the end of the churchyard a very picturesque ancient timber building, serving as a mortuary chapel, said to have been once the north porch. It used to be said that an echo in Shipley Church repeated at night the twenty-two syllables—

'Os homini sublime dedit coelumq 'tueri
Jussit et erectos.'[1]

[1] Harris's 'Lex Terh.' verb *Echo*.

Belonging to this church, but preserved in the vicarage, is a curious and beautiful miniature *Reliquary* (seven inches long and six high), enamelled and gilt at the sides and ends, being contemporary with the cession of the church to the Templars. One of the pieces at the top was found and supplied by a person who accidentally saw the reliquary at an exhibition at Horsham.

2 *m.* N. of West Grinstead (omnibus from station) is the church of *Cowfold* (S. Peter), containing the immense and magnificent brass of Thomas Nelond, Prior of Lewes, 1433.

'This large and noble effigy furnishes the finest example of an ecclesiastic wearing a *surplice*, corresponding in most respects in form with the similar vestment still retained as a ministering habit by ourselves. The expression of the head in this brass is peculiarly solemn and dignified, and is engraven with admirable effect. . . . The canopy is of the most elaborate beauty known to exist amongst brasses of English workmanship. . . . A symbolical shield indicates the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity.'—*Boutell's 'Monumental Brasses.'*

Mr. W. Borrer (author of 'The Birds of Sussex') has a very fine collection at Cowfold, illustrative of the ornithology of the county, including the very rare Glossy Ibis, found at Piddinghoe; a Crane from near Newhaven, and a Ger Falcon from Rye.

In the parish of Cowfold is the modern monastery of S. Hugh, Parkminster (1886), with a large church. All the thirty-six silent fathers have little houses of their own. The monastery was built upon the general expulsion of religious orders from France, and in the fear that the famous monastery of the Grande Chartreuse would be confiscated, its most precious relics were brought here, including a piece of the True Cross given by S. Louis, a bone of S. Peter, and a Veronica napkin, in splendid monstrances. The white-robed monks of Parkminster are a great feature of this country-side. They never eat meat, and observe rules of silence.

Parknowle is a handsome modern house, containing good pictures.

21½ *m. Southwater Stat.*

1½ *m.* west is *New Building* (Wilfred Blunt, Esq.), an interesting small Jacobean manor-house, with a fine old staircase, and a priest's hiding-hole. The hall, paved with Sussex marble and panelled with old oak, has a Sussex iron fire-back of 1650. An artist will delight in the old garden at the back, with its miniature paved walks and ancient sundial.

The copse-fringed lanes which are a characteristic of this part of Sussex are called *Rues.*

26 *m.* Horsham. See p. 147.

A line runs W. from Brighton to Chichester and Portsmouth by—

6 *m., Shoreham Stat.* See p. 152.

6½ *m. Lancing Stat.*[1] This is a very quiet sea-bathing place. On the hillside to the north is *S. Nicholas's College*, the first of the schools founded by Canon Woodward in 1848, and intended to imbue the sons of gentlemen with a devotion to the Church of England.

9 *m. Worthing Stat.* Worthing rose, with Brighton, from a fishing village to a considerable town in the time of the Prince Regent. It is a very ugly, uninteresting place, with a relaxing climate: but pleasant excursions may be made from it. Worthing wheatears—'the English ortolan'—are a well-known dainty, and are taken in great numbers on the Downs in rude traps excavated in the turf. They are so abundant that one man sometimes takes a hundred in a day.

1 *m.* N. is the fine cruciform transition-Norman church of *Broadwater* (S. Mary), with a low semi-Norman tower. In the chancel is the brass of John Mapilton, rector, and chancellor to Katherine of France, 1420, a fine example of a coped ecclesiastic; and a renaissance tomb to Thomas, Lord De la Warr, 1525, Knight of the Garter under Henry VIII., whose family lived hard by at Offington. On the

[1] The name is said to be derived from Wencheling, one of the sons of Aella, founder of the South Saxon kingdom.

south of the chancel is a stone bench: in the south transept the tomb of Sir Thomas West, 9th Baron De la Warr, 1554. An admirable foliated cross in brass bears on the arms 'Sanguis Xti salva me. Passio Xti conforta me.' At its foot is placed an inscription to John Corby, rector, 1415; but the cross was probably really a memorial to Richard Toomer, rector, 1432–1445.[1] Here, in 1734, died John Bunnet, aged 109, who had six wives, three of whom he married and buried after he was 100.

Offington, a little west, was a residence of the Earls De la Warr.

1 *m.* farther, prettily situated amongst elm trees, is the church of *Sompting*, with a very remarkable tower of Rhenish character, with a gable on each face, and a quadrangular wooden spire. The gables are divided by rounded shafts, and the lower part of the tower is encircled by flat bands of stone. The lower portion of the tower and part of the chancel claim to be Saxon, and are perhaps of the time of Edward the Confessor. In the south transept are rude sculptures—a kneeling bishop, and the Saviour with a book, surrounded by emblems of the Evangelists. The church was early granted to the Knights-Templars.

'A very curious church, which deserves to be studied with great attention.'—*Rickman*.

The farm known as Sompting Abbots was the property of the Abbey of Fecamp. The house belonging to it, above the church, was used for a short time as a residence by Queen Caroline before she went to Italy.

2 *m.* along the Downs, above Sompting, is *Cissbury* (Cissa's beorg), a camp of sixty acres enclosed by a single trench from eight to twelve feet deep—'like nothing so much as a huge sponge-cake; as if it had tumbled by accident among those quiet grazing grounds, treeless and shrubless.'[2] 3 *m.* N.E. of Cissbury is Chanctonbury (814 feet). See p. 157.

[1] See Cartwright's 'Topography of the Rape of Bramber.'
[2] *Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

Somewhat in the same direction, 9 *m.* N.E. of Worthing, is *Warminghurst*, in a lofty situation, with a wide view. The modernised church has a fine brass of Edward Shelley (with his wife, Joan Iden, seven sons, and three daughters), 1554, Controller of the Household to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. A little N.W. is *Thakeham*, with a (restored)

Sompting Church.

early English church (S. Mary). William Penn lived for some time at Thakeham, and worshipped in the Quakers' Meeting House, which still exists.

The lands of *Apsley* at Thakeham gave a name to the family which produced Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, father of Lucy Hutchinson. The proverb, 'Thake-

ham, the last place God made,' refers to the out-of-the-world position of the village.

At *Findon*, 4 *m.* on the road from Worthing to Horsham, is a good early English church (of S. John Baptist). The roof deserves notice. In the church are two stone seats, with a door between them.

10½ *m. West Worthing Stat.* This is the frightful suburb of a dreary place.

1½ *m.* north of the station is *Tarring*. The church (S. Andrew) has a tall spire. The tower window was erected to Robert Southey by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Warter, wife of the rector. The place has been a 'peculiar' of the Archbishops of Canterbury from the time of Athelstan. The National School is a fine fragment of the *Archbishop's Palace*, which was early English, altered in perpendicular times.

The small but famous *Tarring Fig Orchard* (on the right of the village street. entrance 2d.), is said to have been planted by Richard de la Wych, the sainted Bishop of Chichester, who 'grafted fruit-trees at Tarring with his own hand.' Others ascribe the garden to Becket, and a fig-tree is shown as planted by him. The original figs were probably brought from Fecamp to Sompting, and thence here: the later figs were planted in 1745. It is curious that at the ripening of the figs large flights of *beccafici*,[1] like those of the Roman Campagna, come to Sompting and Tarring, and nowhere else.

Parsonage Row, Tarring, dates from the time of Henry VI. A path leads north from the churchyard to (1½ *m.*) *Salvington*, where, in a muddy lane on the left, at *Lacies*, is the very humble cottage where the learned John Selden was born, Dec. 16, 1584, his father being a wandering fiddler, who used to go about to play at village fairs.

'His learning did not live in a lane, but traced all the latitude of arts and languages, as appears by the many and various works he hath written, which people affect as they stand affected either by their fancy

[1] Some consider them only the smallest kind of chiffchaff or willow-wren.

or function. Lay gentlemen prefer his "Titles of Honour;" lawyers his "Mare Clausum;" antiquaries his "Spicilegium ad Edmearum;" clergymen like best his book "De Diis Syris," and worst his "History of Tythes."'—*Fuller.*

The distich over the inner lintel of the cottage door—

> 'Gratus, honeste, mihi, non claudar, inito sedebis,
> Fur abeas, non sum facta soluta tibi,'[1]

is said to have been composed and carved by Selden when he was ten years old. The parish register says—'1584. John, the son of John Selden the minstrell, was baptized the xx. day of December.'[2] Hence, by lanes, we may reach *Highdown Hill*, with a camp (300 ft. by 180) enclosing 'the Miller's Tomb,' with verses composed by the eccentric John Oliver, who had a mill here, and erected his tomb thirty years before his death. He died 1793, and was carried to his grave by a procession of maidens in white, followed by all the surrounding country-side.

'Mr. Warter, the vicar of West Tarring, has testified to the prevalence among the peasantry thereabouts of such superstitions as the following:—Pills made of spiders' webs are prescribed by unqualified practitioners as a remedy for ague. Warts are charmed away by pronouncing a magic formula. Evil spirits are exorcised. It is believed that to cure a child afflicted with hernia you must pass it through a split sapling ash nine times before sunrise on the 20th of March, and, in the event of the tree's closing up, the patient will be healed; but should the tree dwindle, so will the life. Horse-shoes are nailed over doors to avert witches. On the occurrence of death in a household the bees belonging to it are "waked" to prevent the same fate befalling them. "Funeral biscuits" are baked especially for those who visit the house on the day of interment.'[3]—*Nineteenth Cent., August* 1884.

[1] Which has been translated by Johnson—

> 'Walk in and welcome; honest friend, repose;
> Thief, get thee hence, to thee I'll not unclose.'

[2] His epitaph, at the Temple Church, says—'Natus est decimo sexto Decembris. MDLXXXIV., Salvintoniae, qui siculus est Terring, Occidentalis in Sussexiae maritimis, parentibus honestis, Joanne Seldeno Thomae filio è quinis secundo, anno MDXLI nato, et Margareta filia et haerede unica Thomae Bakeri de Rushington, ex equestri Bakerorum in Cantio familia; filius e cunis superstitum unicus, aetatis fere LXX annorum.'

[3] See 'The Seaboard and the Down,' vol. ii.

12½ *m. Goring Stat.* is the nearest (1½ *m.*) to Highdown Hill. The Church of S. Mary is partly Norman. A brass commemorates John Cooke and his wife Emma Lys. *Castle Goring* is a modern gothic house. At *Ferring*, a little west, the manor-house belongs to an ancient building where S. Richard de la Wych, Bishop of Chichester, is said to have miraculously fed 3000 persons with bread intended for 90.

2½ *m.* N.W. of Goring Station is *Clapham*, with a transition-Norman church, containing the very fine brass of John Shelley and his wife Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John de Michelgrove, 1526. The lady bears the arms of Shelley on one side of her dress, and of Michelgrove on the other. Mr. Shelley bears a tabard with his arms, sable, a fesse engrailed, or, between three welk shells, argent, for *Shelley*, being an instance of the class of arms called *allusive*.[1] *Michelgrove* belonged to the family of that name, and afterwards to the Shelleys. It was bought in 1845 by the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down the magnificent gothic house, and cut down several trees in the heronry which then existed here, after which the birds migrated in a body to Parham. Henry V. was entertained at Michelgrove by Judge Shelley.

15½ *m. Angmering Stat.* ¾ *m.* is the village of *West Angmering*, where the tower of the church (S. Peter) was built by the nuns of Sion, and bears their arms with the date 'Anno Dom. Milesimo Quingesimo Septimo.' A brass commemorates Eden Baker, 1598.

At *New Place*, near this (now converted into cottages), were born, on three successive Sundays, the three sons of Sir Edward Palmer, all afterwards knighted by Henry VIII. There is probably no other instance of a full fortnight intervening between the first and third child produced at the same birth.

'This is that which is commonly called superfoetation (usual in other creatures, but rare in women), the cause whereof we leave to the disquisition of physicians.

[1] This remarkable brass is engraved in Dallaway's 'Sussex.'

'The truth hereof needs no other attestation than the general and uncontrolled tradition of their no less worshipful than numerous posterity in Sussex and Kent, amongst whom I instance Sir Roger Palmer, aged 80 years, lately deceased, a cofferer to our late king, averring to me the faith hereof on his reputation.'—*Fuller.*

The baby-clothes of the three little Palmers are preserved in the house of their descendant, Lady Acland Hood, at S. Audries in Somersetshire.

A little N. is *Poling*, with a decoy for wild-fowl, on a stream running into the Arun. The XV. c. church contains a brass to Walter Davys, vicar. A chapel which belonged to a Commandery of Knights of S. John is turned into a dwelling-house. The neighbouring church of *Lyminster* (Leven minster) S. Mary Magdalen—is transition-Norman, with a Norman font.

18 *m. Ford Junction Stat.* For the rest of the line to Chichester see Ch. vi.

VI.

CHICHESTER.

CHICHESTER, one of the oldest cities in England, being the ancient Regnum, situated at the junction of the Roman Stane Street, which led to London, with another Roman road from Anderida (Pevensey) to Portus Magnus (Porchester). It was the royal residence of Cogidubnus, viceroy of the Emperor Claudius, who, originally a British chief called Cogi, received the second part of his name from the Romans. The Saxon Aella, coming in three ships with his three sons Cymen, Wencheling, and Cissa, landed in 477 at Cymenes-Ore (now Keynor, in the parish of Sidlesham, 7 *m.* S.), driving back the Britons into the forest of Anderida, and pushing his conquests year by year till the British rulers united and fought them at Mercredesburne in 485, with a doubtful victory. Cissa, succeeding Aella, who died in 514, gave Regnum his own name—Cissan-ceaster. The Conqueror bestowed the place upon Roger de Montgomeri, Earl of Alencon, who built a castle on the north-east of the town, of which not a vestige is left. Chichester was formerly walled like Chester and York, but only a fragment of the walls remains. They were, however, strong enough to hold out for ten days against the Parliamentarians under Waller, who took the town in 1643, after which his soldiers smashed the cathedral organ, battered its tombs and statues to pieces, and destroyed two of the town churches, S. Pancras and S. Bartholomew.

The worthies of Chichester include Archbishop (Thomas) Bradwardine, 1290?—1349—'Doctor Profundus;' Archbishop William Juxon, who accompanied Charles I. to the

scaffold, born here August 24, 1582; the poet Collins, December 25, 1721; the poet Hayley, 9th November 1745; 'the three Smiths of Chichester,' George (ob. 1776) and John (ob. 1764), the landscape painters, and William Smith, the portrait painter (ob. 1767), being three sons of a Chichester baker, who was also a Baptist minister.

When the See was moved hither in 1075 from Selsey (where it had been established in the VII. c.), the site where the cathedral church of S. Peter now stands was occupied by a monastery, whose church at first served for the bishopric. A new cathedral was begun by Radulphus, third Bishop of Chichester, finished in 1108, and burnt only six years after. The same bishop began at once to rebuild it, and had nearly finished it at his death in 1123, and much of his time still remains. The lower part of the tower may even perhaps belong to the earlier, or monastic, church; but the three central aisles of the nave to the top of the triforium are of the second church. A second fire in 1186 greatly injured the building and destroyed the roof, after which Bishop Seffrid II. (1180–1204) added the clerestory, the Purbeck marble shafts of the pillars, and admirable early English western porch.[1] The two outer aisles were probably added under Bishop De la Wych (1245–53). The Lady Chapel was built by Bishop Gilbert de St. Leofard (1288–1305), the campanile by Bishop John Langton (1305–36). Many later additions were made by Bishop Sherborne (1507–36). Fuller says that while 'Bishop Seffrid bestowed the cloth and making on the church, Bishop Sherborne gave the trimming and best lace thereto, in the reign of Henry VII.'

In 1860 a foolish restoration removed the beautiful stone rood screen, known as the Arundel shrine, which supported the organ gallery at the end of the nave, and it was then discovered that the piers supporting the central tower had been much weakened and cut away, and repairs were begun. On February 21, 1861, when the workmen employed on

[1] There is no foundation for the proverb mentioned by Fuller, 'The Master Workman built Sarisbury (Salisbury) and his Man the church of Chichester.'

them were at their dinner, the tower and spire fell. Their rebuilding was at once begun, and they were completed in 1866. An old proverb says—

> 'If Chichester Church steeple fall,
> In England there's no king at all,'

and it fell in the reign of Victoria. The rebuilding is admirably done, and already harmonises in colour with the rest of the building. It is not an exact reproduction. The spire is shorter, and the tower rather higher than the old one; yet most will allow that Scott has here—for once—done well.

On the north is a large massive detached bell-tower of the XV. c., with turrets at the angles. There was formerly a tower of the same kind at Salisbury. The breadth and low proportions of this tower emphasise the gracefulness of the central spire. An attempt has recently been made to recase its enormously thick walls, though they are in perfect repair, but this atrocity has been successfully prevented.

One of the most picturesque points in the exterior of Chichester Cathedral is the little north-west entrance—a double arch and centre column supporting a tympanum with a trefoil niche—admirable as an artistic 'subject.'

Chichester, the broadest English cathedral except York, is the only one which has five aisles, though many parish churches have them, and many Continental cathedrals: Antwerp has seven. The intersecting pillars and arches give much picturesqueness to the interior, which retains its old pavement, and has hitherto—except in its tombs—not been much mutilated by Deans wishing to go down to posterity as 'restorers.' A wholesale restoration—entirely uncalled for—has been recently threatened, but all lovers of antiquity trust that such a fell purpose may continue to be successfully combated.

Examining the church, architects will observe the peculiar squareness of the abaci of the columns. Turning to the right from the west door, we find the first bay of the right aisle used as a baptistery. Between the pillars of the

aisle is the tomb of Bishop Arundel, recently brought back to its original position: the skeleton of the bishop is inside, resting on the floor of the church. Over the south porch was the ancient Consistory Court, reached by a spiral staircase from the nave. On the north of the *South Transept* is a tomb supposed to be that of Bishop Richard de la Wych —S. Richard of Chichester (1245–53, canonised 1261)— to which his relics were translated in 1276 in the presence of Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile, and which became a famous object of pilgrimage. When the fall of the spire became imminent, in 1861, the figure was saved the night before the catastrophe, but the canopy of the tomb was smashed to atoms. Unfortunately, a charlatan sculptor named Richardson—the same who was allowed to ruin the effigies of the knights at the Temple—persuaded Dean Chandler to allow him to 'restore' this and other monuments in the cathedral, which he did by paring them down to a uniform dulness, and utterly destroying their character, likeness, and historic value. Close by is the brass of Dean Burgon, 1888. Above the tomb, on the screen of the choir, are pictures executed for Bishop Sherborne by Theodore Bernardi, representing the gift of the Monastery of Selsey to S. Wilfred by Ceadwalla, and the confirmation of this grant to the cathedral, as made by Henry VIII. to Bishop Sherborne. Against the opposite (south) wall is an unknown Tudor monument, with the tomb of Bishop John Langton, 1337—a very fine example of an Early Decorated monument—on one side of it, and that of the banker, John Smith, 1832, on the other. The fine window above was given by Bishop Langton (1305–38): its execrable glass, executed in Lorraine, was at Metz during the siege, and unfortunately not destroyed there. The old sacristy, which opens from the transept on the west, is now used as a choir school: it has early English vaulting, with beautifully sculptured corbels. An oak muniment chest, eight feet long, is said to be of Saxon date, and to have been brought from Selsey. Against the west wall of the transept is the wooden reliquary of S. Richard, sacked by Goring. In an

eastern chapel, used as a robing-room, hangs the quaint wooden monument of Henry, son of Bishop King, 1660.

Entering the *South Aisle of the Choir*, we find two curious pieces of Norman sculpture—the Raising of Lazarus and the Meeting of Christ with Martha and Mary—brought from the old Cathedral of Selsey, now in the sea. Between these, showing strong renaissance feeling, is the monument of Bishop Sherborne (1507–36), erected by the bishop in his lifetime, and recently restored by New College, Oxford. In the beautiful *Sacristy*, formerly of two chambers, are interesting remains of Norman work. Against the choir-screen is the tasteless tomb of Dean Hook, 1875.

Behind the modern reredos (which has recently superseded a fine panelled screen of the time of Henry VII.) are, on the south, the simple altar-tomb of Bishop Edward Storey, 1478–1503, who built the beautiful market-cross, and, on the north, the tomb of Bishop George Day, 1556. The almost unique clustered, yet insulated, columns of Purbeck marble here are of the greatest beauty. The *Chapel of S. Mary Magdalen*, at the end of the south aisle, has been recently restored (by his widow) to the memory of Canon Cross.

The present Dean (1894) has made an effort to have the whole of this part of the cathedral repaved, which would totally destroy its interest and beauty, but the cathedral has fortunately found valiant protectors

The *Lady-Chapel* was built by Bishop Gilbert de S. Leofard (1288–1305), described by Matthew of Westminster as 'a father of orphans and consoler of widows, a pious and humble visitor at the beds and in the cottages of the poor, a friend of the needy far more than of the rich.' The chapel is still beautiful, in spite of an abominable tiled floor. It is used as a chapel for the college. The old altar-slab remains. On the left (beneath the tomb of Thomas Bickley, 1596) is the simple coped tomb of Bishop Ralph—'Radulphus Epi'—1243, the builder of the Norman cathedral. A canopy on the south shelters two simple tombs, supposed to be those of Bishops Seffrid (1146) and

Hilary (1173). The chapel has been used as a burial-place for the Lennox family since the first Duke of Richmond was brought here from Westminster in 1720. The ceiling of the ante-chapel was painted by Bernardi for Bishop Sherborne.

In the *North Choir-Aisle* is the tomb of Bishop Otter, 1840, with a bust by Towne. Here is the beautiful canopied tomb of Bishop Moleynes, 1445–49, counsellor of Henry VI., 'faithful among the faithless,' afterwards murdered at Portsmouth. Another canopied tomb is ascribed to Bishop Rickingdale (1429). On the north-west opens the *Chapter Library*, of which the chief treasure is Cranmer's copy of the Service Book of Hermann, Archbishop of Cologne, with his MS. notes. The grant by Oslac to Selsey in 780 is preserved. A copy of S. Augustine is XII. c. A number of patens and chalices, and an XI. c. cross, with rings of XII. and XIII. c., come from desecrated tombs of early bishops: a chalice and paten were found in the coffin of Bishop Langton. Here are remains of the paintings of Bernardi, which were destroyed by the fall of the tower.

The *North Transept*, long used as the parish church of S. Peter, has been sometimes supposed to be part of the original monastic church. It is also thought, from the central pillar in the eastern Norman wall, that it may have been the chapter-house of Bishop Ralph's church. On the north wall are the pictures by Bernardi of the English kings till the end of the Tudors; those afterwards (till George II.) were smashed by the fall of the tower. Against the west wall are three tombs of bishops. That in the centre commemorates Bishop Henry King, 1641–69, the Royalist poet-bishop, who presided over Chichester during its siege by Waller; after which his property was sequestered, and he was deprived of his See till the Restoration. Waller describes him as 'a proud prelate, as all the rest are, and a most pragmatical malignant against the Parliament, as all his cater-capt companions are.'[1] On one side is Bishop Grove, 1695, and on the other Bishop Carlton, 1705.

[1] Vicars, 'Jehovah Jireh,' and his 'England's Worthies.'

Against the eastern wall is a monument by Gibson to Mrs. Huskisson.

At the entrance of the northernmost aisle of the *Nave*, in what was once the chantry of S. John Baptist, is the beautiful decorated tomb of a nameless lady—supposed to be Maud, Countess of Arundel—which fortunately escaped destruction by the impostor Richardson. Utterly ruined by him is the tomb—probably brought here from the Grey Friars Church—of Richard Fitz-Alan, 14th Earl of Arundel (beheaded for high treason, 1397) and his Countess. Richard II. caused the Earl's tomb to be opened in order to prove that his head had not miraculously grown to his body again, as was asserted.[1] Against the adjoining pillar is Flaxman's monument to William Collins the poet (1721–56), who was born and died at Chichester, where he used to haunt the cathedral in his fits of frenzy, and is buried in St. Andrew's Church. He is represented bending over a Bible. 'I have but one book,' he said to Dr. Johnson, 'but that is the best.' At his feet are 'The Passions;' his epitaph is by Hayley and Sargent. There are several other feeble monuments by Flaxman in this aisle, and at its west end a statue, by Carew, to W. Huskisson, 1830, killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway.

The very narrow *Choir* was formerly divided from the nave by the beautiful rood screen of Bishop Arundel (1458–78), containing two shrines within a graceful and richly-vaulted arcade of early perpendicular work, behind the eastern wall of which were staircases giving access to the rood, and in later times to the organ. The misereres and canopies are of the time of Edward III., the rest of the stalls having been given by Bishop Sherborne (1508–36), and the throne by Bishop Mawson (1740–54). The organ, by Harris, is of 1678.

At the entrance of the nave from the south transept is a door leading through an early English porch to the irregular three-sided *Cloisters*—perpendicular, with a simple arched wooden roof. In the south cloister a relief, with a shield

[1] See Hollinshed.

bearing the arms of Henry VII. and two figures kneeling before the Virgin, marks the entrance to the rooms of the king's chaplains, appointed to serve the chantry founded by Henry V. for his own soul, with those of his father and mother and of Nicholas Mortimer. Beyond this is the monument of William Chillingworth, 1602–44, the controversialist, described by Tillotson 'as the glory of his age and nation,' who having become a Roman Catholic, was re-converted to Protestantism by his godfather, Archbishop Laud, after which he published his 'Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation.' Being taken prisoner at Arundel by the Parliamentarians when ill, he died soon afterwards in the Bishop's palace here. At his funeral, Cheynell flung his famous book into his grave that 'it might rot with its author and see corruption;' but it has done just the contrary.

'If you would have your son reason well, let him read Chillingworth.'—*Locke* '*On Education.*'

'His book is still esteemed the most solid defence of the Reformation.'—*Gibbon.*

'Those who desire to know the doctrines of the Church must read Chillingworth's admirable book.'—*Mosheim.*

There 'the school jargon of the subtle Jesuit is incomparably exposed, and the long dispute between the two Churches, for the first time, placed upon its proper immoveable ground, the Bible alone.'—*Warburton.*

Over the south-east angle of the cloisters is the XIV. c. *Chapel of S. Faith*, now a dwelling-house. At the south-western angle is the episcopal palace.

Canon Lane Gate in South Street, built by Bishop Sherborne and bearing his arms, forms the picturesque approach to the ecclesiastical colony under the shadow of the cathedral. Inside, on the right, is the *Vicar's Close;* on the left the old house called *the Chauntry*, which contains much of the carving from Halnaker. Beyond it, *the Deanery* was built in 1725 by Dean Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London, in the place of an old house which abutted on the city wall. A paved passage on the right—'St. Richard's Walk'—gives an attractive view of the cathedral. A stately

Edwardian *Gateway* is a fitting approach to the *Bishop's Palace*, a fine old house, with an early English chapel of Henry III. The intersecting ribs of its vaulting rest upon very beautiful corbels. The dining-room, where the Prior

Chichester Cathedral from the Palace Garden.

of Sele was tried by the bishop—'in aula sua infra palatium Cicestrens'—was remodelled by Bishop Sherborne, and has a fine timber ceiling, painted in compartments by Bernardi. The windows have beautiful panelled stone decoration. The garden—the most beautiful bishop's garden

in England except that of Wells—which follows the town bastion, was planted by a bishop in the last century with rare evergreens, which have now attained a size and beauty seldom seen in England. Its grand tree privets are glorious when they flower. A charming view of the cathedral may be obtained from hence. A colossal head, probably of S. Christopher, was found in the churchyard at Bosham.

In South Street is *Vicar's College*, where the hall, now a schoolroom, retains its ancient lavatory and reader's pulpit.

Chichester Cross, an exquisitely beautiful octagonal structure, at the junction of four streets, is the work of Bishop Storey, c. 1500. The figures which filled its niches were destroyed by the Puritans under Waller. The clock, 'an hourly memento of her goodwill to the city,' was given by Dame Elizabeth Farringdon, 1724.

The most interesting building, after the cathedral, is *S. Mary's Hospital*, which stands a little east of North Street. It was founded, as a convent, by a Dean of Chichester in the XII. c., and suppressed c. 1229, when its revenues were appropriated to the maintenance of 'thirteen decayed persons' and a warden. Its great late early English hall is divided by partitions into little dwellings of two rooms each.

In the Church of *S. Olave*, on the east side of North Street, some remains of Roman building materials have been found, which has led to the belief that this is probably the earliest place of Christian worship in Chichester.

The *Guildhall*, near the end of North Street, was once the chapel of the Grey Friars monastery, where the Arundel monument, now in the cathedral, was probably first erected. In its garden is a circular mound, which was probably used as a Calvary.

Under the Church of *S. Andrew* is a Roman tesselated pavement. There is a monument here to John Cawley, 1621, father of William Cawley the regicide, who died at Vevay, 1660, and is buried there in S. Martin's Church. The now almost forgotten poet William Collins, 1756, is buried in this church.

'Of all our minor poets, Collins is probably the one who has shown most of the higher qualities of poetry. He heats and melts objects, in the fervour of his genius, as in a furnace.'—*Hazlitt.*

'Silently and imperceptibly the Odes of Collins have risen by their own buoyancy; and their power is felt by every reader who has any poetic feeling.'—*Southey.*

The group of streets called *the Pallant* takes its name from the Palatinate, the Archbishop's peculiar.

The last of the city gates was pulled down in 1773, but there are remains of the city walls on the north, especially well seen above some public gardens. Beyond the walls is the *Otter Memorial*, built 1850, a training college for schoolmasters, founded by Bishop Otter. 1 *m.* north, in the direction of Goodwood, is the embankment called *the Broyle*, from *bruilliam*, a coppice.

The antiquarian will not fail to make an excursion from Chichester to 9 *m.* Selsey—the Seal's Island—a place of great ecclesiastical interest, for it was on this wild coast that S. Wilfrid of York was shipwrecked when returning from the Continent with his clergy. A pagan priest urged on the native heathen to put the refugees to death, but he was struck dead by a stone from a sling, and the wind changing, the Christian vessel got to sea and reached Sandwich in safety. But his savage reception roused Wilfrid's missionary sympathies, and, returning to the inhospitable shores of Selsey a few years later, c. 680, he was endowed with the promontory by Edilwalch, king of the South Saxons, who had already embraced Christianity.

'The bishop, therefore, with the king's consent, or rather to his great satisfaction, baptized the principal generals and soldiers of that country; and the priests, Eappa, and Padda, and Burghelm, and Eadda, either then or afterwards, baptized the rest of the people. The queen, whose name was Ebba, had been christened in her own island, the province of the Viccii. She was the daughter of Eanfrid, the brother of Eanber, who were both Christians, as were their people; but all the province of the South Saxons were strangers to the name and faith of God. There was among them a certain monk of the Scottish nation whose name was Dieul, who had a very small monastery at the place named Bosanham, encompassed with the sea and woods, and in it five

or six brothers, who served our Lord in poverty and humility; but none of the natives cared either to follow their course of life, or hear their preaching. But Bishop Wilfrid, by preaching to them, not only delivered them from the misery of perpetual damnation, but also from an inexpressible calamity of temporal death, for no rain had fallen in that province in three years before his arrival, whereupon a dreadful famine ensued, which entirely destroyed the people. In short, it is reported that very often, forty or fifty men being spent with want, would go together to some precipice, or to the sea-shore, and there, hand-in-hand, perish by a fall, or be swallowed up by the waves. But on the very day on which the nation received the baptism of faith, there fell a soft but plentiful rain; the earth revived again, and the verdure being restored to the fields, the season was pleasant and fruitful. Thus the former superstition being rejected, and idolatry exploded, the hearts and flesh of all rejoiced in the living God, and became convinced that He who is the true God had, through His heavenly grace, enriched them with wealth, both temporal and spiritual. For the bishop, when he came into the province, and found so great misery from famine, taught them to get their food by fishing; for their sea and rivers abounded in fish, but the people had no skill to take them, except eels alone. The bishop's men having gathered eel-nets everywhere, cast them into the sea, and by the blessing of God took three hundred fishes, of several sorts, which, being divided into three parts, they gave a hundred to the poor, a hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept a hundred for their own use. By this benefit the bishop gained the affections of them all, and they began the more readily at his preaching to hope for heavenly goods, seeing that by his help they had received those which are temporal. At this time, King Edilwalch gave to the most reverend prelate, Wilfrid, land of eighty-seven families, to maintain his company who were in banishment, which place is called Selesea, that is, the island of the Sea-Calf. That place is encompassed by the sea on all sides, except the west, where is an entrance about the cast of a sling in width; which sort of place is by the Latins called a peninsula, by the Greeks a chersonesus. Bishop Wilfrid, having this place given him, founded therein a monastery, which his successors possess to this day, and established a regular course of life, chiefly of the brethren he had brought with him; for he both in word and action performed the duty of a bishop in those parts during the space of five years, until the death of King Eegfrid. And forasmuch as the aforesaid king, together with the said place, gave him all the goods that were therein, with the lands and men, he instructed them in the faith of Christ, and baptized them all. Among whom were two hundred and fifty men and women slaves, all of whom he, by baptism, not only rescued from the servitude of the devil, but gave them their bodily liberty also, and exempted them from the yoke of human servitude.'—*Bede*, '*Ecclesiastical History*.'

Selsey continued to be the Episcopal See till the Conquest, when it was moved to Chichester under Bishop Stigand. No trace, however, remains of either cathedral or monastery, for all the holy sites are now under the waves two miles out at sea: in the time of Camden they were still uncovered at low water. The anchorage along the south-east coast of the promontory, which is still called *the Park*, was full of deer in the time of Henry VIII., when Bishop Rede excommunicated its poachers, 'dampnacionis filii, spiritu diabolico seducti.'

'In this isle remaineth onely the dead carkasse, as it were, of that anciente little citie, wherin those bishops sat.'—*Camden.*

Day by day the land here is still continually carried away, and the small proprietors lie in their beds, and know that the storm which they hear is bearing their acres and their subsistence out to sea, no one attempting to save them.

It is a dreary, ugly road which leads across *the Manhood* (Manwode, Main-Wood) from Chichester to Selsey. It passes close to the church of *Sidlesham* (S. Mary), on a manor which was given by Ceadwalla to Wilfrid, as a tributary to Selsey, and which belonged to the Bishops of Chichester till the reign of Elizabeth. The church (S. Mary) contains a curious carved muniment chest, and a monument with effigies of Rebecca Taylor, 1631; also an altar-tomb to Dame Betris Braye, daughter of Ralph Shirley of Wiston, 1532.

'When smuggling was carried on in these parts, the "free-traders" had a rendezvous in the churchyard. An old altar-tomb served as their temporary storehouse. By lifting the incumbent stone they could safely deposit their goods, and it is said they never failed to leave a "tub" or two for the use of the parson.'—*M. A. Lower.*

Selsey on Sea is a most dreary, treeless little place, with a very fine air, which causes its scattered lodging-houses to be frequented in summer. In fine weather the Isle of Wight is visible on the west. The materials of the modern

church were brought from a site two miles off, and belonged to the nave of the former church, which Bishop Rede built (1369-85) and dedicated to S. Peter, like the ancient cathedral: it contains the old font.

Two miles away, now very near the eastern shore of the promontory, the chancel of the old church still stands in a graveyard, full of weather beaten tombs yellow with lichen, and surrounded by ivy-mantled walls. The spot has a melancholy beauty of its own, with a view on one side over the sea, and on the other to Chichester Cathedral. Close by are some unexplored mounds—probably British—covered with turf. In the chapel are foliated crosses, and a dilapidated canopied tomb to John Lewes and Agatha Gorges, his wife, 1537, recalling that of West Hampnett. Behind the kneeling figures, their patron saints, George and Agatha, appear in relief. In the churchyard is an epitaph by Hayley to two young men who were drowned whilst going to the assistance of a shipwrecked vessel.

Surrounded, in spring, by fields of daffodils, and backed by an ancient oak copse, stands *the Rectory*, once a priory, with a quaint conglomeration of external architecture, and rooms dating from the XIV. c.

There is very little interest in the other very numerous villages of the Selsey peninsula. In *Bracklesham Bay*, 3 *m.* W. of Selsey, a great number of fossils may be found in the marl. *West Wittering Church*, probably built in the XIII. c. by S. Richard (de la Wych) of Chichester, contains three oak stalls and a canopied tomb—with reliefs of the Annunciation and Resurrection—to William Ernley, 1545, one of a family which took its name from another of the Selsey villages. A coffin lid, supposed to be that of a 'Boy Bishop,' has been found here. Near this is *Cakeham*, where the bishops of Chichester had a country palace, and where a tall brick hexagonal tower, built in the beginning of the XVI. c. by Bishop Sherborne, is still in existence.

On the other, the eastern, side of the peninsula, in *Pagham Harbour*, between Selsey Church and Pagham, was the curiosity known as the *Hushing Well*, where, in a

space of 130 feet by 30, a rush of air seemed to burst through the water from some underground cavity as the tide came in; but the well has been destroyed by the drainage of the harbour, 'formerly a perfect paradise for the ornithologist, which has now, unfortunately for him, entirely disappeared.'[1]

The early English *Church of Pagham* is dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket, for the manor here belonged to the See of Canterbury, and the archbishops had a palace here, of which there are no remains.

The depredations of the Sussex wreckers on these shores in former days gave rise to the lines of Congreve—

> 'Sussex men that dwell upon the shore
> Look out when storms arise and billows roar;
> Devoutly praying with uplifted hands
> That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,
> To whose rich cargo they may make pretence.'

The railway from Chichester to Portsmouth passes—

3 *m. Bosham Stat.* Bosham (Bosan-hamm, Boso's Meadow) is situated on a historic creek. Harold, whose lands extended from Havant to Chichester, had a manor here. The first scene in the Bayeux tapestry represents 'Harold and his knights riding towards Bosham,' and from hence he set out to Normandy. The tapestry depicts his embarkation—how Harold stripped off his lower garments and waded to the ships, with his hawk upon his fist, whilst his companions, in similar manner, carried their hounds high and dry.

The name of Bosham was already in existence in the time of Bede, who tells how S. Wilfrid, in 678, found the Scottish Dieul settled in a little monastery at Bosenham, 'sylvis et mari circumdatum.' On the site of this monastery, William Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter, founded a college for a dean and five prebendaries, c. 1120, in the place of a similar foundation of his at Plympton in Devon-

[1] W. Borrer, 'The Birds of Sussex.'

shire, which he had dissolved on account of the dissolute lives of its inmates. Herbert de Bosham, Becket's secretary, who wrote the 'Book of Becket's Martyrdom,' was probably a canon of this college. The chancel of the church served as a chapel for the college.

Sussex has many advantages, but its greatest admirers will not claim that its population is endowed with good looks. The people of Bosham, however, are remarkably handsome. It has a well-to-do fishing population of evident foreign extraction, who stand aloof from their neighbours, seldom marry out of the place, and keep their good looks to themselves.

Bosham is a peculiar and attractive spot. A long creek, with its fishing-boats and salt atmosphere, winds up to where its thatched cottages are hidden in the old elm-trees around the ancient church of Holy Trinity, which occupies the site of the far older sanctuary where Harold sought the divine blessing upon his journey to Normandy. The tower and its chancel arch are of that description of Norman which some archaeologists insist upon calling Saxon. Though much altered and modernised, the tower might even possibly claim such antiquity. It has no external door. On one side it has two square-edged string-courses, and under the spire is a corbel-table. On the inside its more distinctive features are seen in a triangular-headed window above the arch leading to the nave, with the long and short work seen at Jarrow and Monkwearmouth, and a small square slit beside it. If it were not spoilt by a tiled floor, the interior would be the most picturesque in Sussex. The eastern end of the south aisle is raised to a lofty platform, for the sake of a little groined early English crypt, reached by steps near a canopied tomb. The noble arcaded font is also raised upon steep steps against a round column, with contrast of shadow and colour which will enchant an artist. The rugged material of the walls has been everywhere exposed.

The present chancel is early English. Under a canopied arch in its north wall is the beautiful tomb of a child, reported to be that of a daughter of Canute, who died here

while visiting Earl Godwin in his castle: the figure is probably of the time of Edward I. A stone coffin containing the remains of a child was desecrated by the archaeologists in 1865.

Not far from the church, where a piece of ground was surrounded by a moat, is the probable site of the castle of Earl Godwin and Harold.

'Herbert de Bosham was born at Bosham (which Earl Godwin craftily *kissed* out of the Archbishop of Canterbury); and, being a good scholar, he was a *manubus* (I mean to *write*, not to *fight* for him) unto Thomas Becket. He was present at his murder-martyring; and had the discretion to make no resistance, lest he had been sent the same way with his master. However, amongst many other books, he wrote the story of his master's death. Going over into Italy, he was, by Pope Alexander the third, made archbishop of Beneventum; and, in the month of Dec. 1178, created cardinal.'—*Fuller.*

The collegiate buildings of Bosham have been recently destroyed; only one perpendicular doorway is left.

The echo of Bosham bells from the woods of Itchenor is supposed to be the answer sent by the ancient bells beneath the waves, which sunk, by their weight, the ships of the Danes who were carrying them off before they left the harbour.

1 *m.* south-west is *Chidham Church*, which is early English. A farmhouse, partly XV. c., at *Appledram*, a little south-east, is said to belong to a castle begun by one William Renan in the time of Edward II.; but as he could not obtain a license to crenellate, he sold the rest of his building materials to Bishop Langton, who used them for the bell-tower of the cathedral. The remains are those of a massive square, with square-headed windows, and a tower at one angle.

7 *m. Emsworth Stat.* This is the nearest point to *Thorney Island*, which occupies the centre of Chichester harbour. The church ('restored') is Norman and early English, and has a carved oak screen and Norman font.

Here the little stream of the Ems forms the boundary between Sussex and Hampshire. A deep place in the

river is called 'Gunter's Pool,' and a local proverb says, 'When the wind sits in Gunter's Pool there will be rain.'

3 *m.* north is *Racton*, where the (restored) early English church contains a curious monument of the Gounter family, who long resided at Old Racton House, now destroyed. A canopied altar-tomb commemorates Hugh Gounter and his wife, and an alabaster monument Sir George Gounter and his wife Ursula. *Racton Tower* was built by the third Lord Halifax, 1770, and is used as a beacon. *Lordington*, near Racton, was built by Sir Richard Pole at the end of the XV. c., and rebuilt in the XVII. c. Sir Richard Pole married Margaret, daughter of George of Clarence, a niece of Edward IV., afterwards Countess of Salisbury, and was the father of Cardinal Pole. The present house, which retains much of the original building, especially a fine oak staircase, decorated with quaint figures of animals, is said to be still haunted by the Countess of Salisbury, with a bloody gash round her neck.

Stanstead Park, which was built c. 1687 by the Earl of Scarborough, and which entertained George II., contains some fine carvings by Gibbons and tapestry made at Arras for the Duke of Marlborough. *Stanstead Forest* (1666 acres), divided by three great avenues, has much beauty. 3 *m.* north of Stanstead is *Up Park* (Miss Featherstonhaugh), formerly a seat of the Earls of Tankerville. The house, built in a very lofty situation at the end of the XVII. c., contains a great many objects of interest, including one of the finest collections of Sevres china in the world. It is not shown.

'The broken ground and park, straggling in unrestrained communion with down and heather far beyond the palings which confine its deer, give a chace-like appearance to the scenery.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

At *Harting* (1½ *m.* north), Cardinal Pole was rector. Ford, Lord Grey, is buried in the church. Alexander Pope often visited John Caryll here at the now destroyed Ladyholt House. Regarding *Tarberry* (Tor-barrow) *Hill*, in this parish, there is a legend that the devil, projecting

the scalding spoon from his punch-bowl at Hinde Head in Surrey, threw it over to Sussex, where it alighted here bottom upwards.[1]

> 'Who knows what Tarberry would bear,
> Must plough it with a golden share,'

is a proverb.

An excursion should be made to the north-west of Chichester to (4 *m.*) *Kingly Bottom*, a most picturesque hollow under *Bow Hill* (so called from its form), containing a dark grove of magnificent yew trees of immense age. The name of the valley is said to be derived from a conflict between the natives and the invading Danes c. 900, in which several chieftains ('kings') were killed, and were buried under the four large mounds to the north of the hollow. The excursion may be continued by the sinuosities of Bow Hill to Up Park. See above.

Leaving Chichester on the north-east by the road which follows the Roman Stane Street, we pass *West Hampnett Place*, a vast and noble old mansion of the Steeles (now the Union), built by Richard Sackville, uncle of Thomas, first Lord Buckhurst. The Church (1½ *m.*) of S. Mary or S. Peter, West Hampnett (formerly Hamptonette[2]), has its tower over the end of the south aisle. The south wall of the chancel shows herring-bone work of Roman tiles, evidently brought from some Roman building, and very rude early arches. This wall is probably Saxon. The rest of the church is ruined by restoration. The interesting and important Saxon chancel arch, 'wholly constructed of the flat building-tile,' has been 'restored' away altogether, and the interior of the church has now no interest except from the graceful canopied tomb of Sir Richard Sackville and his wife Elizabeth, on which they are represented kneeling with their two children at the sides of a Pietà, a very curious relief. In the churchyard is the tomb of Bishop Gilbert, 1870.

[1] See H. D. Gordon, 'Parish of Harting.'

[2] 3 Edward III.

Boxgrove (2 *m.*), formerly Bosgrave, had a famous priory, founded in the time of Henry I. (1117) by Robert de Haia (of Halnaker), who owned the lordship, dedicated to S. Mary and S. Blaise,[1] and placed under the Benedictine Abbey of Coutances as a cell for three monks. Roger St. John, who married the daughter of Robert de Haia, added three more monks, and his sons increased their number to fifteen. When the alien priories were suppressed, Boxgrove was made *indigena*. Thomas West, Lord De la Warr, pleaded hard with Cromwell for its existence at the Dissolution, saying that 'his aunsystorys and his wiffy's mother' rested there, and that he had 'made therein a power chapell to be buried yn;' but, though Commissioner Layton reported 'the prior is a gret husbonde and kepith gret hospitalitie: ejus monachi omnes sunt ejusdem farinae,' it was not spared. The revenue of Boxgrove was £3000 at the Dissolution; of this nothing was given back to the church. In 1535, Boxgrove was granted to Thomas, Lord De la Warr, who had married the daughter of Sir John Bonville, the heiress of Halnaker, and who, dying at Offington in 1557, is buried at Broadwater. It afterwards belonged to the Morleys, whose heiress married the tenth Earl of Derby. In 1765 it was purchased, with Halnaker, by the third Duke of Richmond.

The Church of SS. Mary and Blaise was that of the Priory. Only the Norman tower and the early English choir and transept remain; the nave is in ruins. The most picturesque view—especially in winter—is that from the rectory garden. Three most beautiful Norman arches remain from the entrance to the Chapter House. On the north are the ivy-mantled ruins of the (decorated) Prior's Lodging or Refectory, unroofed and mutilated by a Duke of Richmond. The very curious dovecot (mentioned in the Survey under Elizabeth as capable of containing 200 measures of corn), which stood in the rectory garden, was 'restored' away a few years ago.

The interior of the priory church is exceedingly striking,

[1] Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, and martyred under Licinius, 316.

and the beauty of the marble columns in the choir, clustered in the French style, is seldom exceeded, though they seem to have been copied from those at Chichester. The transepts have interesting galleries, with ornamented oak fronts. These were intended for the lay dependants of the priory, and were spared by Scott, who has done less mischief here than is usual in a 'restoration,' though the old pavement is destroyed, and some of the monuments are moved from their rightful sites. A frescoed ceiling is XVI. c. At the ends

Ruins of the Chapter House, Boxgrove.

of the aisles are traces of the altars of S. Catherine and S. Blaise. The choir is divided into four bays, each having a cross vault with ribs, the diagonal being enriched with tooth ornament. The arches of the clerestory are supported by slender Purbeck pillars, and between the lights of the triple lancet east window are Purbeck shafts. Two arches on the south of the choir were thrown together in the XVI. c. to contain the very beautiful renaissance 'De la Warr Shrine' of 1532, inscribed—'Of yr charite pray for ye souls of Thomas La Warre and Elysabeth hys wyf.' The shrine is

covered with armorial bearings, including the chape—a badge given to Sir Thomas West when (with Sir Thomas Pelham) he took King John of France prisoner at Poitiers. Two tombs on the north of the chancel are attributed to Philippa, Countess of Arundel and Pembroke, 1428, and her second husband, Adam de Poynings, who desired to be buried here, to the north of her tomb. In the south transept are two handsome tombs of Sussex marble. It is believed that two daughters of Queen Adeliza of Louvain and her second husband, William de Albini, Earl of Arundel, were buried there.[1] Monuments commemorate Sir William Morley of Halnaker, 1701, and his daughter Mary, wife of James Stanley, 10th Earl of Derby, 1752. The inscription on the gravestone of 'Mary, Countess of Derby, our Benefactress,' refers to her foundation of the Boxgrove almshouses.

The ruined park of *Halnaker*, formerly Helnache ($\frac{1}{4}$ *m.* north), is of great beauty, and has remains of grand chestnut avenues. Delightfully situated on the edge of a declivity are stately remains of the once famous and beautiful house of Halnaker, built in the time of Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas West, second Lord De la Warr. Edward VI. was here in 1552, and wrote of 'Halvenaker, a pretty house beside Chichester.' The gateway remains (which had octangular towers on each side), and much of the walls of the buildings which surrounded a courtyard, and the east end of the chapel with its triplet window. The rooms on the right of the court were 'my lord's side,' those on the left 'my lady's side.' The doors of the hall were inscribed—'Les biens venus' and 'Come in and dringe.' Much of the interior fittings is preserved at 'the Chauntry' in Chichester. The old walled garden is now an orchard. Behind it is a grand weather-beaten cypress worthy of Verona, and two noble ilexes are on a hill above the glen—'the Spider Ride.'

Opposite Halnaker is an entrance to *Goodwood Park* (Duke of Richmond), always open to the public. Its name

[1] The Queen herself was buried at the Abbey of Affligen, near Alost, founded by her father and uncle.

was anciently Godinwood, probably from the Saxon Godwin, father of Harold. The estate was bought from the Comptons by the first Duke of Richmond in 1720. The house, which is quite without beauty, was designed by Chambers and finished by Wyatt. It is shown in the absence of the family, and contains some fine portraits by Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence. The famous Vandyke of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, and the princes Charles and James, is a replica of pictures at Windsor and Chatsworth. In the Billiard Room is the most remarkable picture in the house, brought from the old chateau of the Stuarts at Aubigny near Bourges, and known as 'The Cenotaph of Lord Darnley,' inscribed 'Tragica et lamentabilis internecio serenissimi Henrici Scotorum regis.' There is a picture at Windsor which is almost a replica of this.

'Near the house is a grotto and an underground passage made from it called the Catacombs. There are walks through woods, in which are gothick and other buildings. But the place is most famous for a great variety of forest trees and shrubs; they have thirty different kinds of oaks, and four hundred different American trees and shrubs, which compose one wilderness.'—*Travels of Dr. Richard Pococke*, 1754.

The park has beautiful views, but is more remarkable for its noble cedars of Lebanon, more than a hundred and fifty in number. In a summer-house is the *Neptune and Minerva Slab*, found in digging the foundations of the Chichester Council Chamber in 1713. It is inscribed—the letters in italics being conjectural restorations—

Neptuni et Minervae templum
pro salute *domus* divinae.
ex auctoritate *Tib.* Claud.
*Co*gidubni r. leg. aug. in Brit.
*Colle*gium fabror. et qui in eo
a sacris sunt d. s. d. donante aream
*Pud*ente Pudentini fil.[1]

[1] 'The Temple of Neptune and Minerva, erected for the health and preservation of the imperial family by the authority of the Emperor Tiberius Claudius and of Cogidubnus, the great king of the Britons. The Company of Artificers, with others, who were ambitious of the honour of supplying materials, defrayed the expense. Pudens, the son of Pudentius, gave the ground.'

The slab commemorates a temple which the tribal chief Cogidubnus, imperial legate under Claudius, erected in his capital of Regnum to Neptune and Minerva as patrons of a *collegium fabrorum*, supposed to have been a guild of ship-carpenters belonging to the port. Many are inclined to connect this Pudens with the Pudens of the New Testament.

'Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.'—2 TIM. iv. 21.

They believe Claudia to have been the daughter of Cogidubnus, king of the Regni. Martial's Epig. iv. 13 is addressed to Rufus on the marriage of one Pudens with Claudia, a foreigner (*peregrina*); and this Pudens is a centurion (Martial, i. 32) who is expected to return to Rome to receive the honour of equestrian rank (vi. 58).

A *Pheasantry* has been formed from an old chalk-pit. There is a fine view from *Cairney's Seat*, named from an old servant of the family.

The *Race Course*, 1 *m.* from the town, is famous for the *Goodwood Races*, established 1802, and held at the end of July—a far more aristocratic gathering than those at Epsom or Ascot.

'This splendid course, taking jaded London out of itself in the weary dog-days, has acquired a pre-eminence for which the racing world is entirely indebted to the enterprise of the late Duke of Richmond. The hill is singularly adapted for the purpose. Situate 700 feet above the sea level, and possessing an unbroken landscape in every direction, it catches each perfumed breeze that is wafted from land or sea. Here, when all Nature elsewhere languishes, the boundless expanse of turf and sea-board brings momentary freedom and elasticity to the most careworn. It is unlike Epsom, it is unlike Ascot; you feel you are in a nobleman's domains, and if not his invited guest, at least a permitted trespasser. On the South—the prevailing quarter from which the vegetable world of Sussex turns instinctively—affording shelter enough for all comers, either from the partial thunder-shower or regular downpour, runs a tall dark grove of firs. On the western extremity of the course rises the stately Grand Stand, not the conspicuous building which travellers who look to the well-known hill from the carriages of the South-Coast Railway take it for, but concealed

under covert of the grove; whilst the singular conical hill known as the Rook's Trundall (a corruption, probably, of Roundall and St. Roche), hoop-shaped and double-trenched, proudly flanks the whole. The course is a horse-shoe, like Epsom, so that the spectators may command a view of all the running, but so bold a ravine divides its extremities that no cross-country cavalcade can be present here, as there, at both the starting and the winning posts.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

The proverb, 'The last race-horse brings snow at his tail,' refers to the belief that frost may be expected any time after 'the Sussex fortnight,' which ends with the first week in August.

A current local tradition says that Aaron's golden calf is buried in *Rook's Hill*,[1] where there is a large earthwork known as 'the Trundle.' It has an outer and inner vallum, and a deep fosse. It is evidently of Celtic origin, though afterwards used by the Romans. Other ancient earthworks lie half a mile to the south.

To the right of the highroad, 6 *m.* from Chichester and 2 *m.* beyond Boxgrove, lies *Eartham*, where the poet William Hayley lived, in a little villa which was built by his father, and where he wrote his 'Triumphs of Temper,' which had a great though short-lived popularity. Here Flaxman, his intimate friend, passed a fortnight with him 'such a fortnight,' he wrote, 'as many thousands of our fellow-creatures go out of the world without enjoying.'

'Everything about that man is good except his poetry.'—*Southey, Letter to S. T. Coleridge.*

'He lived in the days when polish held the place of vigour, and harmony that of feeling, and poetry is judged as a song is now by the sweetness of its music.'—*Allan Cunningham, 'Biog. and Crit. Hist. of Literature.'*

'He must always hold a place in the history of English literature.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, xxxi.

The church, which has a Norman chancel arch, was the burial-place of Hayley's father, and contains his epitaph on his remarkable and gifted mother: it has also an admirable

[1] See Brewer's 'Dict. of Phrase and Fable,' *sub* 'Golden Calf.'

monument by his master, Flaxman, to Thomas Alphonso Hayley, the promising and brilliant natural son of the poet, upon whose lingering illness some of his father's most touching verses were written. After his death, William Hayley could not endure to remain at Eartham,[1] and sold his paternal inheritance to the Rt. Hon. W. Huskisson, killed at the opening of the Liverpool Railway. Huskisson was buried in the Liverpool cemetery, but there is a monument to him in the north side of the church here, as well as in Chichester Cathedral.

1½ *m.* S.E. of Eartham is *Slindon Park*, built by Sir Garrett Kempe in the time of Elizabeth, on the site of an old manor of the Archbishops of Canterbury, in which the great archbishop Stephen Langton died, July 1228.

At 10 *m.* the road—the Stane Street—reaches *Up Waltham*, where the early English church has a circular apse, and then ascends *Sutton Hill*, whence there is a wide view of rich country, and reaches (12 *m.* from Chichester, 6 from Petworth) *Bignor*. The churchyard has fine yew-trees. At *Bignor Park* lived Nicholas Turner. One of his daughters was Charlotte Smith (ob. 1806), authoress of 'The Old Manor House,' 'Emmeline,' and many other novels and poems.

'Some of her novels will last, and her sonnets with them, each perhaps aided by the other. There is nothing great in her, but she is natural and touching.'—*Leigh Hunt*, '*Men, Women, and Books*.'

Her sister, Mrs. Dorset, was the authoress of 'The Peacock at Home,' and other poems, 1809.

Bignor is the station, upon the Roman Stane Street, 'ad decimam' (from Regnum) of the Itineraries, and here, in 'the Berry field,' in a very pretty situation, are the remains of a Roman villa.

'This villa, which so many thousands have since crowded to visit, had lain undiscovered, though only a foot or two below the surface of the soil, till 1818, when one Farmer Tucker, ploughing with his yoke

[1] A most interesting article on the 'Life and Writings of Hayley' will be found in the *Quarterly Review*, xxxi.

of oxen his own little freehold, came upon the richest tesselated pavement in England.'—*Quarterly Rev.*, No. 223.

The remains surround a court, and are of considerable size, and, since their discovery, have been carefully preserved. Those who have travelled much in Italy will not think much of the tesselated pavements to be seen here, but they are still amongst the finest which have been found in England. One of the best represents the Rape of Ganymede, another the Four Seasons—Winter, holding a bare twig, especially fine—another a comic scene, in which Cupids are represented as Gladiators. There are considerable remains of a bath-room, and another room has an open fireplace.

'Enough remains to attest the judgment and taste as well as the opulence of the owner. The high ground, chosen for the site of the villa, lay open to the south-west, having a group of hills and valleys more picturesquely "folded" perhaps, than at any other point in the South Downs. Here, upon an area of four acres, he planned his house upon a grand scale. Traces of similar but smaller villas have been found at Hurstpierpoint, Angmering, and elsewhere.'—*The Nineteenth Century, August* 1884.

Bury Hill, to the east of Bignor, has a large tumulus on its summit.

A line leads N. from Chichester to Midhurst and Pulborough by—

$3\frac{1}{2}$ *m. Lavant Stat.* The station is at Mid-Lavant. East Lavant is a little east. They take their name from the Lavant rivulet.

'The land springs which we call lavants, break out much on the Downs of Sussex, Hampshire, and Wiltshire. The country people say "When the lavants rise, corn will be dear."'—*Gilbert White*, '*Nat. Hist. of Selborne.*'

> 'Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian side,
> (Dividing it well from the Sussexian lands,
> That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled sands).'
> —*Drayton*, '*Polyolbion*,' xvii.

In *Mid-Lavant Church* (S. Nicholas) is a tomb with an effigy, erected during the lifetime of Dame Mary May, 1681.

East Lavant Church has a brass of Thomas Cawse, and a Sussex marble slab inscribed—'Priez ci passez par ici pour l'alme Luci de Mildebi.'

The road from Lavant, ½ *m.* before reaching Singleton, passes through *West Dean*, where the church (S. Andrew) contains a fine early XVII. c. monument to members of the Lewknor family—an uncle, son, and nephew.

7 *m. Singleton Stat.* 2 *m.* east is *East Dean*, where probably stood the royal villa of Dene, at which Asser first saw Alfred.

'Usque ad regionem dexteralium Saxonum, quae Saxonice Suthseaxum appellatur, perveni, ibique illum in villa regia, quae dicitur *Dene*, primitus vidi.'—*De Rebus gestis Aelfredi Magni.*

Charlton, a hamlet of Singleton, was the centre of the famous hunting-ground of *Charlton Forest*, first brought into notice by the Duke of Monmouth. It had a banquetting room called Fox-Hall. In the church of Singleton is a monument to the last huntsman of the Charlton pack, inscribed—

'Here Johnson lies: what Hunter can deny
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh?
Deaf is that ear that caught the opening sound,
Dumb is that tongue which cheered the hills around.
Unpleasing truth! Death hunts us from our birth,
In view, and men, like foxes, take to earth.'

10 *m. Cocking Stat.* Here was a cell belonging to Seez in Normandy, and afterwards to the college at Arundel. The church of *Heyshott* (1 *m.* east) is dedicated to S. Giles.

'A curious phenomenon is observable in this neighbourhood. From the leafy recesses of the layers of beech on the escarpments of the Downs, there rises in unsettled weather a mist which rolls among the trees like the smoke out of a chimney. This exhalation is called "Foxes-brewings," whatever that may mean, and if it tends westward towards Cocking, rain follows speedily. Hence the local proverb:—

"When Foxes-brewings go to Cocking,
Foxes-brewings come back dropping."'

—*M. A. Lower.*

3 *m.* west, over *Heyshott Downs*, is the village of *Wool Lavington*. *Lavington House*, built by T. Sargent, the friend of Hayley, will always have an interest as having been the residence of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester. On June 11, 1828, he was married here to Miss Emily Sargent, the heiress of Lavington,[1] by Mr. C. Simeon, and in the churchyard his wife was buried, February 1841. 'Oh, how in Lavington churchyard do I enter into "the harvest in the end of the world,"' wrote Wilberforce to Miss L. Noel in April 1841. Hither he rode for the last time, May 31, 1873, and he wrote in his journal—'Mind resting somewhat on God, and blessing Him for power of enjoying the beauties of His world around me.' He died by a fall from his horse near Dorking, July 19, 1873.

'More even at Lavington than at Cuddesdon was he fond of sallying out for his evening walk, with a few congenial spirits round him, before whom he could speak freely. But it was on the charms of the pleasant landscape which surrounded his Sussex home that he chiefly expatiated on such occasions, leaning rather heavily on some trusty arm, while he tapped with his stick the bole of every favourite tree which came in his way, and had something to tell of its history and surpassing merits. Every farmhouse, every peep at the distant landscape, every turn in the road, suggested some pleasant remark or playful anecdote. He had a word for every man, woman, and child he met,—for he knew them all. The very cattle were greeted as old acquaintances, and how he did delight in discussing the flora of the neighbourhood, the geological formations, every aspect of the natural history of the place.'—*Burgon.*

The church (of S. Peter) has a special interest as that where Henry Manning (afterwards Cardinal) preached his last sermon as an English clergyman, as well for the ministrations of his brother-in-law Samuel Wilberforce.

'His sermons in this church were amongst his very best. He used to pour out his heart there as if it were a relief to him to talk out what had passed within him. The memories of that church and of the house near it, of the graves that clustered round it, and of the voices that had

[1] An old proverb says, 'No heir to the Lavingtons ever succeeded his own father.' See Rev. T. Mozley, 'Reminiscences,' p. 132.

spoken in it, seemed to bring out all the man that was in him, and to possess him with a stronger sense than ever of the loving dealings of God with the soul.'—*R. G. Wilberforce.*

There is a brass to the Bishop in the church, and his pastoral staff, as Bishop of Oxford, is fixed to the wall near the altar. In the churchyard is a cross to 'Samuel Wilberforce, twenty-eight years a Bishop in the Church of God.'

'It had been the Bishop's constant desire, ever since he laid his wife to rest in Lavington churchyard, that when his time came he might rest there beside her. At Cuddesdon, at Lavington, and in London, there hung in his bedroom a picture of Lavington churchyard, "that I may ever see," he used to say, "my own resting-place."'—*Life.*

'Verily, as the years roll out, this spot will attract many a pilgrim foot: but the church, no less than the world, is prone to forget its greatest benefactors, and few will care to remember, when a few decades of years shall have run their course, how largely our Church of England is indebted to him who sleeps below. None but those who knew him will have the faintest conception what an exquisite orator, what a persuasive preacher, what a faithful bishop,—in every private relation of life what a truly delightful person,—is commemorated by the stone which marks the grave of Samuel Wilberforce.'—*Burgon.*

'No church could stand in a more beautiful spot. The trees, the fields, the beautiful hills, the exquisite landscape in the distance, all complete a picture which will long dwell in the memory of even the most heedless of travellers.'—*Louis J. Jennings*, '*Rambles Among the Hills.*'

An observatory was built by Bishop Wilberforce on the hill above the house.

From *Duncton Beacon* there is a fine view.

12½ *m. Midhurst*, a pleasant old town above the Rother. At the Grammar-School—'Schola Grammaticalis'—founded by Gilbert Hannam in 1672, Sir Charles Lyell and Richard Cobden were educated. Attached to the perpendicular church (of S. Denis) is the Montacute Chantry, but the tomb of Lord Montacute, which it contained, has been removed to Easebourne. Francis, 3rd Viscount Montague, who suffered so much for Charles I., was buried here.

A lovely walk above the river-bank leads from the station to the picturesque and beautiful ruined house of

Cowdray. The property belonged to the Bohuns till the time of Henry VII., when Sir David Owen, natural son of Owen Tudor, and uncle of the king, married their heiress, Mary. Sir David sold the property to Sir W. Fitzwilliam, treasurer of the king's household, created Earl of Southampton, whose mother married, as her second husband, Sir Anthony Browne, Grand Standard-Bearer of England.

Cowdray.

Their son was another Sir Anthony, the friend of Henry VIII., and to him his maternal half-brother, the Earl of Southampton, dying childless in 1543, left Cowdray. His son was created Viscount Montague in 1554 by Philip and Mary, and from him seven viscounts descended in succession. Edward VI. was here August 22, 1549, and wrote to his friend Barnabe Fitzpatricke (who, as a boy, was

appointed to undergo any whippings the royal pupil deserved): 'At Cowdray, a goodly house of Sir Anthony Browne's, we were marvellously, nay, rather excessively blanketted.' Lord Montague stood very high in the favour of Queen Elizabeth.

'The first that showed his bands to the queen was that noble, virtuous, honourable man, the Viscount Montague, who now came, though he was very sickly and in age, with a full resolution to live and die in defence of the Queen and of his country against all invaders, whether it were pope, king, or potentate whatsoever; and, in that ground, he would hazard his life, his children, his land, and goods. And to show his mind agreeably thereto, he came personally himself before the Queen, with his band of horsemen, being almost two hundred; the same being led by his own sons; and with them a young child, very comely, seated on horseback, being the heir of his house, that is, the eldest son to his son and heir; a matter much noted of many, whom I heard to commend the same, to see a grandfather, father, and son at one time on horseback afore a queen for her service.'—*Letter of the Spanish Ambassador Mendoza, September* 1588.

Elizabeth spent a week at Cowdray in 1591, where her Sunday breakfast was provided with three oxen and a hundred and forty geese.[1] She killed several deer in the park with her crossbow. In the same year Lord Montague died. Baker's 'Chronicles' say: 'Though he were a great Roman Catholic, yet the queen, finding him faithful, always loved him, and in his sickness went to visit him.'

The later history of the house is very tragical. On the 24th September 1793, during the absence of its owner, the 8th viscount, flames were seen issuing from a carpenter's shop at the top of the north-west angle of the house, where workmen had left a pan of charcoal burning, and they soon gained such a hold that the whole interior of the house was gutted by fire, and scarcely anything it contained was rescued. The 'Roll of Battle Abbey' is believed to have perished in the flames. Only a month later, before he had heard of his misfortune, the young owner of Cowdray, George Samuel, Viscount Montague, aged 22, being at Schaffhausen, determined to shoot the falls in a small boat,

[1] See 'The Orders and Rules of Sir Anthony Browne.'

with his friend, Mr. Sedley Burdett. His valet, declaring that the respect of a servant ought in such a case to give way to the duty of a man, attempted to restrain his master by force, but in vain. The young men passed the first fall in safety, made for the second, and were never seen again. The property of Cowdray then passed to Lord Montague's sister, Elizabeth Margaret, married to Mr. Stephen Poyntz. Their two sons were drowned before their eyes at Bognor. Thus was fulfilled to the uttermost 'the curse of Cowdray,' pronounced by one of the last monks of Battle against Sir Anthony Browne, when he took forcible possession of Battle Abbey, that 'by fire and water his line should come to an end, and perish out of the land.'

The property, devolving upon the three daughters of Stephen Poyntz, was sold to the Earl of Egmont in 1843.

Over the ruined entrance of Cowdray are seen the arms of Sir Anthony Browne, and on the roof of the hall are the anchor and trefoil and the W. S. of the Earl of Southampton. In the great Dining-Room were very curious frescoes, representing events in English history, probably executed by Theodore Bernardi for Sir Anthony Browne. The Buck Hall was surrounded by carved stags, of which fragments remain. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, when he came hither from Brighton, 'I should like to stay here four-and-twenty hours. We see here how our ancestors lived.' The fountain, which once stood in the centre of the court, is now at Woolbeding.

The highroad runs, without hedge or paling, through the park, where are the beautiful chestnut avenues called *the Close Walks*, under which Elizabeth shot three or four deer as they were driven by. 1 *m.* from the ruins is *Cowdray Lodge* (Earl of Egmont), built by Mr. Poyntz.

Just outside the park gate, in the direction of Petworth, stands *Easebourne Church*, dedicated to S. Mary. It was attached to a little Benedictine priory, built by John de Bohun in the time of Henry III. The south aisle was the nuns' chapel. In the chancel, which was the burial-place of the Bohuns, is the oaken effigy of Sir David Owen, 1542,

a natural son of Owen Tudor, and uncle of Henry VII., who had married their heiress, Mary. Here also is the tomb, brought hither from Midhurst Church, with the kneeling figure of Sir Anthony Browne, Lord Montague, the friend of Queen Elizabeth, with the recumbent effigies of his two wives, Jane and Magdalen.

Lodsworth Church, on the N.E. of the park, was till recently very interesting from the curious open timbered gallery on its south side, but this has been ruthlessly 'restored' away, together with the old yew-trees of the churchyard, in the place of which paltry coniferae have been planted. At *West Lavington*, on the south of Cowdray Park, is the church built for Archdeacon (afterwards Cardinal) Manning in 1850, only a few months before his secession to the Church of Rome. Long afterwards he wrote of the love he felt for the earlier 'little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayers and the music of the English Bible for seventeen years became a part of my soul.'[1] In the churchyard Richard Cobden, the 'Apostle of Free Trade' (who died in London, April 2, 1865) is buried beside his father William, in whose old farmhouse in the neighbouring hamlet of Heyshott he was born. When agricultural depression obliged the farm to be sold, he began life as a commercial traveller, but lived to repurchase his native place in 1845, and built *Dunford House*, which was afterwards his home.

[The branch line from Midhurst to Petersfield passes—

3 *m.* *Elstead Stat.* 3 *m.* south, on the top of the Downs at *Treyford*, are the barrows known as '*The Devil's Jumps*.'

2 *m.* north, on the road from Midhurst to Petersfield, is *Trotton*, where the church of S. George was built, with the neighbouring bridge over the Rother, in 1400, by Thomas, "Baron Camois of Broadwater," a hero of Agincourt, who lived here at Camois Court. The monuments in this remote church are of the utmost importance. In the chancel is the brass of Margarete, daughter and heiress of

[1] 'England and Christendom,' p. 124.

Richard Foliott, and first wife of Sir John de Camoys, 1310, being one of the earliest known brasses in memory of a lady, and the only brass, except that of Sir John de Northwode, at Minster in the Isle of Sheppey, which can with any certainty be attributed to a French artist. On this brass, of exquisite finish, the engraver has placed his initial N. at the base of the canopy nearest the effigy of the lady. After the death of this Margarete, Sir John Camoys married another Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Gatesden. This lady was granted, with her property, by a formal deed, to William Paynel, whom she married after Sir J. Camoys' decease!

'In this brass, the wimple, that strange covering for the throat, chin, and the sides of the face, is here very distinctly shown; and it is adjusted, after a fashion prevalent in the earlier part of the Edwardian era, in such a manner as to impart a triangular outline to the features. A single curl of hair appears on either side of the forehead, which is encircled by a narrow enriched fillet; and upon the head, and falling gracefully upon the shoulders, is a coverchef. The remainder of the costume, with the exception of its heraldic decorations, is of the simplest character, but is expressed with great vigour and effectiveness. A super-tunic envelops the whole person; it has no waist-cincture, and its sleeves are loose, and terminate somewhat below the elbow, thus displaying of the kirtle worn beneath no more than the tight sleeves, buttoned closely to the wrists; the clasped and uplifted hands are bare. Originally nine smaller shields were attached to the front of the tunic,[1] a singular specimen of costume, for this is the only sepulchral brass known to have presented this peculiar species of ornament. These have now been abstracted, and that at a very recent period. A fine pedimental canopy, with slender side-shafts and pinnacles, eight shields of arms, the border fillets with the letters of the legend which they enclosed, and a profusion of small stars and other ornaments with which it was once semee, have in like manner, but at a more distant period, been abstracted from the marble slab. The border legend originally was as follows, written in Longobardic capitals: "Margarete de Camoys gisc ici. Dieu de sa alme eut merci: Amen." The legend commences without an initial cross.'—*Boutell's 'Monumental Brasses.'*

On an altar-tomb, with an immense slab of Purbeck marble, is the brass of Thomas, Lord Camoys—'strenuus

[1] The surcoat of William de Valence, 1296, at Westminster, was originally decorated in this way.

miles de gartero'—the second founder of the church, 1410, and his wife Elizabeth, 1419, daughter of Edward Mortimer, and widow of Henry Percy (Harry Hotspur), being the 'Gentle Kate' of Shakspeare (see 'Henry IV.'). Their son Richard stands at his mother's knee. The effigy of the knight—who commanded the left wing of the English army at Agincourt, and for his valiant deeds was made a Knight of the Garter—gives a rare example of the collar of SS. and the Garter appearing on the same figure. The lady is dressed in the "sideless cote hardi" of the time, with a flowing robe and an elaborate reticulated head-dress. The shields of arms are Camoys and Mortimer.[1]

The poet Thomas Otway was born (March 3, 1651) in this parish, being son of the Rev. Humphrey Otway, curate of Trotton, and afterwards Rector of Woolbeding. Collins alludes to him in his 'Ode to Pity'—

> 'But wherefore need I wander wide
> To old Ilissus' distant side,
> Deserted stream and mute!
> Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
> And Echo 'midst my native plains
> Been soothed by Pity's lute.'

His best works are his plays of 'The Orphan' and 'Venice Preserved.' He is reported to have died choked by the first mouthful of a roll which he had bought with a guinea given him by a gentleman when he was starving, and which he attacked too greedily.

In an 'Ode to the River Arun,' Charlotte Smith writes—

> 'On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
> No glittering fanes, nor marble domes appear;
> Yet shall the mournful muse thy course adorn
> And still to her thy rustic waves be dear!
> For with the infant Otway lingering here,
> Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
> While thy low murmurs sooth'd his pensive ear,
> And still the poet consecrates the stream.

[1] The brass is engraved in Dallaway.

Beneath the oak and beech that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
And in thy hazels, bending o'er thy tide,
The earliest nightingale delight to sing:
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate."

1 *m.* distant, approached by deep lanes, is the very quaint little church of *Chithurst*, on the Rother. A rude flat arch between the nave and chancel is attributed to Saxon date. Close to the church is a picturesque cottage, built from the remains of a small priory, some of whose monks have tombs in the churchyard.

5 *m. Rogate.* Beyond the village, to the left of the Petersfield road, and just on the boundary of Sussex and Hampshire, are the remains of *Dureford Abbey*, a house of Premonstratensian Canons, founded 1169 by Henry Hoese (Hosatus-Hussey). The tomb of a monk marked with a raised cross, and fragments of arches, are built into the walls of the old-fashioned moated garden of the farmhouse; but very little is left. Near *Haben Bridge*, over the Rother, are the moated remains of a castle, probably of the Camoys family.

9 *m.* Petersfield (in Hampshire).]

[The road from Midhurst to Haselmere passes ½ *m.* to the right of *Woolbeding*, a fine old XVII. c. house with high overhanging roofs and dormer windows, like a French chateau. Its delightful old gardens enclose the church of All Hallows, which has some stained glass from Mottisfont Priory. The fountain which stood in the court of Cowdray is preserved here. An enormous tulip-tree should be noticed. A beautiful avenue of old Scotch firs leads to the house on the Petersfield side.

Crossing a ridge of hills, the road, at 5 *m.*, reaches *Fernhurst*, in a delightful situation. In the oak-woods of *Verdley*, to the east of the village, are remains of an old castle, destroyed for road-making in the middle of the XIX. c. It is a lonely and romantic place—'known only to those that hunt the marten cat,' says Camden.

3 *m.* N.W., on the edge of a hill, with a wide view over Sussex and Surrey, is the church of *Linchmere*, with very peculiar scalloped and vandyked decoration to its windows. The village green, with its fine old oaks, is very attractive.

At the foot of Linchmere Hill are the curious remains of *Shulbrede Priory*, now a farmhouse. It was founded in the XIII. c. by Sir Ralph de Anderne for five Augustinian canons, and suppressed by the Bishop of Chichester, 'not without an eye to his own advantage,' ten years before Cromwell's visitation. A great upper hall, called 'the Prior's Chamber,' is adorned with rude paintings. In the picture of the Nativity, the animals have labels expressing voices. The cock crows—'Christus natus est.' The duck quacks—'Quando, quando?' The raven croaks—'In hac nocte.' The cow lows—'Ubi, ubi?' The sheep bleats—'Bethlem, Bethlem.'[1]]

16½ *m. Selham Stat. Tillington*, a little north, has a modern church built by the Earl of Egmont, containing a brass of William Spencer and his wife, 1593, and a monument to William Cox, precentor of Chichester in the time of Charles I., and his wife, buried here 'in the hope of a better consort hereafter.' 'Hic, spe melioris consortii, recondi voluit.' A family with the Saxon name of Aylings have held land at Tillington for three hundred years.

17½ *m. Petworth.*[2] The station is 1¾ *m.* from the town. An omnibus waits for every train.

The quiet old-fashioned town surrounds a market-house (with a bust of 'William the Deliverer'), built by George O'Brien, Earl of Egremont. The residence of the Percies here was not supposed to be beneficial to the place. Leland says it grew more prosperous after 'the yerles of Northumberland used little to ly there;' but afterwards (in the time of Henry VIII.) was 'right well encreasid,' a cloth manufactory having been established in the town. The large church,

1 Similar paintings remain at Cleeve Abbey, near Dunster, in Somersetshire.

2 In Saxon times Peteorde, then Pedewrda (Rich. I.), Peitewurth (John), Putworth (Ed. I.), Pettewoorth (Hen. VII.).

with a feeble modern spire,[1] is dedicated to Our Lady of Pity. The north chantry, dedicated to S. Thomas of Canterbury, was the burial-place of the Percies, to whom Lord Egremont, in his eightieth year, erected a monument by Carew—'mortuis moriturus.' Here rests the unfortunate ninth Earl Henry, who was long imprisoned in the Tower upon accusation of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, and, though nothing was proved against him, only released by the Star Chamber on payment of a fine of £30,000. His wife was sister of Elizabeth's Earl of Essex. With him lies his son Algernon (tenth Earl) and his grandson Josceline (eleventh Earl), in whom the male line became extinct. Lady Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, daughter of the ninth Earl, also lies here with her father. Josceline of Louvain, brother of Queen Adeliza, widow of Henry I., and husband of Lady Agnes Percy, is said to have been buried here. A monument by *Bailey* commemorates Lord Egremont, 1840. Against the north wall is a monument of one of the Dawtrey family in 1527. A little below the church are some XVIII. c. almshouses—the *Somerset Hospital*, founded by Charles, Duke of Somerset. *Thompson's Hospital*, in North Street, was founded by Thomas Thompson of Barnard's Inn in 1624. Near the church is a fine old house of the Dawtrey family. Amongst the many eminent rectors of Petworth have been Richard Montague, afterwards Bishop of Chichester and Norwich, 1623; Brian Duppa, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester, 1638; Henry King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, 1641; Francis Cheynell, the disputatious Puritan, who was the persecutor of Chillingworth, 1643; John Price, the chaplain of General Monk, who was in his confidence as to the Restoration, 1669; Euseby Cleaver, afterwards Bishop of Cork, of Leighlin and Ferns, and Archbishop of Dublin, 1783; and Charles Dunster, author of many literary works, 1789.

Petworth Park, bequeathed by Henry I. to his second

[1] Replacing a crooked leaden spire taken down in 1800, which gave rise to the distich—

'Proud Petworth: poor people,
High Church, crooked steeple.'

wife, Queen Adeliza ('Alice la Belle'), was given by her to her brother Josceline of Louvain. He married Agnes, heiress of the Northumbrian Percies, 'for birth and valour equal to any subjects in Christendome.'[1] She covenanted before her marriage that her husband should either take the arms of Percy and omit his own, or continue his own arms and take the surname of Percy to him and his posterity for ever. He chose the latter alternative, noticed in lines under her picture in the pedigree at Sion House—

> 'Lord Percy's heir I was, whose noble name
> By me survives unto his lasting fame;
> Brabant's duke's son I wed, who for my sake,
> Retains his arms, and Percy's name doth take.'

Petworth became henceforward the principal residence of the house of Percy (so that there is a much finer collection of their portraits here than at Alnwick) till Lady Elizabeth Percy, the great heiress of the family, married (1682) as her third husband (though only fifteen) Charles Seymour, 'the proud Duke of Somerset,' who lived here with almost regal state and pretension. Her son Algernon, the seventh Duke of Somerset, dying without male issue, Sir Hugh Smithson, who had married his only daughter Elizabeth, succeeded to the Northumbrian estates; but Petworth came to the son of her second daughter, Lady Catherine Seymour, who had married Sir William Wyndham, Bart., described by Pope as—

> 'Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
> The master of our passions and his own.'

Their son, Sir Charles Wyndham, then owner of Petworth, became Earl of Egremont, whence the Egremont portraits here. His son, George Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, who lived to eighty-five, added enormously to the Petworth collections. These, with all their glorious portraits of Percys and Seymours, he left to his adopted son, the father of the present owner. The barony of Leconfield was created for him in 1859.

[1] Fuller.

The old castle of the Percies stood even nearer the town than the present 'magnificent palace of a subject,' but was almost entirely pulled down by the Duke of Somerset when the existing house was built. Fuller says: 'It was most famous for a stately stable, the best of any subject in Christendom, affording standing in state for threescore horses, with all necessary accommodations.' Both Edward I. and Edward II. visited Petworth, and Edward VI. spent some days here; Charles III. of Spain was also here on his way to visit Queen Anne at Windsor.

From the town, nothing indicates the immediate presence of a great house; but at a door in the street close to the church, visitors should apply to visit *Petworth House* (Lord Leconfield), which was built by Charles, Duke of Somerset, at the end of the XVII. c. Magnificently uninteresting in itself, it contains the most important private collection of pictures in the kingdom (above six hundred in number), and one of the finest collections of family portraits in the world. The statues, purchased through Gavin Hamilton for the third Earl of Egremont, are of no great merit.

The house is shown with great liberality (no fees being intended) at 11, 12, 2, and 3. Visitors are admitted in parties as the clock strikes, after which a very rapid walk through the rooms occupies exactly an hour. There is no time or possibility of examining or enjoying any special picture, but, with the crowds—chiefly uninterested and uneducated—who have to be herded along, no other system is possible. No casual visitor can carry away more than a confused jumble of beautiful impressions.

The collection of the works of Vandyke is magnificent, and that of Sir Joshua Reynolds is the largest in existence. To notice only a few of the most important points of interest:

Tapestry Hall:

Decorated with frescoes of *Louis Laguerre.*

Grand Staircase:

On which Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset, is represented in a triumphal car, surrounded by her daughters. She was the great

heiress of the house of Percy, married at fourteen to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son of the Duke of Newcastle, who died in a few months: then to Thomas Thynne of Longleat, murdered at the foot of the Haymarket, Feb. 12, 1681–82: then to Charles Seymour, 6th Duke of Somerset. She died 1722, at the age of fifty-five, having had thirteen children by her third marriage.

The Beauty Room:

Containing portraits of Queen Anne and of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, by *Kneller*. The rest of the portraits are by *Dahl*.

The White and Gold Room:

Vandyke. *Lady Ann Carr, Countess of Bedford, daughter of James I.'s friend, and mother of the famous William Lord Russell who was beheaded. Other portraits of this lady by Vandyke are at Woburn, Althorp, and in the Louvre.

*Lady Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, the 'Saccharissa' of Waller and Mrs. Ady. Another portrait by Vandyke is at Althorp.

'Perhaps the best known of all the portraits of Dorothy Sidney is that at Petworth, her uncle Northumberland's home. The face is full of character and good sense. We see the skin of roses and lilies of which Waller sings, the radiant eyes that woke again the old pain when he saw them upon the painter's canvas, and the sweet expression which after all was perhaps the chief charm of her face.'—*Mrs. Ady*, '*Saccharissa*.'

*Lady Elizabeth Cecil, Countess of Devonshire.

*Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester, mother of Algernon Sydney and 'Saccharissa'—at the age of 27.

The Old Library:

Zucchero. Sir Nicholas Bacon.
Porbus. Old Lady.
Murillo. His own Portrait.

The Red Library:

Gainsborough. Lady Egremont.
Sir J. Reynolds. Lady Craven.
Sir J. Reynolds. Mrs. Musters.
Sir Antonio More. Sir Henry Sidney and Lady Mary Dudley, his wife, 1553—the father and mother of Sir Philip Sidney.
Vandyke. Portraits of Sir Robert Shirley and his wife Teresia.
Over fireplace: *Vandyke.* Lady Catherine Cecil.

The Marble Hall:

Titian. Cardinal de Medici as a young man—a very noble portrait.
Bronzino. A Boy.
Hogarth. Peg Woffington.

Square Drawing Room:

Vandyke. Prince William of Orange, father of William III., as a child.
**Vandyke.* Algernon Percy with his wife, Lady Anne Cecil, and their little daughter.
Holbein. Queen Katherine Parr.
**Claude.* A landscape, with Laban and his daughters—a magnificent picture.
Titian. Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus (?).
**Vandyke.* Henry Percy, ninth Earl, confined for sixteen years in the Tower—one of the masterpieces of the master.
**Vandyke.* Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. There are six (almost) replicas of this picture in England.
Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Marquis of Granby.
Vandyke. Henry, 10th Earl of Newport, and his son.
Vandyke. Mrs. Porter, Lady of the Bedchamber to Henrietta Maria.
Lely. Lady Elizabeth Cecil, who married first Sir William Hatton, and secondly Sir Edward Coke.

The Carved Room, with magnificent carvings by Grinling Gibbons:

> 'The most superb monument of Gibbons' skill is a large apartment at Petworth, enriched from the ceiling, between the pictures with festoons of flowers and dead game, all in the highest state of perfection and preservation. One vase surpasses all the others in beauty of execution and elegance of design, being covered with a bas-relief of the purest taste, worthy indeed of the Grecian age of cameos. Selden, one of his disciples—for what right hand could have executed such plenty of laborious productions—lost his life in saving this carving when the house was on fire.'—*Walpole.*

Jervas, after Vandyke. Henrietta Maria and Sir Jeffrey Hudson the dwarf.
Sir J. Reynolds. Kitty Fisher.
**Holbein.* Henry VIII.—painted 1540.
Sir J. Reynolds. Reflection.
Vandyke. Charles I. on horseback.

The Oak Room:

Albert Dürer. The Coming of the Magi.
Turner. The Thames at Eton.
Sir J. Reynolds. Lady Taylor—in a white dress.

North Gallery:

Turner. Jessica, on a gold ground.
Do. The Thames at Windsor.
Do. The Thames at Weybridge.
Lawrence. Pope Pius VII.
Romney. Lady Hamilton—of whom there are three different representations.
Gainsborough. Several exquisite Landscapes.
Opie. Musidora.
Turner. A Sea Piece.

There is a splendid collection of china in the house; also of old embroideries, including some worked by Lady Jane Grey. Amongst other relics preserved here is the sword used by Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury. In the Old Library is a famous illuminated MS. of Chaucer.

The outside of Petworth, which is built of freestone, has no architectural beauty. Walpole says: 'We were charmed with the magnificence of the park, which is Percy to the backbone.' In recent times the park has recovered from the ironworks which once devastated it, and of which a relic remains in the string of hammer ponds in the Stag Park. Ruskin describes how he saw Turner fishing in the park at sunset, where 'Chantrey, the sculptor, had been trolling for jack' the day before, and how the great painter nearly lost his line, which was saved by Mr. Ruskin's father, who summoned a boat to the rescue.

'When we returned, and while waiting for the boat, Turner became quite chatty, rigging me a little ship, cut out of a chip, sticking masts into it, and making her sails from a leaf or two torn from a small sketch-book, in which I recollect seeing a memorandum in colour that he had made of the sky and sunset. The ship was hardly ready for sea before the man and boat came lumbering up to the bank, and Turner was busy directing and helping him to recover the line, and, if possible, the fish. This, however, escaped in the confusion. When the line was got in, my father gave the man a couple of shillings for bringing

the boat; while Turner, remarking that it was no use fishing any more after the water had been so much disturbed, reeled up his other lines, and, slipping a finger through the pike's gills, walked off with us toward Petworth House. Walking behind, admiring the great fish, I noticed, as Turner carried it, how the tail dragged on the grass, while his own coat-tails were but a little farther from the ground; also that a roll of sketches, which I picked up, fell from a pocket in one of these coat-tails, and Turner, after letting my father have a peep at them, tied the bundle up tightly with a bit of the sacred line. I think he had taken some twine off this bundle of sketches when making his stone rocket apparatus, and that this led to the roll working out of his pocket. My father knew little about fishing or fishing-tackle, and asked Turner, as a matter of curiosity, what the line he had nearly lost was worth. Turner answered that it was an expensive one, worth quite half-a-crown.'—*Dilecta.*

The Sussex marble called *Petworth marble* is seldom found at the place itself, but in the adjoining parishes of Kirdford, Northchapel, Wisborough Green, and Billingshurst.

'It occurs in layers that vary from a few inches to a foot or more in thickness, and are separated from each other by seams of clay, or of a friable limestone. This limestone is of various shades of bluish grey, mottled with green and ochraceous yellow, and is composed of the remains of fresh-water univalves, formed by a calcareous cement into a beautiful compact marble. It bears a high polish, and is elegantly marked by the sections of the shells which it contains, their constituent substance presenting a striking contrast to the dark ground of the marble. In other varieties the substance of the shells is black, and their sections appear on the surface in the form of numerous lines and spiral figures. Occasionally a few bivalves, *cyclas*, occur, and the remains of the minute crustaceous coverings of the *Cypris faba* very constantly.' —*Mantell*, '*Geology of the South of England.*'

Architects especially commend the chimneys of *Moor Farm*, 'with two lofty shafts, having angle pilasters of an elegant design.'[1]

The church of *Lurgashall* (S. Laurence), a little N.W. of Petworth Park, has an external timber cloister on the south of the nave.

A little south of Petworth Station is *Burton Church*, which contains a painted rood-loft, and the curious brass of Elizabeth Goring, 1558, wearing over her dress a tabard

[1] See *The Builder*, August 7, 1886.

upon which the arms of Goring, Pelham, Covert, and several other families are quartered.

'Burton Park is memorable for possessing a few patriarchal oaks of vast girth, worthy of the reputation which Sussex bore when she was reckoned among the chief quarries of the nation for the supply of its "wooden walls."'—*Nineteenth Century, August* 1884.

23 *m.* Pulborough. See later.

The line from Chichester to London passes—

2 *m. Drayton Stat* This is the nearest station to Pagham (see p. 188), and to Goodwood (see p. 195).

6 *m. Barnham Junction.* A branch of $3\frac{1}{2}$ *m.* leads south to *Bognor*, a quiet watering-place at a point where a long reef of rocks juts out from the shore. It was founded in 1785 by Sir Richard Hotham, a Southwark tradesman, who wished to have called it Hothampton.

1 *m.* east is *Felpham*, where the church of Our Lady contains a monument to William Hayley, the poet, who retired to 'a marine hermitage' at Felpham in his later years, finding Eartham too expensive. Outliving his popularity, he preserved his happy disposition, neither soured nor dispirited by failure. 'If I have lost my popularity,' he said, 'it is the more incumbent upon me to show my friends that the cheerfulness of my spirit is built on a much nobler foundation than the precarious breath of popular applause.' Here he wrote his last lines to the swallows collecting on his turret before their departure—

'Ye gentle birds that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence
Ere winter's angry threats commence;
Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom is seen and heard
Departing man and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown.'

William Hayley died here, in his seventy-fifth year, November 12, 1820. The poet's epitaph is by Mrs. Opie. Hayley wrote the epitaph of William Steel, a blacksmith, in the churchyard—

> 'My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd;
> My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
> My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
> And in the dust my vice is laid;
> My coal is spent, my iron gone,
> The nails are driven, my work is done.'

Cyril Jackson, the famous Dean of Christ Church, and tutor to George IV., died in the manor-house, 1819, and is buried here. William Blake lived for some time in a pretty cottage (which still exists) at Felpham, under the patronage of Hayley, and many of his strange 'Visions' were conceived there.

7 *m. Yapton Stat.* The village of *Yapton* is believed to take its name from Eappa, a follower of S. Wilfrid. The church has a curious black granite font and a Norman tower.

9 *m. Ford Junction.* A branch of 3 *m.* runs S.E. to *Littlehampton*, a small watering-place at the mouth of the Arun, where the Empress Matilda landed in 1139. A little to the west is the early English cruciform church of *Climping*, said to have been founded by John de Climping, Bishop of Chichester, in 1253. Contemporary with the foundation is the very curious old church chest. At *Atherington*, in this parish, are remains of a very interesting old moated house. The churches of *Preston* and *Rustington*, a little to the east, have some Norman details. The osprey—here called the mullet-hawk—frequents the estuary of the Arun for the sake of the mullet. The richness of the soil in this district and near Bognor, which often grows forty bushels of wheat to the acre, causes it to be regarded as 'the garden of Sussex.'

For the line from Ford Junction to Brighton, see Ch. v.

Long before reaching it, the noble outline of Arundel Castle is seen crowning the wooded hill above the river—

> 'Arun, which doth name the beauteous Arundel.'
> —*Drayton*, '*Polyolbion*.

11 *m. Arundel Stat.* The sights of Arundel—the church, Roman Catholic Church, and keep—can be seen on Mondays and Fridays. The castle is not shown, and the Fitzalan chapel (the object of chief interest), can only be seen on having procured a special order beforehand by writing to the Duke's agent.

Arundel is mentioned in the will of Alfred the Great and in Domesday Book. Local tradition connects its name with Hirondelle, the charger of Bevis of Hampton, giant-warder of the castle, whose sword 'Mongley' is shown in the armoury. At the Conquest, the earldom was granted to Roger de Montgomeri, who commanded the Breton allies at Hastings. His two sons, Hugh and Robert, held it till 1118, when it was granted to the Albini. The last Earl, Hugh de Albini, died childless in 1243, when the earldom passed to John Fitzalan, through his marriage with Isabel, eldest sister of Earl Hugh. The Fitzalans then took the arms of the Albini, with their estates and titles. They held the property till Richard Fitzalan's daughter and heiress married John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and their daughter Margaret brought Arundel by marriage to Sir Robert Howard, whose son John (in 1483), was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk. The present owner—Hereditary Earl Marshal of England and first of English peers—is the fifteenth Duke of Norfolk. A proverb says—

> 'Since William rose and Harold fell
> There have been Earls of Arundel,
> And Earls old Arundel shall have
> While rivers flow and forests wave.' [1]

'Arundel Castle is of great esteem, the rather because a local earldome is cemented in the walls thereof.'—*Fuller.*

'What house has been so connected with our political and religious annals as that of Howard? The premiers in the roll-call of our nobility have been also among the most persecuted and ill-fated. Not to dwell on the high-spirited Isabelle, Countess Dowager of Arundel, and widow of Hugh, last earl of the Albini family, who upbraided Henry III. to his face with "vexing the church, oppressing the barons, and denying all his true-born subjects their right;" or Richard, Earl of Arundel, who

[1] See *Illustrated Times*, Feb. 23, 1856, p. 131.

was executed for conspiring to seize Richard II.—we must think with indignation of the sufferings inflicted by Elizabeth on Philip, Earl of Arundel, son of the "great" Duke of Norfolk, beheaded by Elizabeth in 1572 for his dealings with Mary Queen of Scots. In the biography of Earl Philip, which, with that of Ann Dacres his wife, has been well edited by the 14th Duke, we find that he was caressed by Elizabeth in early life, and steeped in the pleasures and vices of her court by her encouragement, to the neglect of his constant young wife, whose virtues, as soon as they reclaimed him to his duty to her, rendered him hated and suspected by the Queen, so that she made him the subject of vindictive and incessant persecution, till death released him at the age of 38. To another Howard, Thomas, son of Earl Philip, the country is indebted for those treasures of the East, the Arundel Marbles.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. 223.

The little town of Arundel rises from the Arun in one steep street, which is dominated by the castle. A feeble modern gate forms its entrance; then a road winds between lawn and trees to a second and picturesque early English gateway with a Norman arch and a drawbridge. On the left is the keep.

The castle was besieged in 1102 by Henry II., to whom it was surrendered by Robert de Belesme, son of Roger, the first Norman Earl. In 1139 Stephen besieged the Empress Maude, when she was staying in the castle with her step-mother, the queen-dowager Adeliza, widow of Henry I. and wife of William de Albini. In December 1643, the Parliamentary troops under Sir W. Waller besieged the castle for seventeen days, and it was taken on January 6, 1644, with 1000 prisoners. Cannon had played upon the castle from the church, and it continued a ruin till 1720, when it was partially restored under the eighth Duke. The tenth Duke also restored it according to his own fancy, producing a most miserable sham-gothic deformity. The present Duke has pulled this down, but the existing building, erected under Buckler—'fastueux palais moderne,' as Elisée Reclus calls it—is not much better, and its ill-lighted rooms and passages have all the gloom and discomfort of a medieval castle without their grandeur. Neither within nor without does the house which has produced fifteen dukes and thirty-seven earls possess one salient or admirable feature,

except in its gateway. The *Library*, a remnant of the former building, is a pleasant bastard-gothic room, with delightful recesses for readers in the thickness of the wall. The later rooms—billiard-room, ante-room, drawing-room—attain the climax of discomfort as well as of ugliness. The pictures have mostly names of great masters to which they have no claim. There are, however, authentic portraits by *W. Street* of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, beheaded 1547; by *Holbein* of his son Thomas, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, beheaded 1572; and by *Vandyke* of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who collected 'the Arundel Marbles' now at Oxford, the friend of Selden, the patron of Hollar, and the man whom Rubens hailed in a letter as 'the Evangelist of the world of art.' But the finest portrait belonging to the Duke is a noble *Holbein*, which he has generously lent to the National Gallery, and which represents Christina, daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark, and widow of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, a noble picture painted for Henry VIII., that he might decide whether he would like to propose for her.

The *Keep* is a late Norman tower. Over its entrance is the window of S. Martin's Oratory. There is a curious subterranean storeroom. In one of the prisons is inscribed, 'I pray to God if hit please him, please delyvere us all out of distress.' The keep was at one time remarkable for a colony of owls, introduced (a present from America) by Charles, eleventh Duke, who died 1815, but extinct before 1870. Their ducal owners amused themselves by giving them the names of those they were supposed to resemble. Great was the amusement at the castle breakfast-table when a servant announced, 'Please your Grace, Lord Thurlow's laid an egg.' This famous bird died in 1859, supposed to be a hundred years old.[1]

Entered through the castle grounds and cut off from the church, though joining it, is the *Fitzalan Chapel*, containing the five famous Arundel tombs. The chapel was originally that of a college of Holy Trinity, founded for a master and twelve canons in 1380 by Richard Fitzalan,

1 See *West Sussex Gazette*.

who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1397, and it was attached to what was then a priory-church. The earliest of the tombs, in the centre of the chapel, bears the effigy of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, 1415, and his wife Beatrix, a natural daughter of King John of Portugal. It is encircled by forty shields, one covered with quarterings. The lady wears the mitred or horned head-dress, a strange fashion long in favour, in spite of both lay and ecclesiastical censure. At the feet of the Earl is a horse; at the feet of the Countess two lapdogs. This was the Fitzalan despoiled by Richard II. and restored by Henry IV.

Beneath the most eastern arch of the partition from the Lady Chapel is the cenotaph tomb of John Fitzalan, seventeenth Earl, 1435, who is buried in the monastery of Grey Friars at Beauvais, where he died of a wound received in besieging the castle of Gerberoi. The figure upon the tomb is in plate-armour, with a collar of SS.; beneath is a skeleton.

South of the altar is the tomb of William, nineteenth Earl, 1488. This 'puissante, noble, and virtuous earle' was the patron of Caxton. The dress of his Countess, Joan, is very interesting.

'The tomb, placed within a chantry of richest architecture, consists of two stages in the same taste and of like material, Sussex marble; at the west end, on the lower stage, sufficient space is left for the altar, when the service was performed for the souls of the deceased. The figures, which lie loose upon the tombs, are carved in a softer stone, and possess considerable merit; the draperies being executed in the angular style of Albert Dürer. The Earl is represented in his robes of creation, with a coronet upon his head. The head-dress of his Countess is remarkable for its splendid decorations and the singular manner in which the coronet is introduced upon it; beneath her surcoat appears a rich robe wrought with gold; the cuffs are long and turned back from the hands, which are broken; round her neck is a splendid necklace.'—*C. A. Stothard*, '*Monumental Effigies*.'

Opposite, on the north, is the tomb of Earl Thomas, 1524, and Earl William, 1543, son and grandson of the nineteenth Earl. This tomb has a rich canopy. Above Earl William's chantry (on the south) is a tablet to Henry,

Earl of Arundel, the last of the Fitzalans, 'qui pie et suaviter in Domino obdormivit, 1579.'

In the centre of the Lady Chapel is the tomb of John Fitzalan, sixteenth Earl, 1421. Its brasses have been abstracted. The original stone altar, with its crosses, remains. There are brasses of a knight and lady, 1418, and of the first Master of the College, Ewan Eartham, 1432. Edward Henry, Cardinal Howard, great-nephew of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, was buried in the Fitzalan chapel in September 1892.

The parish church of *S. Nicholas* was united to a priory established by the first Norman Earl, Roger de Montgomeri, and attached to S. Martin of Seez. In the north aisle of the church are frescoes of the Seven Deadly Sins and Seven Works of Mercy. An ancient stone pulpit which encircles a pillar is now used as a pew.

On one side of the churchyard are considerable remains of the *Fitzalan College*. Its buildings had the right of sanctuary, and a severe penance was passed by Bishop Rede of Chichester on a constable who seized an escaped prisoner when he was holding the sanctuary ring on the college door.

The huge modern *Roman Catholic Church of S. Philip Neri* occupies the summit of the hill up which the town stretches. It is a very dull though magnificent decorated building, from designs of Hanson, and has cost £100,000. The detached tower is intended to be 275 feet high. But in spite of the enormous sums spent upon it, the church is a dreary edifice, without character, power, picturesqueness, or imagination.

At the bottom of the town are remains of the *Maison Dieu*, built in 1380 by Earl Richard, the founder of the College. It provided for twenty poor men. Its buildings were destroyed by Waller's troopers.

Most beautiful are the views in *Arundel Park*, of the winding declivity of hill, the castle at the most salient point, and the delicate distances of plain and sea. A tower is called *Hiorne's Tower* from its architect. Turner's cele-

brated view is taken from the brow of the hill, north of Copyhold.

The waters of the Arun are famous here for their grey mullet—'Arundel mullet.' A spot dear to artists is the water-mill called *Swanbourne*.

'It is situated beneath the castle, on the east side, at the head of the stream by which the ancient 'Swanbourne Lake' discharges itself into the river, and most probably occupies the site of the original building mentioned in Domesday. Perhaps, of all the beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Arundel, none comprises more real beauty than this. The valley in front, shaded by the willows and ash which adorn the little islands of the lake, and winding its way in the distance amongst the hills; the castle projecting boldly from the eminence on the left; the steep acclivities on each hand, clothed to their summit with luxuriant forest-trees, or exposing at intervals the wild and rugged surface of the rock; these, with the stillness of the place, unbroken save by the voice of the coot, or the plash of the moor-hen returning to her haunt, present a scene in whose presence the lapse of centuries will be easily forgotten, and the mind, hastening back to the age of the Confessor, will muse on the lake and stream as they existed then, and fancy itself beside the mill which was at work eight hundred years ago.'—*Tierney*, '*Hist. of the Castle and Town of Arundel.*'

At the foot of *Causeway Hill*, on the right of the road from Arundel to Worthing, now converted into cottages, are the small remains of the priory of *Pyrham* or *De Calceto*, founded by Queen Adeliza (then married to William de Albini, lord of Arundel) for Augustine canons, and called De Calceto, from a wooden causeway over the valley of the Arun, which they were bound to keep in repair.

1½ *m.* below Arundel, at *Tortington*, a small priory was founded by Avice Corbet, daughter of one of the De Albini, in the reign of Richard I. Nothing remains but a barn, which was part of the refectory. The contemporary church, S. Mary Magdalene, has two admirable Norman arches with rich ornaments, and a peculiar Norman font.

To the right of the line is *Burpham*, with an old church and remains of an ancient entrenchment. To the left is *South Stoke*, with a Norman church.

14½ *m. Amberley Stat.* close to *North Stoke*, one of the two places (the other was *Warningcamp*, 2 *m.* distant), where one of the ancient British canoes used on the Arun have been discovered.

Beyond the village are the massive ruins of *Amberley Castle*, built by Rede, Bishop of Chichester, in the time of Richard II. They stand on a low cliff, overlooking the

Entrance at Amberley.

marsh called *Wild Brook*, through which runs the Arun, abounding in 'Amberley trout,' celebrated by Izaak Walton and others, and which Fuller calls 'one of the four good things of Sussex.[1] The bishops had a residence here from the Conquest, but it was not castellated till 1379, of which

[1] The Arundel mullet, the Chichester lobster, the Shelsey (Selsey) cockle, and the Amerley (Amberley) trout.

time are the present walls and gateway. The present dwelling-house is due to Bishop Sherbourne, 1508. Here, in 'the Queen's Room,' were formerly paintings by Bernardi, like those executed for the bishop in the palace and cathedral of Chichester: but they have now been removed to Parham. The castle was plundered by Waller's troops in 1643.

'In allusion to the former muddy and marshy state of the parish, it was a common jest against the people of Amberley that they were web-footed.[1] The difference between Amberley in its winter and summer dress is expressed in the local saying, which makes the winter reply to "Where do you belong?"—"Amberley, God help us!"[2] and the summer—"Amberley, where would you live?"'—*M. A. Lower.*

But—

'The last of the grand morasses of Western Sussex, the Amberley Wild Brook, is converted into so-called smiling meadows, re-echoing with the lowing of cattle instead of the hollow boom of the bittern and the croak of the heron.'—*W. Borrer*, '*The Birds of Sussex.*'

Amberley Church (S. Michael) is partly Norman, partly early English. It contains a brass to John Wantle, 1424, with a surcoated figure. The pulpit has an hour-glass stand. In the south aisle is a fine decorated door of Edwardian date.

2½ *m.* west is the stately Elizabethan house of *Parham* (Lord Zouche of Haryngworth), which was built by Sir Thomas Palmer, and passed, in 1591, to the family of Bisshopp, now represented by Lord Zouche. Very valuable collections were made here by the late Robert Curzon, fourteenth Baron Zouche, author of 'The Monasteries of the Levant;' but the most precious of the books and of the

1 Another proverb speaks of them as 'web-footed and yellow-bellied.'

2 The place is spoken of as 'Amberley-God knows,' and people often say they are going to 'God knows.' A proverb runs—

'Amberley—God knows,
All among the rooks and crows,
Where the good potato grows.'

—See F. F. Sawyer, *Notes and Queries*, Ser. vi. vol. ix. p. 341.

Arabic and Irish MSS. have been removed for safety to the British Museum.

The great hall is hung with armour, which in part was procured from the now carefully preserved collection at S. Irene in Constantinople, left by the Christian knights, who defended the town against Mahomet II. in 1452. The collection contains 'more specimens of defensive armour anterior to the year 1450 than in all the other collections of Europe put together,'[1] with the exception of that at Athens, and that which still remains at Constantinople. In this hall Queen Elizabeth dined on her way from Cowdray to Sutton Place. There are two contemporary portraits of her in the house, one of them attributed to *Zucchero*, to whom a fine picture of the famous Earl of Leicester is also ascribed. A portrait of Mary Curzon, Countess of Dorset, governess to the children of Charles I., the first woman in England to whom a public funeral was accorded, is by *Vandyke*. There is an interesting portrait of a Paget who was implicated in the Babington conspiracy to murder Elizabeth, but who made his escape under the name of Mope. Amongst the pictures in the drawing-room are Lady Frederick Campbell by *Gainsborough*, and Lady Wilmot Horton (whose daughter married the fourteenth Baron Zouche) by *Phillips*. The autograph lines addressed to the latter by Byron, and beginning 'She walks in beauty like the night' are preserved in the house.

A gallery, 158 feet long, which runs the whole length of the house on the upper floor, had an elaborate ceiling, destroyed 1832. It is lined with portraits of Bisshopps and their connections, including Henry Bisshopp, buried at Henfield, a staunch Royalist, who was concealed there from the Parliamentarians. He is represented with the dog which shared his hiding-place, and on the silence of which his fate depended. From this gallery at the top of the house, fulfilling the Roman Catholic idea that it must have nothing over it, opens the chapel, containing a curious wooden Jacobean font, with figures of Adam and Eve

[1] Sussex Arch. Coll., xxv.

beneath it—as on the marble font at S. James's, Piccadilly —sold away from the church of S. Peter at Oxford by the Rev. E. Denison. Under one of the windows of the gallery are hidden steps, leading to 'the priest's hiding hole.' There is a ghost at Parham, often heard, but never seen within the memory of man.

The Park, full of ferny depths and glorious old oaks, stretches away on one side towards the soft recesses of the Downs. Very near the house is the little church of S. Peter, which has a curious leaden font of 1351, and beyond it the hill breaks suddenly into a declivity with a beautiful view over the plain. At the end of 'West Plain' is 'Betsy's Oak,' said to be so called from Queen Elizabeth, but more probably 'Bates's Oak,' from Bates, a keeper. Parham continued an utterly primitive place till 1830. There were no roads, and postilions lost their way in the park. Two of the keepers fought, and one of them killed the other just before the house windows. The murderer was hanged at Horsham, and his mother bought his body—not to bury it —but to exhibit it at sixpence a head. To this desolate place smugglers, having murdered an exciseman who interfered with their calling, dragged his body and threw it into one of the great ponds in the park.

The *Heronry* in the park, one of the thirty in England, is due to birds brought in the time of Elizabeth by Lord Leicester's steward from Coity Castle in Wales to Penshurst. There they stayed 200 years, and then migrated to Michelgrove, near Arundel, whence. when the Duke of Norfolk cut down some of the trees, they came to Parham.[1]

'The palm of beauty must be awarded to the park of Parham, in virtue both of its position and the majestic dimensions of its timber. Lying at the foot of the South Downs, its spacious levels melt insensibly into their gracious upland curves, and share in the ample largesse of sunshine and shadow which the heavens pour down upon them. The whole park is richly treeful, and its oaks are singularly fine; but attention is chiefly arrested by its lofty pines.'—*H. G. Hewlett*, '*Nineteenth Century*,' *August* 1884.

[1] For a description of this heronry see Knox's 'Ornithological Rambles in Sussex.'

2 *m.* east is *Storrington*, the native place of Maple the furniture dealer, and Sayers the prize-fighter. The church (S. Mary) has tombs by Westmacott to Sir Henry Bradford, 1816, and Major Falconer, 1827. An incised slab commemorates Henry Wilsha, 1591, chaplain to the then Earl of Arundel.

West of Amberley Station is *Houghton Church* (S. Nicholas), containing a brass to Thomas Cheyne, 1486.

Left of the line is *Hardham*, with an early English church. In this parish, above the Arun, stood *Heryngham Priory*, a small house of Black Canons founded by the Norman family of Dawtrey. Its site is now occupied by a farmhouse, in which a chimney-piece bears the arms of the last prior, William Picklowe. A chapel of the time of Edward I. remains.

19¼ *m. Pulborough Stat.* Beautifully situated on a hill above the station is the church (of Our Lady of Assumption), approached by an interesting timber lych-gate of the XIV. c. Portions of the building are early English. A fine brass represents Thomas Hardyng, Canon of Chichester and Rector of Pulborough, 1423. Other brasses are of Edmond Mille and his wife, 1452, and their son Edmund, 1478. This family of Mille had a mausoleum here, now destroyed. The approach to the church, with its fine old tower, lych-gate, steps, and the old houses near it, is a favourite subject with artists.

West of the church is an artificial mound which supported a Roman 'castellum.' Many Roman relics have been found near this. A little below the church are the remains of *Old Place*, a manor of the Apsleys, now a farmhouse, at the back of which are very beautiful carved timber fragments of Edwardian date.

Pulborough is a good point from which to visit the Roman villa at Bignor. See p. 199.

For the line from Pulborough to Chichester by Petworth and Midhurst see p. 200.

To the west of the station, near the meeting-place of the Arun and Rother, is *Stopham Church* (S. Mary), partly

Norman, and containing a number of brasses—a complete family history in brass—of the Barttelot family, who have held property here from the time of the Conquest, and who were hereditary-seneschals of the Earls of Arundel from the XIV. c. to the time of Charles I. They have resided at Stopham since 1420.

24½ *m. Billinghurst Stat.* This place, like the London Billingsgate, commemorates the Saxon tribe of Billing. The church is partly Norman. It contains a brass to Thomas and Elizabeth Bartlett, 1489.

31½ *m. Horsham Stat.* For Horsham and the line from thence to Three Bridges, see Ch. v.

INDEX

A.

ADUR, source of the, 145, 152; estuary of the, 152, 154.
Albourne Place, 140.
Alciston, 120.
Aldrington, 152.
Alfriston, 118.
Inn: *The Star.*
Amberley, 227.
Anderida, 70.
Andreds Wood, 133.
Angmering, 172.
Appledram, 190.
Apsley, 169.
Ardingly, 143.
Arlington, 86.
Arun, source of the, 143; estuary of the, 220; odes to, 209.
Arundel, 221.
Inns: *Norfolk Arms*, *Bridge.*
Ashburnham, 41.
Ashdown Forest, 9.
Asten, the, 40.
Atherington, 220.

B.

BALCOMBE, 144.
Baldslow, 24.
Balsdean, 138.
Barcombe, 124.
Barnham Junction, 219.
Batemans, 15.
Battle, 27.
Inns: *George*, *Railway.*
Bayham, 4.
Beachy Head, 65.
Beauport, 25.
Beddingham, 116.
Beeding, 156.
Beeding, Lower, 145.
Belle Toute, 66.
Benfield, 152.
Berwick, 118.
Bexhill, 27, 120.
Hotel: *Sackville.*
Bignor, 199.
Billinghurst, 232.
Birling Gap, 66.
Bishopstone, 112.
Boar's Head Street, 127.
Boarzell, 14.
Bodiam Castle, 43; stations for, 15, 17.
Bognor, 219.
Hotels: *Royal Pier*, *Royal Norfolk*, *Victoria Park*, *Bedford.*
Bolebrook, 8, 9.
Boreham Street, 42.
Bosham, 188.
Bow Hill, 192.
Boxgrove, 193.
Bracklesham, 187.
Bramber, 154.
Inn: *Castle*—good.
Brambletye, 9.
Brede, 46.
Brickwall, 48.
Brightling, 17.

Brighton, 134.
Hotels: *Grand*, *Metropole*, *Bedford*, *Norfolk*, *Old Ship*, *York*, *Royal Albion*, *Queens*, and many others.
Cabs: 1s. 6d. the first mile, 6d. for every part of a mile afterwards; 2s. 6d. the first hour, 1s. 3d. for every hour afterwards.
Broadhurst, 130.
Broadwater, 167.
Broomham, 50.
Broyle Park, 121.
Buckhurst, 7.
Bugzell, 17.
Bulverhythe, 27.
Burchetts, 89.
Burgess Hill, 141.
Burpham, 226.
Burton, 218.
Burwash, 15.
Bury Hill, 200.
Buxted, 125.
Inns: *Buxted Hotel*, *White Hart*.

C.

Caburn, Mount, 105, 116.
Cade Street, 92.
Cakeham Tower, 187.
Camber Castle, 58.
Carter's Corner, 84.
Catsfield, 26.
Causeway Hill, 226.
Chalvington, 120.
Chanctonbury Hill, 157.
Charlton, 201.
Charlton Forest, 201.
Chesworth, 149.
Chichester, 174.
Hotels: *Dolphin*, best; *Anchor*, *Globe*.
Chiddingly, 89.
Chidham, 190.
Chithurst, 210.
Christ's Hospital, 152.
Cissbury Camp, 168.
Clapham, 172.
Cliff End, 49.
Cliffe, 105.
Climping, 220.
Clothalls, 163.
Cocking, 201.
Coombe, 107.
Cowdray, 204.
Cowfold, 166.
Inn: *Red Lion*.
Crabbet Park, 147.
Cranesdon, 97.
Crawley, 147.
Inn: *The George*.
Cripps's Corner, 43.
Crooked Aunts, the, 42.
Crowborough, 126.
Crowhurst, 26; Park, 25.
Cuckfield, 142.
Inns: *King's Head*, *Talbot* — both good, and much frequented in summer.
Cuckmere, the, 85, 114, 119.

D.

Dallington, 92.
Dane Hill, 132.
Danny, 140.
Dean, East, near Chichester, 201.
Dean, East, near Seaford, 67.
Dean, West, near Chichester, 201.
Dean, West, near Seaford, 68, 114.
De Calceto, Priory of, 226.
Denne Park, 149.
Denton, 110.
Devil's Dyke, the, 136.
Devil's Jumps, the, 207.
Dicker, the, 85.
Ditchling, Ditchling Beacon, 140.
Dixter, 49.
Drayton, 219.
Duncton Beacon, 203.
Dunford House, 207.
Dureford Abbey, 210.

E.

EARTHAM, 198.
Easebourne, 206.
Eastbourne, 64.
Hotels: *Cavendish, Grand, Queen's, Albion, Anchor, Burlington, Marine, Sussex.*
East Grinstead, 10.
Inns: *Dorset Arms, Queen's.*
East Hoathly, 89.
East Lavant, 201.
East Mascalls, 142.
Ecclesbourne Glen, 23.
Edburton, 137.
Elstead, 207.
Emsworth, 190.
Eridge, 4.
Etchingham, 14.
Ewhurst, 162.

F.

FAIRLIGHT, 23.
Falmer, 138.
Fay Gate, 148.
Felpham, 219.
Fernhurst, 210.
Ferring, 172.
Field Place, 151.
Findon, 170.
Firle, 117.
Firle Beacon, 117, 120.
Fletching, 128.
Ford Junction, 173.
Forest Row, 9.
Inn: *Brambletye Castle*—clean and good.
Foul Mile, 84.
Frant, 4; Station, 11.
Friston Place, 67.
Friths, 89.

G.

GLYNDE, 116.
Glynley, 70.
Goodwood, 195.
Goring, 172.
Gravetye, 133.
Great upon Little, 133.
Great Sowden's Wood, 46.
Grinstead, East, 10.
Inns: *Dorset Arms, Crown.*
Grinstead, West, 162.
Groaning Bridge, 46.
Groombridge, 5.
Guestling, 49.
Gunter's Pool, 191.

H.

HABEN Bridge, 210.
Hailsham, 84.
Inns: *George, Crown.*
Hale Green, 89.
Halland, 122.
Halnaker, 195.
Hampnett, West, 192.
Hamsey, 121.
Hangleton, 152.
Hardham, 231.
Hartfield, 9.
Harting, 191.
Hassock's Gate, 139.
Hastings, 19.
Hotels: *Queen's, Palace, Marine, Albion, Castle.*
Hastings, Battle of, 30.
Hayward's Heath, 141.
Inns: *Station, Liverpool, Sergison Arms*—all indifferent, a better inn at Cuckfield.
Heathfield, 91.
Heighton, 110.
Hellingly, 87.
Henfield, 161.
Inn: *Castle.*
Hendall, 126.
Heryngham Priory, 231.
Hewells, 149.
Heyshott, 201.
Heyshott Downs, 202.
Hickstead, 149.
Highlands Asylum, 14.
High Rocks, the, 3.
Highdown Hill, 171, 172.

Hoathly, East, 89.
Hoathly, West, 132.
Hollingsbury Castle, 139.
Hollington in the Wood, 24.
Holmeshurst, 15.
Holmhurst, 24.
Hooe, 27.
Horeham, 90.
Horselunges, 87.
Horsham, 148, 232.
Inns: *King's Head*, *Black Horse*, *Anchor*.
Horsted Keynes, 129.
Horsted, Little, 124.
Houghton Church, 231.
Howbourne, 126.
Huggett's Furnace, 126.
Hurstmonceaux, 75.
Inn: *Woolpack*, at Gardner Street.
Hurstpierpoint, 140.

I.

Icklesham, 50.
Iden, 63.
Ifield, 148.
Isfield, 124.
Itchingfield, 152.

J.

Jevington, 68.

K.

Kenwards, 142.
Keymer, 139; Junction, 141.
Keynor, 174.
Kidbrooke, 9.
Kingly Bottom, 192.
Kingscote, 133.
Knepp Castle, 163.

L.

Lacies, 170.
Lamberhurst, 11.
Inn: *Chequers*.
Lancaster Great Park, 9.
Lancing, 167.
Laughton, 122.
Laughton Place, 121.
Lavant, 200.
Lavington, Mid, 200.
Lavington, West, 207.
Lavington, Wool, 202.
Leonards, St. *See* St. Leonards.
Leonardslee, 144.
Lewes, 99.
Hotel: *White Hart*, a good, old-fashioned hotel in the High Street.
Lewes, Battle of, 107.
Linchmere, 211.
Lindfield, 142.
Inns: *Tiger*, *Red Lion*—very humble.
Littlehampton, 220.
Hotels: *Beach*, *Norfolk*, *Terminus*.
Little Horsted, 124.
Lodsworth, 207.
Lordington, 191.
Lurgashall, 218.
Lyminster, 173.

M.

Malling, South, 106.
Manhood, the, 186.
Maresfield, 126.
Martello Towers, the, 70.
Mayfield, 93.
Inns: *Royal Oak*, *Railway*.
Meads, 70.
Medway, source of the, 10.
Michelgrove, 172.
Michelham Priory, 85; stations for, 69, 118.
Midhurst, 203.
Inn: *Angel*—tolerably good.
Mid Lavant, 200.
Mike Mill's Race, 150.
Miller's Tomb, the, 171.
Milton Street, 120.

Mount Caburn, 105.
Mountfield, 17.
Mount Harry, 109.

N.

New Building, 167.
Newhaven, 110.
Hotels: *Bridge; London and Paris*, near the station.
New Place, 172.
Newtimber Place, 162.
Ninfield, 42.
Normanhurst, 40.
Normans, 151.
Northiam, 48.
North Stoke, 227.
Norton, 113.
Nuthurst, 152.

O.

Offington, 168.
Old Place, 231.
Old Roar, 24.
Ore, 23.
Ote Hall, 139.
Ottham Quarter, 70.
Ouse, the river, 99, 110, 113; source of the, 143.
Ovingdean, 138.

P.

Pagham, 187.
Parham, 228.
Parkminster, 166.
Parknowle, 166.
Parson Darby's Hole, 66.
Partridge Green, 162.
Pashley, 14.
Paxhill, 142.
Peakes, 89.
Penhurst, 42.
Pett, 49.
Petworth, 211.
Inns: *Swan*, *Half Moon*.
Pevensey, 70, 120.
Inn: *Royal Oak*—dear.
Piddinghoe, 110.
Playden, 62.
Plumpton Place, 141.
Plumpton Plain, 109.
Polegate Junction, 120.
Inn: *Green Man*.
Poling, 173.
Portslade, 152.
Possingworth, 90.
Poynings, 137.
Preston, near Brighton, 139.
Preston, near Littlehampton, 220.
Priest's Hawse, 70.
Puck Church Parlour, 113.
Pulborough, 231.
Pyecombe, 137.
Pyrham, Priory of, 226.

R.

Racton, 191.
Rampyndens, 15.
Ratton, 68.
Regnum, 174.
Ringmer, 121.
Inn: *The Green Man*.
Roar, Old, 24.
Robertsbridge, 16.
Inn: *The George*.
Rockhurst, 133.
Rogate, 210.
Romney Marsh, 63.
Rook's Hill, 198.
Rother, the river, 58, 97.
Rotherfield, 97.
Rottingdean, 138.
Inn: *White Horse*.
Rowfant, 147.
Rusper, 150.
Rustington, 220.
Rusthall, 3.
Rye, 58.
Inn: *The George*.
Rype, 120.

S.

St. Leonards, 19.
Hotels: *Victoria, Grand, Alexandra, Saxon.*
St. Leonard's Forest, 149.
Salehurst, 16.
Salvington, 170.
Scotney Castle, 11.
Seacox Heath, 15.
Seaford, 113.
Hotel: *Seaford Bay.*
Sedgwick Castle, 152.
Sedlescombe, 43.
Sele Abbey, 156.
Selham, 211.
Selsey, 184.
Sheffield Place, 127.
Shermanbury, 162.
Shipley, 165.
Shirleys, 89.
Shoreham, New, 152.
Inns: *Royal George, Surrey Arms.*
Shoreham, Old, 154.
Shulbrede Priory, 211.
Sidlesham, 186.
Sidley Green, 42.
Silver Hill, 16.
Slaugham, 144.
Slindon Park, 199.
Sompting, 168.
Southease, 110.
South Malling, 106.
Southover, 102.
South Stoke, 226.
Southwater, 167.
Sowden's (Great) Wood, 46.
Standard Hill, 42.
Stane Street, the, 174, 199.
Stanmer Park, 138.
Stanstead Forest, 191.
Stanstead Park, 191.
Steyning, 156.
Inn: *White Horse.*
Stoke, North, 227.
Stoke, South, 226.
Stonehill, 89.
Stopham, 231.
Storrington, 231.
Streame, 89.
Street Place, 141.
Sullington, 161.
Swanbourne, 226.

T.

Tanners, 90.
Tarberry Hill, 192.
Tarring, 170.
Tarring Neville, 110.
Tell'em Lane, 25.
Thakeham, 199.
Thorney Island, 190.
Three Bridges Junction, 145.
Ticehurst, 13.
Inn: *Bell.*
Tilgate Forest, 147.
Tillingham, the river, 58.
Tillington, 211.
Tortington, 226.
Treyford, 207.
Trotton, 207.
Tufton Place, 49.
Tunbridge Wells, 1.
Hotels: *Calverley* (Culverden—the wood-pigeon wood), *Kentish, Mount Ephraim.*
Post-Office: *The Pantiles.*

U.

Uckfield, 125.
Inn: *King's Head.*
Udimore, 47.
Up Park, 191.
Up Waltham, 199.

V.

Verdley Castle, 210.

W.

Wadhurst, 11.
Wakehurst Place, 143.

Waldron, 90.
Warbleton, 91.
Warminghurst, 160.
Warnham, 151.
Warningcamp, 227.
Wartling, 75.
Washington, 161.
Weald, the, 126.
West Dean, 114.
Westfield, 45.
West Grinstead, 162.
West Ham, 70.
West Hampnett, 192.
West Lavington, 207.
Westmeston, 141.
West Wittering, 187.
West Worthing, 170.
Wild Brook, 227.
Willingdon, 68.
Wilmington, 68.
Winchelsea, 50.
Inn: *The New*—clean and commendable.
Windmill Hill, 84.
Wiston, 157.
Withyham, 7.
Wivelsfield, 141.
Wolstanbury Hill, 140.
Woolbeding, 210.
Wool Lavington, 202.
Worth, 145.
Worth Forest, 147.
Worth Park, 147.
Worthing, 167.
Hotels: *Marine, Royal, Sea. Houses, Steyne.*

Y.

YAPTON, 220.

THE END.

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